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CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS ALVEY ADEE, U. S. N., WITH HIS LITTLE SON
DAVID GRAHAM ADEE

MY STUDIO WINDOW

Sketches of the Pageant of Washington Life

BY

MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS

Author of "Memoirs of a Poor Relation," etc.

Very good.

SP

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

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Dedicated to

EDITH BOLLING WILSON

Whose serene
influence and example have
been the inspirations
of noble thought.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

THE following pages, further "Memoirs of a Poor Relation," are a record of observations, impressions and contacts during thirty-two years of life in a central location in Washington. The little studio built fifty years ago, remains a relic of a by-gone time, still holding its own on what has become one of the most congested corners of the national Capital. The panorama of life has passed under its windows, and many departed worthies have entered its doors.

In alluding to distinguished individuals the writer lays no claim to intimacy; she has not been the delight of diplomats nor the chosen playmate of cabinets and councils. She has never been a shining light in the world of fashion, and her life in the Capital has been one of citizenship rather than one of "society."

These pages deal with many personalities of passing or of permanent fame, most of whom have been long known to the public through the press, through articles in magazines and in the columns of the newspapers—from the lecture platforms, and in connection with civic, patriotic, artistic and philanthropic movements. In these pages they are mentioned, not unlovingly, and in the inscrutable

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

future it may be that incidents which seem today casual and unimportant may be of value as throwing light from new angles upon makers of history.

It is in this spirit that these silhouettes, the most inexpensive of portraits, the most unpretentious of pictures—are offered, before this little studio-house in which they have been collected becomes one more of the vanished land-marks of Washington.

M. M. A.

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LETTERS

Commandant's House
Fort Meyer, Va.

Marietta mia!

You know that very soon the annual Bazaar for the Army Relief will be held here at Fort Myer and I have promised the Committee that you will cut silhouettes! They will provide your usual equipment, white screen, strong light, sharp scissors, black paper, white cards, photographer's paste and two maidens—one to do the pasting and one to pacify the long line of waiting sitters.

I have been spreading abroad your fame in the land and all the handsome old officers with their manly bosoms ablaze with decorations will be eager to pose for you. I will notify you of the date in ample time, and don't you dare re-nig!

Yours,

Mary B. Rivers

1602-20th St.
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mrs. Andrews:

The Association of Works of Mercy has been greatly indebted to you for the unique service you have always rendered us in cutting free-hand sil-

LETTERS

houettes for our Annual Garden Party in the Cathedral Close. This is just to remind you that in April we shall notify you of the day, and we sincerely hope you will again draw your admiring circle around you and do what no one else in Washington can do with such facility, cut your rapid little black portraits, in our very good cause—

Cordially yours,

*Callie Julian-James
President*

*Association of the Descendants of
James Monroe.*

My Dear Mrs. Andrews:

The Association of the Descendants of James Monroe gratefully wish to acknowledge the silhouette portraits you have presented to them of President Monroe and Mrs. Monroe. When we realize that for these portraits you had only a death mask of Mr. Monroe, and the costume he wore at the Court of Napoleon when negotiating the Louisiana Purchase, and only our family portraits of Mrs. Monroe, we are astonished at the results you have attained. Though I have seen you cut many from life, and greatly value the one you did of me for my husband, I think you never succeeded better than in these of my great-grandparents, the Author of the Monroe Doctrine, and his wife.—The Ode you wrote on Monroe was read with effect

LETTERS

at the commemoration in Richmond by Mrs. James Carroll Frazer, though much regret was expressed that you could not be there in person.

With great appreciation,

Sincerely yours,

*Rose Gouverneur Hoes
President*

*Thomas Jefferson Memorial
Foundation*

115 Broadway, N. Y.

My Dear Mrs. Andrews:

The eight silhouette portraits of Great Americans with which you embellished the program for the Jefferson Ball which opened the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, have been much admired and of real significance. The ones which you designed are very striking and should rank with the originals of those you copied of Edonart and Brown, examples of which are in many historic collections.

It is much to be regretted that you have not, through all the years of your activities in Washington, kept a full record of your doings, and duplicates of these unusual examples of your art—for such a complete collection would in time to come be of great value.

With sincere congratulations,

*Stuart G. Gibboney
President*

MY
STUDIO
WINDOW

MY STUDIO WINDOW

CHAPTER I

HISTORY TOLD IN HATS

FOR many many years it has been unnecessary to travel far afield in search of interest, for from my own studio window I have seen the world pass by!

Makers of history, the Clevelands, the Harrisons, the McKinleys, the Roosevelts, the Tafts, the Wilsons, the Hardings, the Coolidges; on foot, in equipages, in automobiles, on horseback, attended by the inevitable Secret Service men.

And of these many Administrations, the Cabinet officers, and their sometimes astonishing wives and daughters; persons to be observed with interest, speculated upon with zest, and often cultivated with an eagerness which has self-interest as its underlying object. For be it known that those who, for a brief season, sit in the seats of the mighty, are preyed upon by parasites of many species.

John Hay, from his own mansion opposite St. John's Church, made his daily walk past my door, alert, well-groomed, one might say dapper. William Jennings Bryan, untidy, loose-jointed, friendly,

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with the long hair and wide mouth that seem to stamp the rural statesman. William Gibbs McAdoo, enigmatical, electrical, apparently endowed with inexhaustible energy and perpetual youth, thin-lipped, thin-legged, smiling—

Many such, and the diplomats of all nations, all races, all ages, all sorts and conditions of men. Some of them entering in, sitting for their portraits to my husband or me; second-rate portraits, it is true, but that hardly matters now; at least they were sincere. I have never decided which of us painted most indifferently; he was academic, and thoroughly trained, but his work was not always interesting; I was reckless and slipshod, hit-or-miss, but at least *he* was consistent, while, I, torn between my inclination to splash and swish, and my desire to be nice and neat because he wanted me to be so, was never the same, never expressing the thing I longed for, never honestly satisfied with anything. Nevertheless, among our victims were Generals and Admirals, Cave Dwellers and Journalists, Senators and Cabinet officers, Diplomats and Society Climbers, Ladies and Gentlemen, Heroes and Four-flushers. A poor painter—or a pair of them—must take people as they come, and during thirty years or more, some heartbreaking canvasses were taken from our easels, to be seen no more!

Around Scott Circle passed the thin line of Civil War Veterans, feeble old soldiers of days gone by, in gray or blue, Spanish War Veterans, led by Gen-



*Marietta Minnigerode
Andrews*

MYSELF, WHEN YOUNG

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M Y S T U D I O W I N D O W

eral Fitz Lee, my father's commanding officer in the Confederate Army, who wore with honor the blue uniform of the United States before he laid down his arms, and his great black charger was led riderless through the streets of Washington; Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery, the Navy and the Marines, all swinging 'round Scott Circle.

The carriages of foreign Diplomats, the retinues of great visitors to the Capital, Princes and Potentates; the long, long trail of our soldiers and sailors, going overseas, coming back no less gallantly, saddened, mutilated, decimated, gassed.

Military funerals, en route to Arlington; fashionable weddings from St. John's, St. Matthew's, or the Church of the Covenant—brides with thousands of dollars in the lace of their veils, frightened young faces in swiftly rolling limousines—

Mass meetings of Red Cross women, lovely, spectacular, in their white, grey or blue draperies; Salvation Army men and girls, singing in the street of Atonement through vicarious suffering; colored citizens of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, very odd indeed in ornate uniforms and waving plumes dear to their color-loving, symbol-seeking souls; brass bands, and the accompanying beat of many marching young feet, colored boys and girls, thrilled by a demonstration of the splendor of their own race, sharing the brief attention of the public.

Sixteenth Street, one long pageant of the life of Washington—from the venerable aristocrats of the

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Louise Home opposite my house, each dear guest of Mr. Corcoran in herself a chapter in the history of American social life, to the tottering old colored women who are conspicuous features of the Washington streets, and in the thirty years that I have been looking out of these windows, are among the things unchanged in our common life.

Vying with the balloon-man in seeking the attention of children is the organ-grinder, he who supplies the music of the poor, playing twice a day before my door when my babies were little, accompanied by his partner, the wretched little monkey, in whose small person and cunning eyes the wisdom of all ages seemed concentrated; since the breaking up of my dear home group, and my own more or less nomadic existence, these ancient friends have betaken themselves across the street, and play before the white marble house of Mrs. Norman Williams, a great lover of music, whose musicales are far-famed, and who thus encourages the music of the streets for those who love Verdi, if not Wagner.

Incongruous, heterogeneous combinations! A gorgeous Chinese Diplomat, regalia and costume eloquent of the Orient, rolling by in a modern limousine driven by the smartest of negro chauffeurs, wherein one reads that *East is West*, for such a group is a comment upon the evolution of Society.

School children assemble on the plot of grass

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before my door (this is twenty years ago), my own, of English-Scotch-Dutch-German ancestry, the little sons of the Japanese Secretary, the black-haired daughter of a Western Senator, leader of the Republican party in the Senate today, and proud of his Cherokee blood—the child herself looking like one's idea of an Indian Princess; two romantic Jewish children with great eyes shining from the shadows of soft towseled black hair; a tow-headed Norwegian lad; from my basement door, my cook's little boy, big-eyed, black-eyed, with skin the color of gingerbread; and over this assortment our fair-haired German governess presiding, while His Excellency the Minister from Siam, as black as Aunt Jemima, walks briskly by twirling a gold-headed cane, and the Ambassador of the French Republic with his lovely lady beside him, pass in their open victoria, the Tricolor flowing from the horses' heads. Had the successors of Thomas Jefferson inherited something of his vision as to what the city of Washington should become in the gradual unfolding of the plans of L'Enfant, his "Meridian," which is Sixteenth Street, would have been a succession of lovely vistas extending from the White House northward to the Maryland hills, and southward, with the Monument as the center of interest, to the broad flowing Potomac and the background of the Virginia shores.

The two famous "axes" of L'Enfant run through the White House north and south and through the

Sketches of Washington Life

Capitol east and west, according to his plans of 1791. Some years later Mr. Jefferson set a mark at the intersection of these two lines where they cross at a right angle and here should have been the site of the Washington Monument. The fact that it is not the site, and that the Monument is forever out of line has been disconcerting to architects, landscape experts, engineers and connoisseurs of art, to a distressing degree, creating insuperable difficulties in the development of the symmetrical designs of the great Frenchman, spoiling the whole evolving scheme, a carelessness now beyond the possibility of correction.

Next to its symbolism, the significant thing about an Egyptian obelisk is its unity. The monolith, hoisted aloft by means unknown to us, commands respect. The integrity of thought is sacrificed in an imitation laboriously builded up block by block, paid for by spasmodic subscription, carried on by intermittent interest, and tardily completed after half a century of Congressional procrastination. It must be remembered that Congress was not at that time a body of highly enlightened gentlemen, the few who had a knowledge of good taste being vastly out-numbered by the many who, no doubt honestly, saw no difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum in a matter of art. Only a few years earlier, about twenty-five years, the private library of Thomas Jefferson had been bought by Congress after some

*a great-grand-daughter of James Monroe. Mrs Rose Gouverneur
Hoes —*



*Marilla Minigrode
Andrew*

MRS. ROSE GOUVERNEUR HOES

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tedious dickering; some members holding the view that the books should be bought by weight, so much a pound; others suggesting that the big books naturally were more valuable than the little ones. This priceless collection was the nucleus and indeed is now the heart of our Congressional Library.

The imagination is intrigued in thinking of that early Congress, when in 1848 the cornerstone of the Washington Monument was laid in the place where it should not have been; a certain gaunt figure, a hollow-eyed man with a bundle of books always under his arm, may have stood by, a Congressman from "the middle West," Abraham Lincoln: in his modesty little dreaming that the coming years would bring into the picture the stateliest of the many memorials of Washington, to bear his own name; a thing of pure classic style, so different in its elegance from the uncouth figure which was himself that day. So appropriate, as an act of undying reverence, because its beauty is its all, devoid of utilitarian purpose as was the box of precious ointment poured out upon the Savior's feet, as are the costly roses laid on the breast of the dead.

There were in Congress of that year men who bore the fine old names of Bayard, Watterson and Winthrop, names with which the thought of culture is associated: yet none of them felt the importance of referring to the diagram of L'Enfant or the "pier" of Thomas Jefferson; so stands the

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Mall today an imperfect attempt, a thorn in the flesh of the Fine Arts Commission, and a disappointment to all who would see Washington the most beautiful city in the world.

A famous English etcher drove through the city with me recently, saying that only Athens, as Athens must have been in the hey-day of its glory, could be compared with Washington. This may have been a trifle hyperbolical, but it is an opinion worth remembering.

All critical suggestions are lost, however, upon the average American citizen, who sees in the Monument only the clear-cut, graceful shaft, often cloud-capped by day and always lighted by search-lights at night, spelling "Washington" to every traveler whether he be foreign Dignitary arriving de luxe, or ordinary tourist arriving by Ford. The names of L'Enfant and Jefferson are but words to him, and the "Meridian" an unknown term.

The Walter Reed Hospital, at the northern extreme of what is still known by the name Meridian, beyond the slight elevation called Meridian Hill, houses the so-called "Pets of the Nation," waiting, waiting, for rehabilitation of mind, body and estate. Waiting for all that science can offer a wounded soldier, waiting for all that a grateful Government can do for those who bore the burden and heat of the day, and entered maimed into the peace their sacrifices have secured for others.

As these disabled soldiers pass my window I note

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their good-humor. They are more cheerful than I would be; and smile at me from the automobiles thoughtful friends have placed at their command. Young faces, a little wistful; growing old, assuming that expression of patience born of hope deferred; for many of them will never leave the Walter Reed Hospital.

In the days of Thomas Jefferson, Washington was but the nucleus of a city. Wide, dreary avenues, frequently under water, full of treacherous mud-holes, and surrounded by malarial swamps which redeemed by science and labor today are the grounds of the White House and the extensive parks to the South of it. The sluggish, shallow Potomac often overflowing its banks, had not been mastered by the will of man, and the Speedway and Potomac Park, were all unthought.

Socially the city was equally unfinished and chaotic. Mr. Jefferson was himself a plain, even an untidy man, as widowers—poor creatures—often are. He detested artificialities mis-called refinements, yet there was a lingering liking among the citizens of the new Republic for high-sounding titles and the panoply of rank, an absurd assumption of court etiquette and an imitation of foreign fashions. This spirit had marked the life in Philadelphia, and was not left behind when the seat of Government was moved to Washington. The crudity which stamped the manners of our Colonial and continental Big-wigs, may be inferred from

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the *Don'ts* compiled by George Washington, relative to nose-blowing "in company," spitting, and the removing of grease spots, phlegm and worse, from clothing, carrying us back, not only to Old Virginia—but to the dark ages of rush-strewn floors—shaking our faith just a little in tales of our courtly ancestors, whom we see always in our dreams bowing low in the minuet—in fabled elegance of powdered hair and velvet coats. Conceptions based on inherited portraits, which after all, are authentic—but which never record dirt and dogs and horses and wine and women, as elements entering into the lives of the squires of old—this not being the function of the portrait painter.

Methinks I have a vision of the future—of the reincarnation of some of our wilful Dowagers! They appear to my prophetic eye in full uniform as Brigadier-Generals, Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the Civilization to come! While young Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, wife of the present Speaker of the House of Representatives—"Princess Alice" Roosevelt, born to authority, schooled from her cradle to statesmanship, may even in this incarnation become the President of the League of Nations, or of the United States of America!

It is an invigorating sight to see an octogenarian neighbor of mine marching briskly past my window, attired in a sport suit while her numerous



Marietta Minigrodi Auden

CLIFFORD K. BERRYMAN, CARTOONIST

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limousines are loaned to her friends—wearing a hat of her own manufacture. She explained her hats to me once—or her hat; for she has a basic structure the decorations of which she alters to suit the season, the occasion, the weather or the costume! This system is deserving of general adoption—a straw hat in summer, covered with silk in the winter, and varying the trimmings in accordance with the fancy of the wearer. With a sport suit, a black Russian pompon; for a luncheon a feather pinned on and a lace scarf. For a tea, the two velvet American Beauty roses to throw a pleasant glow on the face of the wearer. This, in a poverty-stricken F.F.V. would be a pathetic makeshift—but in a Dowager of established wealth, rank and power, a philanthropist and politician, a contributor in large amounts to all good works, a woman whose contacts are, easily, with the leading intellects in Washington, it is delightfully original!

Hats, by the way, make history. Edgar Lee Masters has the dead milliner of Spoon River assert that hats could get husbands or lose them! Outstanding among the hats that I remember, is one of Mrs. Thomas Marshall's during her husband's Vice-Presidency. I wonder if she remembers it? It bore upon its front a pair of pale pink Mercury wings, symbols of speed and wisdom, and a fashion set by Minerva, Mercury, and Brunhilde. Mrs. Marshall wore it almost every day, and looked well in it.

If our true possessions lie, as Walt Whitman

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declared "between our hats and our shoes," there must be in headgear some index of the whole. And thinking of the head dresses of the ages, one can but ponder on their significance. The symbols of royalty, of ecclesiasticism, of warfare, of mercy, worn on top of the heads of men and women through countless generations, with all the modifications and evolutions of the same. Drawn, as all things are, from nature, following out the idea of the rooster's comb and the bluejay's crest, bespeaking authority, provoking envy, arousing love.

One of the excitements of Washington a few years ago, was a Cardinal's hat, due to Mrs. Bellamy Storer of Cincinnati, one of the gifted Longworth family, in whose fertile imagination many progressive and stimulating vibrations started, as for example the Rookwood Pottery Plants in Cincinnati, which gave opportunity to many designers and craftsmen. She sometimes consulted my husband on the development of her studios, where she turned out ceramics of fine quality and excellent design. The Cardinal's hat which, after her conversion to the Church of Rome, Mrs. Storer wished for a distinguished prelate, and which Mr. Roosevelt, in the "Dear Maria" letters, could not regard as a matter of international diplomacy, was subject matter for a few lines by one of the clever women of Washington who, now an old lady, regards her effusion as mere doggerel, but which is an amusing

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reminder of an episode which in its day created no small ripple in society.

This is the wonderful Cardinal's HAT
That crushed poor Bellamy Storer flat
When he held to the bag and let out the CAT!
Our strenuous Executive crying out "SCAT,"
Maria's been meddling with PIUS for PAT
And lost the support of the CHURCH and the VAT.
Now, I'm the Republican Autocrat
And my Ambassadors must stand pat,
Dear Bellamy, I can't give you Paris for THAT."

Of the Dowagers long dead, one can but think of Mrs. Condit-Smith and her sister Mrs. Field, whose husband was a Justice of the Supreme Court. The sisters lived in two old mansions opposite the Capitol, the same building which was known at different times as "the Capitol" and "the Old Capitol Prison," now the headquarters of the National Women's Party, a house to which we shall refer later in these pages. These were devoted sisters, and entertained lavishly, the Condit-Smith family having several attractive daughters; General Leonard Wood, friend of Roosevelt, Rough Rider, hero in real wars and political wars, Governor of the Philippines, did his courting in the first of these homes, and Mrs. Field entertained magnificently next door for her young nieces. She was an imposing old lady with a wig, and her hats perched defiantly over this artificial coiffure. Capitol Hill,

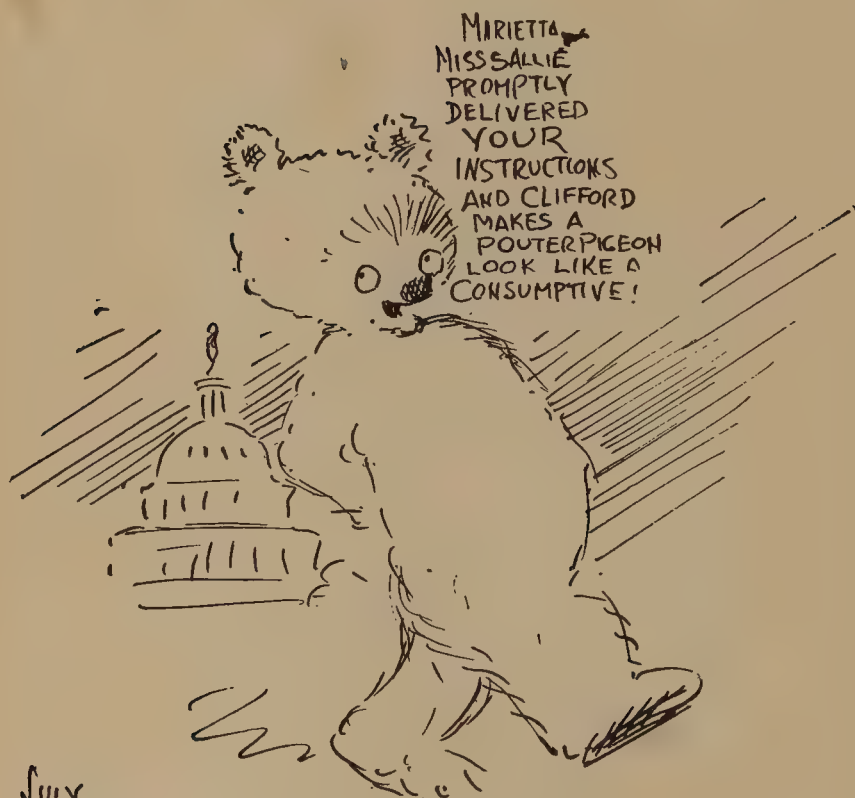
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even as late as thirty-five years ago, was an exclusive and fashionable section of the city. I fear during my art student days I sometimes envied the pretty Condit-Smith sisters and the friend we had in common, Hallie Patton, their gaiety and good looks, and especially their becoming hats.

Mrs. Henry Kirk Porter, who was a school teacher in her younger life, but came to Washington from Pittsburgh when she became the wife of her second husband, Mr. Porter, lived in the square old Tuckerman House, which divided with the John Hay house the first block on Sixteenth Street. Here took place the famous "Hat Tea," never to be forgotten! Summer after summer Mrs. Porter and her daughter, returning from Paris, brought the latest models in hats from the best Parisian shops. Autumn after autumn, a careful lady's maid put their discarded head-gear in the attic, painstakingly done up in camphor, each hat in its own original box. As the seasons passed, the collection increased until in orderly rows there was an astonishing accumulation of by-gone styles. One day the thoughtful Abigail enquired of her mistress what was to be done with this assortment of imported hats? It appeared that Mrs. Kirk Porter had forgotten them. On investigating the collection she saw the amusing side of the situation, and decided to have a tea and an exhibition of hats. Little supports such as milliners use were supplied and the hats arranged on view, while Washington's



THE PRESIDENT OF
THE GRIDIRON CLUB
WASHINGTON, D. C.



MARIETTA
MISS SALLIE
PROMPTLY
DELIVERED
YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS
AND CLIFFORD
MAKES A
POUTERPIGEON
LOOK LIKE A
CONSUMPTIVE!

JULY
1926

THINGS LIKE THAT SHOULD
BE REPEATED!

GOD BLESS YOU WHEREVER YOU GO.

Cordially

REGARDS TO YOUR
BELOVED CHICKS!

CKB

Clifford.

BERRYMAN'S CARTOON

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élite filled the beautiful house, highly diverted by the unique entertainment. There were hats of all materials, sizes, and colors—little flat affairs like pancakes, which were worn tipped to one side, and at an angle which made the deadly hatpin the one security. There were great Gainsboroughs, such as Mrs. Siddons wore, with trailing, gorgeous plumes; there were toques and turbans and Leghorns and sailors; there were hats of velvet and cloth of gold, of felt and braid, of straw and lace; trimmed in roses and violets, in currants and cherries, in feathers and quills, in beads and buckles; and dainty dames and dignified esquires strolled about among them, wondering at the grotesque fashions of the earlier dates, and admiring those of the current season, which were so soon destined to become obsolete and ridiculous in turn. This collection of feminine head-gear can be seen in the National Museum, in the Historic Costume collection, Mrs. Julian-James and Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes having had that exhibit already in mind, and seeing in these superfluous possessions of their friend Mrs. Porter, an interesting group of examples of the passing fashions.

Across Sixteenth Street from me, The Louise Home gathers under its sheltering roof some thirty or more elderly aristocrats, who from the manifold chances and changes of this mortal life, have taken refuge in the enduring hospitality of Mr. W. W. Corcoran. These dear ladies have many inherited

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treasures dating back to Colonial times, dresses, laces and jewels, and the queerest little hats! Here lived and died Miss Jennie, whose mother was a Randolph of Virginia. And to have had a mother who was a Randolph of Virginia, was to be immune from at least a few of the humiliations of daily life. One always felt within oneself a certain distinction that lifted one above the sordid details. When I first knew Miss Jennie she was a middle-aged lady, engaged in making very bad copies of paintings in the Corcoran Art Gallery, where I was a student in the life classes. My own great-grandmother having also been a Randolph of Virginia, we had as it were, a bond in common. Miss Jennie had the facial characteristics of a blooded horse, and a back slightly deformed, one shoulder much higher than the other, and a limping gait. She was ungainly and tall, and her temper was little sweetened by these handicaps. But she had the all-redeeming compensation, however, of a devoted lover—an old gentleman who visited her every day of his life at her final retreat in the Louise Home, for whom she adorned her suffering old body as the Biblical bride for the bridegroom. I think it was lovely. Lovely that love rises superior to age and poverty and homeliness, that something remains of grace and tenderness, that around the dear ruin thoughts do cling tenderly still. One day I met this elderly pair on the street, dazed by the madness of the traffic, trembling arm in arm, as they hesitated at the

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crossing of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth Street. The old man was seedy, and Miss Jennie's hat, of her own creation, a thing like an antique coal scuttle, cocked over one eye enough to blind her. I slipped between them without a word, and with one on each arm steered them safely between the screaming vehicles. Me they did not even see! Shortly after, the old man died. Miss Jennie was seventy-six years old. She was like a thing demented. She kept the body in the chapel of the Rock Creek church, and eleven times changed her mind as to the date and form of the burial service. First the Episcopal clergyman, then the Catholic priest, would be asked to officiate. The body was brought into the church, only to be rolled back again, Miss Jennie wailing that she could not be parted from it. After the long-delayed burial, Miss Jennie returned to the stately mansion across the street from me, and suddenly became stone blind. Her disposition underwent a strange softening change, and one morning she was found dead in her little room, the faded picture of her faithful old sweetheart on the pillow beside her. Somehow, as I think of queer hats, the vision of this tottering old couple, absorbed in each other and terrified of the noisy world, as I guided them across Pennsylvania Avenue, arises before me, their pitiful and yet enviable romance, and Miss Jennie's antediluvian head-gear.

Cousin Tabb Lee had been ever accounted a

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beauty, and like all ladies who labor under such a disadvantage, was never reconciled to the theory of the Psalmist, that beauty was as perishable as the flower of the grass. As an old lady she was a formidable figure, to whom the State of Virginia, as one man, bent the knee. She was born Tabb Bolling, and married General Robert E. Lee's second son, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee; their son was my dear Bob. Cousin Tabb's hats were monstrosities. Her magnificent figure, despite a tendency in her old age to embonpoint, swept like a stately ship in full sail through the corridors of hotels and the avenues of the cities, such hats aloft as seemed to be the results of nightmare. Never a one of them, spring hats, summer hats, autumn hats, winter hats, ever tempered the severity of the old lady's bearing, or cast a softening shadow on her face. Her hair was dressed very high, the hat was unable to snuggle down, as hats and roofs should do, affectionately and protectingly over human foreheads and human habitations. Bristling with bombazine to make it stiff, satin bows and eagles' feathers in every direction, Cousin Tabb's hats bore at the rear, as an emblem of widowhood, a short black veil, arranged in formal plaits, with which the winds of heaven themselves took no liberties.

By their hats ye shall know them. One becomes a roaring lion or a cooing dove according to a hat. This is psychology. And it is a notorious fact that

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the woman who owns the most hats also knows the most news; for while trying on hats, on mornings when there is no other diversion, one absorbs all the latest tid-bits from the unctuous milliner, who having gathered them from various sources, gurgles them into one's ear. She tells you you are sweetly pretty, with a pile of sweet peas towering over your time-worn countenance, and a baby blue streamer floating down your back; and asks if it is not sad, the latest news about the Pumley-Chumleys? Whereupon you prick up your ears and reciprocate with some item equally interesting. After an hour spent in this agreeable fashion, you decide the sweet peas are a little pale for your complexion, and you have some roses at home that will be just the right thing; and, oh yes, a frame too, such a nice shape. For the spring it would be nice to face the brim with old rose—there must be something left from a gown you have—and so that hat should be very nice, and it is so nice to have had such a nice little talk, and good morning. And the milliner with a touch of vinegar in her suave voice, smiles you out, with the equivalent of "*Beehren Sie uns wieder, Gnädige Frau.*"

The garden parties at the White House, at "Twin Oaks" and "Airlee," and indeed all the outdoor parties during May and June are colorful with flower-laden hats, and the gay parasols and light silk and organdy gowns. At the White House the Marine Band makes the strongest spot of color,

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with the red-coated musicians. Mrs. Coolidge, with her friendly smile, greets every guest. Mrs. Coolidge's hats are always smart and in excellent taste. A story is told of her ordering several from one of the best established and most élite of our shops, and later sending a photograph of herself in one of the creations of the Charles Dana Gibson period, a gift which created a pleasant stir, we may be sure, among the workers bending over the wire frames or struggling with the sweet peas and blue ribbons in the little work room where they chat and sew. I cannot vouch for this story, but it is so like the spontaneous kindness that marks the President's wife, I rather believe it! I called the milliner up to verify the story, but found her disposed to be mysterious.

Mrs. Charles Wetmore, who was one of the beautiful Bisland sisters of New Orleans, wears miracles of hats, soft shadowy creations which add mystery to her baffling charms—mushroom shapes, shading her delicate face; filmy voluminous ties and scarfs, enveloping her throat and shoulders—a distinctive style.

And so they have passed my window. Spots of vivid color against the grey walls, the grey atmosphere, the naked trees— We are greatly indebted to hats and scarfs which enliven the conventional neutrality of street wear. And what a blessed innovation, the glistening raincoats of yellow, orange, violet, red, blue, green, with umbrellas to

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match, gladdening the thoroughfares as they are seen in the rain, and seen again reflected on the smooth, wet streets! And who has thought to render thanks for the gay color of the taxi cabs?

Where are the clothes of yester-year? From the vantage of the clouds, if not from these earthly windows, I expect to see a naked world walk round Scott Circle. My sense of values, however, will be so developed then that the sight will be no shock. Raiment is certainly vanishing from the earth. Mrs. Julian-James and Mrs. Rose Gouverneur Hoes, of both of whom I shall have more to relate, have given us in the Historic Costume Collection at the National Museum, the visualization of American fashions in woman's dress, from the mob-caps and kerchief of Martha Washington, the empire gowns of Dolly Madison, the prim neatness of Abigail Adams, down to Harriet Lane Johnston in sweeping, voluminous white moiré silk and point lace shawl; and on through the era of plaits, ruffles, overskirts, paniers, mutton-leg sleeves and bustles that clothed the consorts of Presidents Grant and Garfield, Cleveland and McKinley, to the straight-lined simplicity of Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Coolidge.

Many of these transitory styles have passed under my scrutiny; long trains sweeping up the dust and trailing in the tobacco juice of the streets; but inch by inch Dr. Harvey Wiley's philosophy has done away with things unhygienic, until the skirt itself is vanishing, soon to be frankly abandoned: the

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one piece frock of today is little more than the abbreviated half of a "trousers."

It was recently my privilege to provide a trousseau for a little niece and the comparison between the modish outfit of the present hour and the necessary paraphernalia of thirty-five years ago was amazing; yet the "next to nothing" of today costs more than the yards upon yards of material and days and days of labor then! Starting with the young lady's skin there was a balbriggan garment, long-sleeved and high-necked and to the ankles, over which was worn a muslin chemise, and a nameless nether-garment, decent inheritances from decent ancestors. After this the corset, an instrument of torture, fortified with so-called whalebones which were actually strips of steel. Then came a red flannel petticoat, or possibly a white one, with an embroidered flounce, next a corset-cover cut with darts and "side-bodies" fitting over the corset like a glove; a full white petticoat, stiffly starched, the final undergarment, then the gown. Dresses were made high-necked and long-sleeved with choker collars lined with buckram, holding the chin mercilessly erect. The "basque," as the upper part of the dress was called, was cut in many parts and fitted tight. Though the corset-cover had but one "side-body," the dress-waist had two, and in the front two darts fitting the curve from the waist up to the bust. Basques were equipped with whalebones which might have been found superfluous

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in view of the armorial character of the corset, but they were considered a necessity as was stiffening in the shoulders of the sleeves. Skirts were also cut in many pieces and lined throughout with silk or sateen. They reached the ground, in fact many of them trailed, and the hems were fitted with skirt braids which resembled small brushes, and were supposed to save the hem from the wear and tear of the dirty streets. An additional "dust ruffle" would be of silk or sateen four to six inches deep, gathered or plaited, which also "protected" the inside of the skirt. And thus matron and maid sallied forth to trail their garments in the filth of the streets. Today the prospective bride is provided with a brassiere, a silk step-in, a pair of silk stockings and a one-piece dress. The entire outfit could be folded up and carried in the bridegroom's pocket.

And what has become of the odd customs relative to weddings? The blushing bride secreted for twenty-four hours before the ceremony, supposedly to commune with her own heart and search out her spirit; the wedding gown of virgin white, and the veil which covered her countenance until the fateful utterance of the clergyman sealed the bond; then lifted by the bridesmaid. These outward and visible signs of chastity are now rejected; to the last moment before the ceremony, the boy and girl play together, drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes, and the bride-to-be exhibits to her

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future partner a trunk full of the little silk things, scented and be-ribboned, which her father and mother have provided for her, and which henceforth he must supply till death do them part.

With the ichthyosauria and the thumb-screw, the petticoat is a thing of the past; nor do I believe it was ever the factor in world history which some would have us believe. There have been influential women who knew it not at all, as for instance the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra! I cling to the historic garment myself and might easily have been the old lady, who, addressing a large audience of "welfare workers" declared, "I venture to say there are but two petticoats in this room, and *both of them* are—*on me!*"

CHAPTER II

THE LINCOLN PERIOD—IF WALLS COULD SPEAK

OPPPOSITE the White House to the North lies Lafayette Square which was an old graveyard at the time of the building of the "President's Palace," part of which actually remained a graveyard as late as the Tyler Administration; due North stretches Sixteenth Street, the history of which reads like romance.

On his plunging and impossible bronze steed sits Andrew Jackson in the middle of the Square. Exquisite elms spread out their branches, forming Gothic arches through which one views the quaint walls and tower of Saint John's Episcopal Church. Linger in this park, the lover of nature finds much to enjoy in the rare varieties of trees, the iridescent coloring of the greedy pigeons, the fearless, even saucy squirrels, and the charming children. One hardly blames the fatherly old bank presidents and senators who pause, en route to office, for a friendly word with the pretty nursery-maids. Not only the pigeons, rivaling those of San Marco in Venice, but blackbirds and grackles and sometimes flocks of migrating cedar birds; now and then the flash of a Virginia redbird.

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The four corners of the Square are marked by the bronze statues of Lafayette, Rochambeau, Baron von Steuben and Kosciusko. Each year a ceremony of remembrance is held at the Lafayette statue. Rochambeau reminds one, with dramatic arm outstretched, of the friendship of Jules Cambon, former French Ambassador, and Theodore Roosevelt, whose united efforts placed him there. Von Steuben, who came over to teach our Continental troops something of military science during the Revolution, stands enveloped in a heavy cloak, and stood, during all the agony of the world war, without an insult. The romantic native of poor dismembered Poland, Kosciusko, draws at times the Polish-American citizens about him in some patriotic demonstration—while calmly observant gentlemen in spectacles look on from the windows of the Cosmos Club just opposite. Thus in full sight of the White House stand memorials of great Europeans who were our country's friends in her hour of need.

To the West of Lafayette Square is a row of plain old brick houses, the veritable last strong-holders of the "Cave Dwellers." For be it known that Washington, like Philadelphia or Baltimore, has its residential society, independent of the changes of administration. This term, which is a little too suggestive of a limited horizon, is one highly relished by those to whom it properly belongs, and much coveted by such as aspire to be



*Marietta
Minngerode
Andrews*

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN

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classed with the blue blooded and considered inheritors of old traditions.

Queen of the Cave Dwellers, a lady lives in one of these old houses which bears on a brass plate the word "Blair." Her colonial traditions, her orthodox churchmanship, her conservative standards, her infallible decisiveness, her beautiful profile, have never changed; she lives in the same atmosphere as in her youth, under the same lofty ceilings, among the same priceless calf-bound books, even with the same venerable and unresponsive, faithful old servants! Unchanged, unchanging.

Just next door another historic mansion, built by Thomas Ewell, father of General Richard Stoddert Ewell of the Confederate Army, once inhabited by James Monroe, later by the Washington McLeans, has succumbed to the march of circumstance, having been the "Home Club" organized and sponsored by Franklin K. Lane for employees of the Interior Department during his valuable term in the Cabinet, and later becoming headquarters of the Woman's National Party, or Militant Suffragettes. Here their yellow and violet pennants floated defiantly before the eyes of the Cave Dwellers, and here they tolled their bells whenever President Wilson's actions aroused their ire. Here a group of disapproving damsels burned in the open street his speeches, cut from the daily papers, and thence they sallied forth to placard and picket the White House—much to the disgust of

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the Queen of the Cave Dwellers and other long-established residents.

Here their effects were partially destroyed by fire, and, seeing the value of the fire for publicity purposes, here they summoned the moving picture men and endeavored a few days later to re-enact the scene, using the entrance of their neighbor's house as a stage setting—their precious files and documents they arranged upon her steps with their typing machines and books—when appeared the Queen, indignant at the trespass, and asking them with icy politeness to depart. Of this incident they gave a "perverted" version—good publicity again—describing this elderly aristocratic lady as unceremoniously kicking the Remingtons and Underwoods off her steps, and being snapped in the very act by the photographers. Knowing the Queen of the Cave Dwellers, I dare aver that she never kicked, but merely gently shoved a few of the unwelcome machines with her little foot, that they, of their own momentum, fell off the step themselves! Cave Dwellers have some human attributes and their own front doors are sacred. Long may the Queen of the Cave Dwellers hold her own in the house of her fathers!

The "poor, un-sexed" militants, as their enemies described them, are still as busy in their present Headquarters, the gift of the noted feminist, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont—just across the park from the United States Capitol. This gift was dedicated

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only a few years ago on a May Sunday afternoon, one of those heavenly days with which Washington is blessed. The building is one of that same famous old row of houses one time termed the "Capitol," in front of which James Monroe was inaugurated President, the Capitol having been burned by the British in 1812. Later the house was a boarding house, in which John C. Calhoun lived and died, and here the incorrigible Anne Royall edited her Journal, "The Huntress." After which it became a Federal Prison, "The Old Capitol Prison" during the Civil War, when the saddest chapters of its history were written. Later, and within my memory, again select residence property, where General Leonard Wood wooed and won the pretty Miss Condit-Smith. This landmark too is destined soon to disappear and make room for the Supreme Court of the United States, at last to have a building of its own.

On the May day to which I refer, the Woman's National Party had invited me to lead their Art Section, but I arrived purposely too late in order that some younger woman might have that honor.

The spectacle was impressive, sunshine and music, the dome of the Capitol and its classic wings cutting a silvery silhouette. The generous branches of the elms in their first lacy foliage forming a fitting frame, the whole meaningful background symbolic of our Past, the masses of men and women foretelling the changes of the future, as they filled the

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foreground with eager faces. Then the pageant moved forward, thousands of white-robed women with banners of purple, white and yellow. These brave fluttering pennants very splendid as they caught the light, banking en masse against the old gray walls, and the terraced entrance to that fateful house. As my vision swept over that sea of faces, women's faces, stern, hungry, wistful, aggressive, self-confident faces, some so young, there lay a stone upon my heart. There was a definite default in the whole handsome demonstration. An un-named NEED. What is it? What is lacking? I cudgelled my brain. I scanned the Militant multitude. *Tenderness*. And as I stood studying the faces beneath me flashed a foolish explanatory title, born of the spring sunshine on those set countenances, "The Great Un-kissed."

At Sixteenth Street and H, the lawns and trees and blossoming shrubs of Lafayette Square intervening between it and the White House, stands historic St. John's, Washington's ultra-fashionable house of worship. Ultra-fashionable is no term of reproach, I assure you, though the handful of fishermen who followed the Son of Mary might not have understood it. Many Presidents have attended St. John's, earning for it the name of "Church of the Presidents" as some persons still persist in calling the street, Avenue of the Presidents. Indeed Mrs. Henderson in her determination to pin this name upon the street is said to have

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invaded the church itself, while Mrs. Archibald Gracie persisted in using that name on her visiting card until quite recently, and the Post Office continues to deliver mail so addressed to Sixteenth Street without argument.

From the Madisons and Monroes to the Roosevelts and Wilsons, presidents and presidents' wives have stepped across the park to worship in old St. John's. John Quincy Adams was a devout listener to the service, but settled down for a comfortable nap during the sermon, doubtless envying Queen Elizabeth the privilege she allowed herself of shouting out whenever it pleased her to correct or silence the preacher, "*Stop that ungodly digression, Sir, and stick to your text.*"

It has been often told of Mr. Lincoln that a youthful aspirant for office approached him with a sheaf of letters and introductions and recommendations from conspicuous persons in society. After glancing at them, the President returned them, dryly suggesting that in case the young gentleman ever wished to join St. John's Church he might find such endorsements of value. The atmosphere of St. John's has altered and for the better, to my knowledge, in these thirty years. No longer does a long waiting line of would-be worshippers stand outside in the wind and sleet, "until after the Venite," while comfortable sittings inside are placarded "reserved." My husband owned one of the choice pews at the time I was married. But



RT. REV. HENRY YATES SATTERLEE
FIRST BISHOP OF WASHINGTON

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the place dismayed me! I had had such pleasant impressions of God, such confidence in the good manners of the Golden Rule, and I objected to the pomposity of the pot-bellied old gentlemen and asthmatic old ladies. I was an unsophisticated little girl from Virginia, who knew no more of fashionable religion than she knew of court-etiquette, who hardly knew the Social Register from the Literary Digest, who had never heard the word smug, and had not yet learned the fine art of insolence, or to endure the sight of rudenesses, of which no decent person could be guilty in his own home, but which were by no means unusual in the house of God!

Deaf to the expostulations of the Rector, I gave up the pew—absolutely refused to sit in it—twenty-six years ago! We sold it to Dr. Ralph Jenkins, counterpart of the late King Edward VII, who, handsomer than the King, truly graced it with his lovely wife by his side, years later walking home from Divine worship, passing my window where I sat making little frocks for my baby granddaughters, on Sunday.

It was a beautiful lesson in humility to note that certain higher orders of beings, Presidents and Cabinet officers, actually walked to Saint John's for morning service—denying themselves the use of prancing steeds and liveried flunkies! In those days it was considered the mark of the parvenu to *drive* to St. John's Church, the Lord being no respecter

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of persons. Therefore the flower of Washington Society walked, and the man in the street had an opportunity to look them all over.

On Sundays from St. John's Church, from the towered Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, from under the red dome of the Catholic Church of St. Matthew, from two nearby Afro-American Methodist Churches, from the vast spaces of the Methodist Foundry Church on Sixteenth Street, from the red brick Baptist Church above it, from the lovely gothic Swedenborgian opposite this, a flood of humanity pours toward Scott Circle, cross-currents, blends of thought—coming from every direction, creating a whirlpool of flowers, or of fur and feathers, according to the season—all homeward bound, having received sufficient spiritual sustenance for the ensuing week, now intent upon immediate material nourishment for the physical man.

Indeed at this time I was far from being *comme il faut*. Pushing my own baby's carriage in the street, kissing people I loved, and always at parties picking up with whomever seemed a little shabby or ill at ease. These mere errors of my early training I was able in a measure to correct through time, experience, observation and imitation.

I have learned much since those old days and have wished for my pew in St. John's once more, repenting of my hard-headedness, and regretting my ignorant and hasty judgment, for conditions have modified. I, myself, have acquired as much

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authority as those people had who so overpowered me then, and other little country girls dislike and misunderstand me, no doubt, now, as I did others. I have less sympathy with the long line of the pewless outside, who could worship God as well elsewhere as at St. John's and, crowding in where they are not wanted, are moved more by curiosity than by piety. Both my children were baptized in St. John's. I am conscious of a tardy affection for the old place, and I capitulate! It was hasty! But I have ever been one to burn my bridges behind me.

To the East of Lafayette Square, the Cosmos Club, the Belasco Theatre, and the Treasury Annex occupy the sites of once famous houses. Dolly Madison, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, Edwin M. Stanton, William H. Seward, James G. Blaine—all held court at different periods along this single block from H Street to Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Cosmos Club, literary and scientific lights, occupies the home of Dolly Madison, the fascinating—where "Owen Meredith" (whose uncle was the British Ambassador occupying the Clark house opposite), is said to have indited those amusing lines in "Lucile," doubtless inspired by the excellent cuisine for which the fair Dolly was famous:

We may live without Poetry, Music and Art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

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After the death of Dolly Madison, Commodore Wilkes resided in this house, a man famed in the Navy for his distinguished services, as discoverer of the Antarctic Continent, and for the capture of the two Confederate "Diplomats" on their way to England, Mason and Slidell, whom he took from a British ship. His two daughters were among the first "Cave Dwellers" whom I knew in Washington, dear ladies, who had inherited the eyes of their ancestress, the "Blue-eyed Lassie" of Robert Burns.

The Cosmos Club has also annexed the old yellow brick house known to the old-timers as the Tayloe House, though we of later date have also called it the "Don Cameron" house. William H. Seward lived in the adjoining house,* where an attempt was made upon his life, simultaneous with the assassination of President Lincoln. This was later the home of James G. Blaine, who might have stepped from the old red brick mansion into the more commodious quarters across the street, the White House, had it not been that a bit of alliteration falling from the lips of one of his political henchmen during his campaign for the Presidential nomination, alienated at a breath the whole South, the Roman Catholic element and the liquor interests, *Rum, Romanism and Rebellion*. Alliteration is an alluring art!

* The present Belasco Theatre occupies this site.

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One more old house at H and Lafayette Square we cannot pass. It is the Decatur house, sombre and square, built by Commodore Decatur, the hero of Tripoli, and occupied by him only a short time prior to his death at the hands of a brother officer, also bearing the grand old title, Commodore. Barron and Decatur, moved by hearsay stories, fought a duel in that famous spot near Bladensburg, a bit of meadow land screened by willows, and their immediate reconciliation took place when both were at the point of death. Barron rallied, Decatur died in the big new house he had built. Many such encounters took place in the peace of the fields and streams and trees of this little valley, under the old, murderous code.

Having taken my walk on Sixteenth Street, and for an hour considered it as it was a few years before I was born, I find myself back at my studio window with several old books, more or less unprofitable reading; yet whatever throws light upon the life of Albraham Lincoln, public and private, or upon the great crisis through which he lived—in which he died—has significance—and these old publications, issued at a time when sectional feeling was high, suppressed for many years, show him a martyr in more ways than one, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

It is said that one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed on this famous corner of Sixteenth Street and Lafayette Square was in the first year of

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the Civil War, when that daring Southern sympathizer and suspect, Rose O'Neill Greenhow, was placed under arrest in her own home in full sight of the White House. Mrs. Greenhow was a woman of high social standing, and it was on her return from "a promenade" that she found her house surrounded by a Federal Guard; she was immediately taken into custody, and her house for several months converted into a Federal Prison. During all these months strangers visited the house at any hour, to stare at the desperate rebel, of whom caricatures filled the papers, with photographs of her private residence, nicknamed "Fort Greenhow" and termed "The Female Prison on Sixteenth Street, where female spies and rebels have been confined."

From this house, 398 Sixteenth Street (house and number have long since ceased to exist), the prisoner wrote her mind very plainly to the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, whom she had often entertained in her own home. These letters, "piquant and pungent," were widely circulated, having got into the hands of the newspapers through copies furnished to her friends by the writer.

Mrs. Greenhow, treated with severity during this confinement in her own house, whither other political women prisoners were also brought, had a very unpleasant time of it, yet it is evident from her own story that she was equal to the situation;

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the reader is amazed by the freedom of her speech under such dangerous circumstances, her unbridled insolence and dauntless deportment. Her sister, Mrs. James Madison Cutts, and her niece, Mrs. Stephen A. Douglass, and other friends, had access to her here, but when she was removed to the Old Capitol Prison (Headquarters of the Woman's National Party referred to above) greater restrictions were placed upon her and her little eight year old daughter, Rose. The story of her defiance is but another instance of how difficult it is for men of good feeling and good breeding to deal with women under trying conditions. After about six months she was sent south, went to England, and there published the book "My Imprisonment, and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington," a volume in which she ventilated her opinions with more intelligence than reticence, as touching men and matters, demonstrating an intense loyalty to States' Rights and the principles of Secession, and an outspoken contempt for all who thought differently. She pictures Mrs. Abraham Lincoln as absurd and ill-bred, awkward and over-dressed, and whether that poor lady is purchasing a bit of finery at a small shop, or entertaining the wives of foreign Diplomats at the White House she cannot escape the eagle eye and caustic pen of Mrs. Greenhow. The tone of the three hundred and fifty pages is such that one is not surprised to learn that the book was suppressed in the United States

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though it was eagerly bought and read in England. The copy to which I have access belonged to John Hay, biographer and private secretary of Mr. Lincoln, was given by him to Mrs. Charles Eames, who presented it to her brother-in-law, Samuel Gouverneur, whose daughter, Mrs. Rose Gouverneur Hoes, has loaned it to me. Returning to the United States with the money she had earned on her book converted into gold and worn around her neck, Mrs. Greenhow was shipwrecked and drowned off the North Carolina coast. The little girl, Rose, who shared all of her mother's hardships, became a great belle in Washington during the Cleveland administration.

Not far from that now vanished and almost forgotten 398 Sixteenth Street, was the Phillips house on H Street; Mrs. Philip Phillips and her family had directed suspicion to themselves by their generosity to Confederate prisoners in Washington, and for a time this gifted woman was in prison, refusing to make any confessions or concessions whatsoever, until, like Mrs. Greenhow, she was sent south. In New Orleans, which was her home, she succeeded in becoming a great annoyance to Ben Butler, who retaliated upon her with brutal severity for her astonishing insolence, keeping her in prison until her health was quite broken. Men deal differently with such women, according to their own fibre; the brutal among them becoming more brutal in sheer despair, the chivalrous sur-

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rendering, equally non-plussed! When General Butler remarked to Mrs. Phillips that he expected to be assassinated by her, she promptly replied contemptuously that in her part of the world and in her class, the negro servants butchered the hogs.

Long after the close of the war, Mrs. Phillips' salon in the H Street house were thronged with distinguished guests; her son Lee Phillips, bore with honor to the day of his death the grand old name of gentleman. In spite of ill health, reverses of fortune and some peculiarities of temperament, Mrs. Phillips was a leader in Washington to the last, though Ben Butler was not the only one who feared her caustic tongue and penetrating wit.

Another odd volume lies beside me, which was also immediately suppressed: this is the book written by Elizabeth Keckley, a colored woman and an ex-slave, who had been a favorite seamstress of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. This book exposes the vanities and extravagances of Mrs. Lincoln in an unblushing fashion, and can serve no good purpose in surviving, except as a literary curiosity. It appeared under the title "Behind the Scenes," and has much the quality of the eavesdropper's information. The so-called "revelations" it contains are discreditable to all concerned, and to at least one reader bear evidence of greater education than the writer could have possessed; it would appear that it has been exploited with a directly malicious intent.



HON. ANDREW W. MELLON

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Fate sometimes plays a cruel trick upon a man when it makes him the son of a great father. In no case has this been more obvious than in that of Robert Todd Lincoln, an inconspicuous, shy man upon whom, for his father's sake, a grateful country showered honors which his personality and abilities could hardly carry. Mr. Lincoln lived in Washington for many years almost unapproachable, though the mere fact that he was the only surviving son of Abraham Lincoln would have made him a popular idol, had he possessed the least magnetism, or been willing to meet the world as his father would have done. Some strain of conservative old blood coursing through his veins made him by nature, and unavoidably, exclusive; he was a man of superior culture and aristocratic appearance, and the very fact that he was the son of his father may have increased his desire for privacy, and his consciousness of being unequal to the situation. He seemed to possess no qualities recognizable as inheritances from his father.

The life of Robert Todd Lincoln afforded opportunities for romantic adventure and brilliant achievement to a most unusual degree; he was on General Grant's Staff during the last year of the Civil War though he had little military training; and he must have witnessed the surrender of Robert E. Lee. The President may have received from him an account of that impressive scene, for the son was in Washington at the time of his father's

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assassination April 15, 1865. The shock of witnessing this tragedy in his early manhood may well have accounted for his later years. President Garfield made him his Secretary of War, a post to which he was temperamentally unsuited, and it was his bitter experience again to witness the assassination of a President, this time his friend and his chief, when Garfield followed Lincoln, victim of a maniac's bullet.

Another Republican President, Mr. Harrison, appointed Robert Todd Lincoln the Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, but the man was in no sense a diplomat. No effort to bring him into politics was successful. No attempt to make him a conspicuous figure in the social life of Washington met with encouragement. He was a quiet, scholarly gentleman, sensitive, averse to publicity, given to scientific experiment by way of recreation, and openly averse to forming contacts with the world at large. Fate should have placed him on a large plantation in Virginia, surrounded by ancestral trees, amid broad acres of corn and tobacco, far from the maddening crowd; at evening an open log fire, a few thorough-bred dogs at his feet, a bottle of old port wine at his hand, and the company of such a mellow old library as had come down through several generations of discriminating scholars—men who avoided disturbing controversies, men who never questioned the morality of existing institutions, who never gave a

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thought to States' Rights—men who, though quick on the trigger, only shot each other from some flamboyant idea of chivalry!

Not quite so evanescent as the fragrance of a flower or the passing of a cloud, but transient as all things earthly are, old houses pass away and are forgotten. The very place thereof knows them no more. Still a few white wooden tablets bordered in red and blue, inform the Washington public that in this house lived So and So—Dolly Madison, James Monroe, Daniel Webster, Admiral Dewey, Admiral Sampson or some other worthy. Still fewer state that in this house an outstanding personage "was born." Fewer, in the days to come! For nobody is born in a home any more and nobody is going to be, though doubtless there will be in time at the entrance of Lying-in-Hospitals, suitable bronze tablets designed by Futurist sculptors, adorned possibly with hovering storks, listing the individuals arriving at distinction whose earthly advent took place within these walls. In fact homes may soon cease to be, since the three great events long associated with the word no longer transpire within the home; birth, marriage and burial. We are born in hospitals, married in Churches or before Justices of the Peace, and buried from the Undertaker's "Parlors." The great drama is enacted under systematic management, trained care, good sanitation, and the merciful anesthetic, within small shining rooms,

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rather than in ill-ventilated chambers stuffy with draperies, cluttered up with magazines and papers and knick-knacks, upon a creaking unwieldy ancestral four-poster, surrounded by agitated aunts and arbitrary mothers-in-law! No, nobody is born in a home any more!

We have seen the once famous residences in the vicinity of the Capitol fall from their high estate, the old homes of Georgetown yield for a time to K Street, Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, and now we witness a return to Georgetown, an exodus to the more restful districts near the Cathedral, as the fashionable "northwest" is invaded and conquered by business.

In the John Hay house, just opposite St. John's Church, stood one of the most beautiful examples of the art of the architect, H. H. Richardson; Mr. Hay's house was built in conjunction with that of Henry Adams, the Hay house fronting on Sixteenth Street, the Adams house on H.

An anonymous novel entitled "Democracy," a satire upon Washington Society and an exposé of the corruptions of political life, was widely discussed in my early days and has only of late years been acknowledged as the work of Henry Adams. In its revelations of graft and intrigue, of vulgarity and insincerity in high places, this book has every hall-mark of first-hand knowledge, it is skillfully done, and should be remembered. The memorial to Mrs. Adams, in

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Rock Creek Cemetery, a creation of St. Gaudens, one of the world's great, inscrutable works of Art, remains a permanent gift to Washington from Henry Adams. Both famous houses passed into the hands of Harry Wardman, himself one of the extraordinary personalities of the Capital. The Hay-Adams hotel now marks this corner.

Thus passes away this group of buildings, an ornament to the corner of H and Sixteenth Streets for several decades. If the walls had tongues, much of the story of American statescraft and letters could be whispered by them in our ears. Mr. Hay's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Wadsworth, Jr., have deserted Sixteenth Street, as many other old residents have felt necessary, and bought Mrs. Charles Wetmore's house on Woodland Drive—a charming place, designed by Clark Waggaman, beautified by Mrs. Wetmore, and now adapted by Mrs. Wadsworth to the comfort of her interesting family, and rich and home-like with inherited treasures.

The descendants of John Hay are also heirs to intellectual courage and spiritual wealth. Few of our public men have so held the public confidence. John Hay's sanction settled any doubtful question, whether it was his diplomacy in regard to the Venezuelan matter and the checking of German propaganda in the United States in the last years of the nineteenth century, or the action of our Government in recognizing the independence of

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Panama and thus insuring the completion of the Canal, in the opening years of this twentieth century. If the end ever justifies the means, this triumph of science for service should satisfy us, and all who have seen that miracle of enterprise bow to the genius of the men who made it possible.

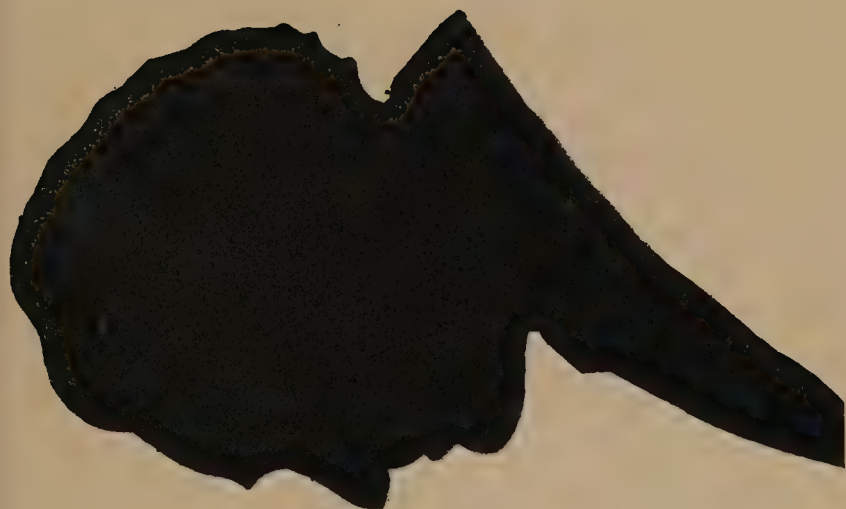
Of the Richardson houses in Washington, three very important ones changed destiny in a season. The Hay house, the Warder house on Fifteenth at K, which George Oakley Totten removed stone by stone and rebuilt on upper Sixteenth Street, and the Nicholas Anderson house at Sixteenth and K Streets, Harry Wardman's new Hotel, The Carlton now occupying its site.

That the fine old structure built by Mrs. B. H. Warder, should be preserved, is cause of congratulation to those who admire its Romanesque style, and value the work of Richardson, to whose genius Trinity Church, Boston, and the Court House at Pittsburg, bear witness. Personally, I always felt that the K Street entrance to the Warder house was inadequate, suggestive of the side or rear entrance to some authoritative chateau; the house called for ample parking, some elevation, and especially for towering trees, to give full value to its pictorial beauty. The old Corcoran House nearby, resembling a comfortable English mansion, where Daniel Webster once lived, and which was the home of Washington's greatest philanthropist, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, has also gone and the new Chamber of

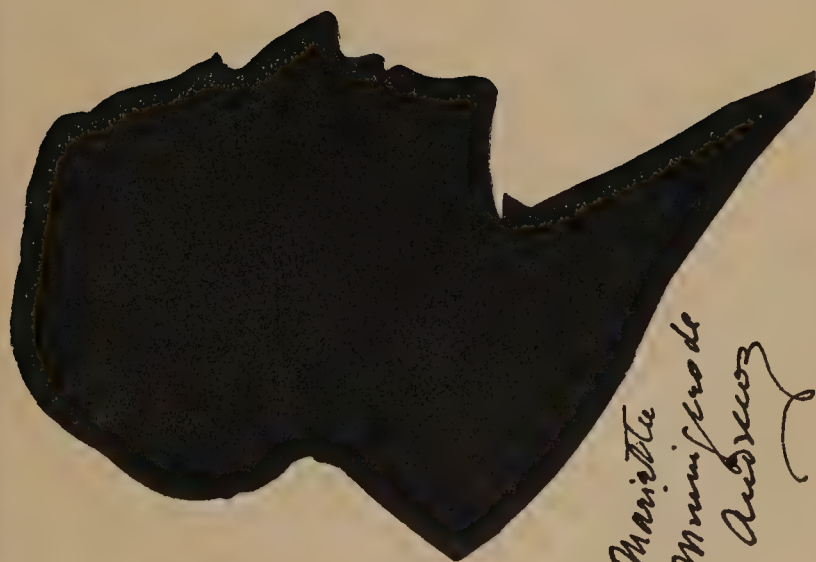
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Commerce gleams white and utilitarian, where once the old-fashioned garden with its crêpe myrtles and lilacs nodding pleasantly above the stained brick walls, gave to the casual passerby a welcome almost as cordial as that with which the hospitable door and spacious drawing-room received those of the inner circle.

Mr. Hay, secretary and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, accumulated priceless manuscripts during the historical research which he pursued with such brilliance and conscientiousness. Among his papers were many bearing on the Civil War, which leads us, willy-nilly, further eastward on H Street from the stately Hay mansion in the aristocratic residence section to an humble dwelling, 604 H Street, the little boarding-house conducted by Mrs. Surratt for actors. From the home of the friend and biographer of Lincoln to the boarding-house—not the home—of his assassin. It is a little yellow frame house, well builded in a day when building was sincere, and therefore holding its own against the encroachments of time; it stands back from the street as though unwilling to thrust itself upon the world's attention; its old shrubs and box-bushes have attained much dignity through the rains and suns of many years—persisting as such things do, in fulfilling the law of their own lives in silence, regardless of the madness of men, and the wounds that men inflict upon themselves—and on each other. Would that we, through the



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Minister from the Irish Free State



*Maristella
Muniz pro de
Austria*

JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY
Editor, London Spectator

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blood-stained years, might borrow some of their philosophy!

Whether the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln was born in this little boarding-house, or as many have always held, in the Herndon Hotel on Ninth and F Streets (much nearer Ford's Theatre, and now the site of one of Washington's great trust companies) can hardly be ascertained. Mystery enwraps the sad affair. But it is hardly reasonable that a hard-working boarding-housekeeper could have been cognizant of all wild schemes in the brains of her erratic and temperamental boarders, long-haired, wild-eyed chaps, to whom late hours and liquor were part of the routine, as to her, early housework and late cooking, a body worn out with daily drudgery, a mind too puzzled at all times with dreary calculations to enter into any discussion of the crazy undertakings of such a man as John Wilkes Booth.

After a spectacular trial as his accomplice Mrs. Surratt was hanged. There was always uncertainty as to whether Booth was apprehended. He staged one tremendous tragedy for America and went out himself in obscurity and ignominy as he deserved.

On that wild night of ^{April} January fifteenth, 1865, the spectacular act of a madman involved the world in confusion. The already murdered and impoverished South lost the sanest and the friendliest of her enemies. Many innocent persons suf-

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ferred for the guilty, the sacrifice fell not on Mrs. Surratt alone.

Suddenly all the make-believe of life was stripped away. The blatant tragedian was but the cowardly assassin, fleeing for his life. The actress, the lovely star of "Our American Cousin" ceased to be the artist—she was only the woman, all woman, merciful, tender, as she hurried into the President's box—a rare picture, Laura Keane, in her yellow satin gown, the rugged head of the dying chieftain in her lap, the satin stained with blood. There indeed, the great actress took part in a real drama, and the sparkling comedy which gave to the stage the inimitable character of "Lord Dundreary" turned in a moment by the act of a maniac, into one of the most far-reaching tragedies of history.

The long controversy between Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General of the United States Army, under whom Mrs. Surratt was condemned, and the Attorney General, a man named Speed, as to who was really responsible for the suppression of the recommendation for mercy made by the Commission on the case to the President, Andrew Johnson, is another painful chapter in this tragic tale. Nearly thirty years after the execution of this poor woman, Judge Holt was still wearily contradicting the popular opinion that he deliberately neglected the matter. Certain it is that he lived to a forlorn old age, tyrannized over by negro servants, with few of those consoling and gentle

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memories which bring a man peace at the last.

The populace was appeased, somewhat, by the death of Mrs. Surratt, one of the almost forgotten martyrs of history. Her house, said to have been haunted during the many years, has had a melancholy history.

During the Lincoln period social life in the Capital was greatly disturbed by the conditions of Civil War; the predominating Southern element was at a discount, officially, while still socially in the ascendant. The city itself was in much confusion; small town that it was at that time, of less than 70,000 inhabitants, greater numbers of soldiers were encamped there than could be accommodated; private houses and public buildings requisitioned as hospitals; run-away slaves and later emancipated Freedmen over-running the place, importuning the Government for assistance; the streets muddy and broken, very few of them paved or adequately lighted; the most primitive system of sewerage, and of public water supply, with the merest semblance of protection against fire, violence or robbery. Washington was the Mecca of the lawless, and the tenseness of the situation where a house is divided against itself, was felt in every phase of life and every class of society.

It was a harsh, discordant world on which the Rail Splitter looked out from the windows of the White House; looked with those deep, sad eyes, which had been perhaps, like the eyes of Jesus, had

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the Carpenter of Nazareth lived to grow careworn and old; eyes in which the sorrows of the world were reflected. He saw much that was unjust and incoherent; much that was needlessly cruel and coarse in the trend of public events; much that was abhorrent to his personal tastes; much that was false and silly in morals and manners of private life, on which he scrupled not to pass unerring judgment. Open vulgarity in high places, noted with open contempt. The evolution of the American gentleman has been somewhat laborious and spasmodic; three generations will chisel a profile from the common stuff, but long-established habit only can create a gentleman. A man may be both manly and gentle and yet not a gentleman; neither manly nor gentle, and still, a gentleman—(wherein lies a paradox) by right of inherited elegance of figure, gait, speech and manner, born of a culture that preceded him. “Kind hearts *are more* than Coronets”—but they are not identical with Coronets! Personally I prefer the kind heart; but a kind heart is a kind heart, and a coronet a coronet.

And in the social development of Washington—only a provincial town—there were at this time elements which could not mix and did not want to; residents of differing racial tendencies, suspicious of each other; the low-born claiming to have the stronger moral sense; the naughty assuming the airs of aristocracy; the air full of threats and insults,

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of open affront and secret slander. Fear everywhere—fear of assassination—Stanton—Seward—Lincoln—fear of spies—politicians of conflicting opinions—religionists of different creeds—for, blessing that it has been in advancing the cause of Liberty, Thomas Jefferson's stand for religious freedom did open the gates to many fantastic forms of faith—until the comment of a French visitor fell not far short of the mark, "Fifty kinds of religion in the States, and only one kind of gravy." Max O'Rell dealt none too gently with us, returning our well-meant hospitality very much as Dickens did, with scurrilous abuse. "The average American," said the Frenchman, "does not know who his grandfather was"—to which Mark Twain retorted, "The average Frenchman does not know who his father is."

CHAPTER III

"RECONSTRUCTION"—HEWERS OF WOOD AND DRAWERS OF WATER

FOUR years after the close of the Civil War I was born. My father was a Confederate Major, Aide de Camp to General Fitzhugh Lee. My own people were of the class which I here attempt to portray.

From my early childhood I have vivid memories and impressions, for the "Carpet-bag Rule" was not long a thing of the past. Yet much that I write is based upon hearsay, for my grandmother, my mother and my colored mammy had thrilling tales to tell, which lost nothing in the telling; and in recent years I have followed in the footprints of Sherman and Sheridan; have stood beside the gaunt ruins, draped in Virginia creeper, which are their tragic memorials in the land they laid waste. Old trenches and breastworks scar the woods and fields of my own estate in Fairfax County, Virginia, where a fine old mansion was razed to the ground—I know whereof I speak. To go into particulars, in this year of Our Lord, would be unpatriotic and futile; enough has been told of insult and arson, violence and destruction in those sad years of fratricidal war; the plantations of Georgia and the

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Carolinas have been redeemed; the Shenandoah Valley smiles as radiantly in the sunshine, the great sycamores throw their white and golden reflections in the river, the generous earth yields her harvests as bounteously as in the days before Phil Sheridan was born; the crow needs not now "to bring his rations with him."

The very word "Reconstruction" builds for us a picture of order evolving out of chaos, of scattered elements re-assembling toward some worthwhile result, the healing of wounds, the washing out of stains, the restoration of something like intelligent relationships.

"Reconstruction" as a term descriptive of the policies employed toward the South after the Civil War, is entirely mis-leading. There was no reconstruction, but a persistent, stupidly destructive attack upon all which stood for the cultural and material South.

In this attempt the would-be reformers with their half-baked theories, the sensational press, the main street politicians, the sentimental New England poets, the ex-slave traders (of whom Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has painted the graphic portraits, for every villain in Uncle Tom's Cabin hailed from North of Mason and Dixon's Line), the carpet-baggers, the ambitious half-breeds among the recently enfranchised slaves, struggling souls, in whom the blood of their white fathers passionately demanded opportunity—were all alike



THE FLOWER BRIGADE OF THE SUFFRAGE PARADE

unsuccessful. They were unsuccessful because they encountered the Southern woman, an unknown quantity, a power with which they found themselves soon to reckon.

The laborers had vanished to Freedman's Settlements in cold Utopias; and though many of them, discouraged and in direst mental confusion returned like frightened sheep to the fold, the patriarchal system under which they had been born was forever overthrown, and with it the possibility of re-establishing the old agricultural conditions. Negro labor could no longer be depended upon, though the less efficient and more affectionate of the slaves were often found in their old haunts. Those who were thriftier, more self-reliant, held out in the temporary Government quarters, until a sort of adjustment had taken place, then they emigrated from the crowded Freedman's Cities to the Capital, acquired in a short time a surprising stability: and Sixteenth Street, wide, unimproved, and beginning almost at the door of the White House, became one of the first sections of the city in which the negroes held title to the land. I shall tell you later of the negro shanties of Sixteenth Street.

Throughout the South, vast tracts of food-producing lands lay idle, prices for corn and wheat, potatoes, rice, tobacco, sugar and cotton, soared beyond the reach of an impoverished gentry; while destitution and terror reigned among the poor, the

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rising tide of hatred adding to the hopelessness.

It was then that individuals never accustomed to work with their hands faced that necessity and set themselves to the doing of menial tasks. These they performed clumsily, and the acres lay barren, the gardens were over-grown with weeds, the kitchens over-run with rats and cock-roaches, the great bed-chambers deserted, cold and dusty. In such extremities we brought upon ourselves some choice adjectives—still heard too frequently—shiftless, lazy, dirty, extravagant, inefficient, arrogant!

The grayheads of the old masters had been brought down in sorrow to their graves; the bodies of the young masters had been sacrificed on battle-fields; and the coming generation must be sired by those too old or too infirm for military service—in a few instances perhaps, too poor in spirit, and by such young soldiers as returned disheartened by defeat, handicapped by wounds, without money and without work, drained of vitality by all the horrid by-products of war—dysentery, mal-nutrition, exposure in all weathers, discouragement and merciless fatigue.

It was then that their women comforted them, accepted them, broken as they were, and poured into the next generation their own predominating religious faith, their courage, hope, cheerfulness, patriotism and pride—along with their adamant prejudices, their irreconcilable hatreds.

A new race was to be born, fed on the faith of its mothers. Such a resolve was never articulate to the women of the South, as it has been in this freer age, to the women of Germany.

Our Southern mothers never consciously acknowledged that their mission was the renewal of a race; for these women possessed a rare, quaint quality of reticence, called "modesty"—a quality which with the petticoat, has taken flight! /

It was not thought delicate to mention a new baby: we waited until the child had justified its right to exist, long enough for the preliminary processes to be, somehow, over-looked.

The red-blooded poems of Carl Sandburg, the relentless truth of Sherwood Anderson, the smashing punch, right from the shoulder of H. L. Mencken, would have affected these gentlewomen as cruelly as the sight of Hiram Power's Greek Slave did my grandmother, who hid her face in her hands and burst into tears as the flawless marble revolved on its pedestal before her!

The Southern women of the old régime had during many generations been safe-guarded against temptation by the very fact that there were women of a lower social caste at hand on whom the men might satisfy their predatory instincts. The Southern gentlewoman stood admittedly upon a pedestal, but she little knew that the very foundation thereof was the prostrate figure of the slave-woman—infinately tragic, dumbly acquiescent in

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the strange game in which she was a pawn.

The Southern man, with his exaggerated conception of feminine virtue, ideas fantastic and fanatical, had had it drilled into him from infancy, that one phase of his "duty to his neighbor" was to keep his own body in "temperance, soberness and chastity"—yet the double standard of living held him immune; he accepted this instruction, if he gave it any thought, as more or less obsolete, and in his own scheme of life, a spectacular chivalry walked hand in hand with intemperance and moral laxity, open and unabashed. The reader may resent such a generality. Nothing would be easier than to be specific—but it would serve no purpose to rattle the bones of family skeletons: yet I venture to say that every family has its more or less open secrets—some of these secrets being splendid romances, equal to that of Paola and Francesca, of Abelard and Héloïse—but because of the very prudery of the times, buried in the darkest closets of the memory.

Those who are familiar with the private correspondence and confidential biographies of our greatest men will not deny that even in their conception of hospitality there was a taint, due to the cheapness of human life, and the proprietorship in the bodies of men and women. But if, under cover of an ancient evil, the slave-woman contributed to the superiority of her mistress in ways her mistress little dreamed of—there was another type of slave,

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whose services were in the open, untiring, unfailing—the mammy. Gone!—the highest type of household servant ever known to history! Those who remember the care, the companionship, the devotion of a mammy, need no reminder from me; while such as never knew her will read my most conservative story as a fairy tale! Strange old songs sung by the firelight! Strange old remedies of cobweb, herb and chicken-gizzard, for bumps and burns and bruises! Unerring knowledge of good-breeding for “quality,” with rigid discipline as to good manners; “Mind yer manners, Honey, make yer pretty manners for Mammy!”—but magnificent leniency toward the inconsistencies of the obscure majority of humankind—strange boogaboos driven out of the nursery by the oft-repeated name of Jesus—Sweet old choruses, to which one fell asleep—so warm and safe!

In the cross! In the cross
Be my comfort ever!
Till the ransomed church shall find
Rest beyond the river!—

.
Savior! Savior!—hear my
humble cry—
While on others thou art smiling
Do not pass me by!—

Dear dark hands, that received us at our birth—
dear dark hands that prepared the bodies of our
mothers for burial! Dear loyal souls, in whose

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simple devotion the little sins of our childhood and the bigger blunders of our maturity were alike sealed in silence and forgiven! The brown finger on the heavy lip—"Neber mind! Mammy ain't goin' t' tell nobody! Only, Honey, don't neber do dat no mo'!"

The odium of the slave trade can never be laid at the door of the South. The Spanish and Portuguese, with the New Englanders, were responsible for that, continuing it under the pretense of whaling, long after it was illegal to import slaves into this country. Their ships went out equipped and licensed as whalers to return with crowded cargoes of slaves which were smuggled ashore at various points, not unlike the "rum-running" of today.

The hard climate of the North was unsuited to the aboriginal African, nor was his mental efficiency equal to the tasks assigned—the mild climate and agricultural character of the South were better adapted to him, and so the slave was sold South—*Sold*—soon to become the mainspring of Southern prosperity. In an incredibly short time the economic life of the South was identified with slave labor, and the purchaser became dependent upon the purchase. But after the bargain was made the seller experienced a tremendous moral re-action; and white-bearded poets tuned their lyres, and propagandists broke forth, and the Southerner was accredited with all the actual abuses of the slave system, plus the lurid imaginings of those whose

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knowledge of conditions was to say the least, limited, and so the self-elected crusaders inflamed the public mind while politicians played their own game, and the only solution was—war. Civil War.

Yet viewed from whatever angle, beyond all controversy human slavery is an evil thing—from the days of the Egyptians, before the ten commandments were delivered to mankind; from the lifetime of Jesus, who recognized the system and thus referred to it: “But if that servant say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the men servants and the maid servants—the lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him and that servant shall be beaten with many stripes.” (A good deal like Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe’s Yankee over-seers and traders!) From the days of the Roman galleys through the dark history of the convict ships and indentured servants, to the hour when under that kingly old oak at Keston, William Wilberforce and William Pitt discussed the freeing of the slaves in Jamaica, to Abraham Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation to which all history had pointed the way, human slavery was rightly doomed.

It has been wisely said, “The Wisdom of Enmity Is Reconciliation.” So all these questions, under the overruling laws of growth, have solved themselves, or are in process of solution. The prejudices under which I grew up, have faded away, fallen below the horizon, in that wideness of God’s mercy, like the

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wideness of the sea! Soon after the world war I was associated in a drive for the relief of the starving children of Germany, with dear old General Nelson A. Miles, who had been in command when my grandfather visited Jefferson Davis in prison at Fortress Monroe, and present when Dr. Minnigrode administered the communion to the fallen President of the Southern Confederacy! And I saw my son's fiancée, a few days before their wedding, receive two boxes by the same messenger—a wedding present from Mr. Robert E. Lee III and his wife, and a present from Mr. Ulysses S. Grant II, and his wife—and may I say, before I close this chapter, that I have had for General Grant a feeling of almost personal affection? And I hold the account he gives in his memoirs of the surrender of General Lee, one of the finest pages of history.

The love of fair play worked in the consciences of the old Southern planters, like leaven leavening the lump; and its fermentation became evident in many a "last will and testament"! The great Southern gentlemen could not at a stroke, abolish slavery, economical conditions in the South had become dependent on slave labor, but George Washington made the second item of his will relative to his slaves, and Thomas Jefferson at the age of thirty-three, endeavored to put through the Virginia House of Burgesses a bill for the emancipation of slaves. He again put into the Declaration of Independence a clause to that effect which, had

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it been permitted to remain, might have spared this country four years of Civil bloodshed, and the life of Abraham Lincoln.

From George Washington's Will, Item: (II)

Upon the decease of my wife it is my will and desire, that all the slaves which I hold in *my own right* shall receive their freedom—to emancipate them during her life, would tho' earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their inter-marriage with the Dower negroes as to excite the most painful sensations—if not disagreeable consequences from the later (latter?) while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor, it not being in my power under tenure by which the Dower Negroes are held, to manumit them—And whereas among those who will receive freedom according to this devise there may be some who from old age or bodily infirmities & others who on account of their infancy, that will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live.

.
The negroes thus bound are (by their masters or mistress) to be taught to read and write and to be brought up in some useful occupation * * * and I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth of any Slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence, whatsoever . . .

Situations arise frequently here in the Capital of the nation, bearing directly, dramatically, prophetically, upon this question of racial adjustment—I could tell many stories of those who must live



RT. REV. JAMES MADISON, FIRST BISHOP OF VIRGINIA
Collection of Dr. Marcus Benjamin—Original in Library of Congress

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without the pale—men and women in whom the percentage of white blood out-weighs the negro strain, white blood bestowed through many generations by the men of the superior race, until a new type is created, less robust physically, less responsive to mental training and moral discipline, but full of talent, full of ambition, gifted with much physical charm and a sort of exotic beauty, not unmixed with arrogance, while lacking the traditions which create a sense of noblesse oblige; natures in whom the preponderating white blood makes a persistent, passionate, pathetic appeal for opportunity.

One of the leading men in social and business life in Washington, a Southerner of the old school, put his point of view, which is the point of view of many—into a single phrase. When asked to contribute to a vocational training school for negroes he said, "No sir, all they need to know is the whereabouts of the woodpile and the well." A hang-over from the days of slavery, when the destiny of a race was that each individual should live and die a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.

In the field of Art it has been my opportunity to observe them; poets, poets of rare imaginative faculty and spontaneous lilt and rhythm. Painters who, had their skins been white, would have arrived. Singers who sing to their own, but find no open door to general recognition. Where one, such as Paul Dunbar, or Roland Hayes, secures a

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hearing, hundreds eat their own hearts out in obscurity.

We ought to find a way to fairer distribution of opportunity. And we will find it if the best elements of both classes sincerely seek it.

It would be difficult to meet among any people a finer dignity than has been shown by some of our half-breeds—some of the mulattos in whose veins run the best blood of the South. These unacknowledged brothers who knowing their relationship and knowing that we know it, never ask for the slightest recognition, and in silent loyalty all their lives accept the situation. I could tell some thrilling stories—if I might—for there is a nobility in this patience of the half-negro, or the quarter-negro, which compels sincerest admiration.

Without being too personal, I may mention a case of a dissipated son of one of the great old families of Maryland, who sometimes in his dire need sought refuge in a negro home, where the mother, a handsome mulattress, was really his own aunt—his father's half-sister. One night this befuddled boy—ashamed of himself, unwilling to go home, hungry and dirty and cold, in need, poor soul, of kindness and comfort—presented himself sheepishly once more at the familiar cabin—and leaning on the fence as the bandanna-ed and aproned "Auntie" came to the door reminded her that after all they were "kin."

"Mistah Ben," she said gravely, "don't you never

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mention that to me. Ef it's true, you ought to be ashamed of it. *An' ef you ain't, I is.* I'll do all I kin fer you, always; but I don't want to never hear you talk like that. Come on in, chile!"

Another case well known to me is of a Virginia lad, who, were he living, would be a great-grandfather now—who at the age of seventeen was sent West, never to return to his home State, his mother at the same time taking under her personal care a new-born slave child and training the little girl to the very best that a high-class servant should be according to the standards of that day and section. This girl grew up in the big house, away from the coarser contact of slave-quarters; clean, quiet, capable, well educated, "raised" by Ole Mistis, who was really her own grandmother: as she matured she developed an unmistakable family likeness—a likeness no one ever referred to—no one, apparently ever noticed. She married an honest negro, and her husband died, as she died, in the service of "the fambly." Their children grew up in the service of "the fambly." Their grandchildren have graduated from normal schools and northern universities. But during four generations no word has ever been spoken of this connection. This rather distinguished ancestry! Pretty fine! Thus have they proven their loyalty to the blood: and in her own way, the old lady's loyalty was no less remarkable. She had done what she could. Her training and her standards have gone on, all down the line.

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But this spirit was shown only to the masters. The Northern soldiers who associated with negro women had no such immunity.

A well-authenticated story tells of an officer revisiting with his bride the scenes of war-time experiences, and pointing out to her a cabin where he said he had once been compelled to stay all night. The bride found it quaint and desired a peep at the interior. They walked from their buggy to the wretched entrance through rows of neglected lilacs, were sniffed by a little dirty yaller dawg, a houn' dawg, and knocked on the door. A portly negro opened it, mystified at first, but as the light of recognition broke over her dusky countenance she exclaimed, "Oh mah Lord Jesus ef it ain't the Major!" then to a lanky child in the background—"Come 'long yer, Mirandy. Come long Honey, 'an meet yo' Pa!"

To have lived in one house long enough to have seen two generations of one's own born in it, is to acquire at least a local habitation and a name in a town as shifting in its society as Washington.

For barring the "Cave Dwellers," who does not order a new card plate each season? Among the official people the majority do not own their homes; the Administration families, the Senators and Congressmen, the Diplomats, all belong elsewhere,

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transient residents of Washington—while the Army and Navy groups, delightfully nomadic, make the whole world their home. These Army and Navy people! That anything resembling conjugal affection can survive the strain of such enforced separations establishes one's faith in human nature!

For see—in three years, the real widow becomes adjusted to her bereavement, enjoying a sort of second *début*, while in three years a widower is safely married again. Yet these youthful grass widows of "the service," who for two or three years at a time live where they please, play with whom they please, still welcome the returning lord with every symptom of joy! And he—the globe-trotter—the migratory male—after years of maneuvering, returns to the home and the hearth—spic and span—affectionate, charming, renewing his acquaintance with his children, gathering the purse-strings again into his own hands—readjusting the program to suit himself! It is astonishing how few cases there are of rebellion on the part of the female of the species—born, after all, to be taken care of!

Life in Washington is a strain upon genuine friendship as it is upon marital fidelity, for no sooner do we become attached to these delightful transients than fate whips them out of sight, Governments issue new orders, and the place thereof knows them no more—Diplomats, Cabinets,

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Congressmen, Army and Navy officers—here today and gone tomorrow!

Thus a little old-fashioned home of one's own becomes a landmark, especially if it remains unchanged through changing years—the same old oriental rugs, mellowed by the tramping of many feet, till the patterns are almost obliterated, the colors having melted into a pleasant neutral, while unaccustomed guests must be cautioned not to trip and break their necks in the worn places! The same old clumsy pull-bells, which jangle discordantly in the kitchen when one needs a friendly hand to hook one up—the same old hot-air furnace, probably the only one left on Sixteenth Street, which may one day be exhibited in the National Museum; the same decrepit retainer to attend thereto, though time has taken toll of him, left his eyes too dim to see dust and his step too slow to answer the imperative front door. When my husband built this little studio house on Scott Circle the only structure between it and St. John's Church were small two-story frame dwellings owned by colored people, many of whom immediately after the emancipation settled in this, at that time, unimproved locality.

As the years passed, these houses fell into decay, and the street improving at the same time, a municipal ruling forbade repairs on property of this class; thus gradually the lots came upon the market and fine private homes and public institu-

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tions have taken their place—hotels, apartment houses, embassies, churches.

At Scott Circle are four landmarks; houses almost contemporary. The "Morgan" house, now owned by Mrs. Henry Dimock; the "Windom" house—both substantial, heavy, brick mansions; the "Louise Home"—mid-Victorian, with a steep flight of steps at the entrance, hardly adapted to the elderly gentlewomen who reside there and who, so long as my husband lived, had as gallant an esquire as heart could ask; how often as I watched for him at dusk from this window, have I seen him play the Cavalier, handing some sweet old creature from the herdic, escorting her to the door! And this, my own little patched-up house—which has never changed its face or its owners!—the fourth landmark.

I knew the house well before it became my home, for Mr. Andrews often invited his students here, and his sixteenth century armor, old carvings and tapestries were a delight to me years before they became the background of my own daily life.

I have come to know the great tapestries of Washington since then, those of the French Embassy, of Mrs. Dimock, or Mrs. Larz Anderson, and the famous collection of Mrs. Foulke upon which she lectured delightfully in the gallery where they were exhibited, priceless, and in perfect condition. That bit in the White House which is used as a fire-screen in the Green Room—a fragment of old



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Gobelin carefully preserved, not only for its intrinsic richness, but because it was a gift to the White House in General Grant's Administration from the Emperor of Austria; and the red Flemish piece, picturing a hunting scene, with a quotation from Virgil which the lamented Stanford White presented to the Government; and the magnificent modern tapestry in the home of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, presented to the War President by France—yet somehow, mine, acquired by my husband in his early student days, associated with all the years of his kindly life, smoked as they are from many years of companionship with open fires and fragrant pipes, with Rhine wine and Mosel wine, with steaming punch and good cigars, have an entirely different quality of intimacy and comfort.

I believe President Taft's last official act as President was to sign the bill making Sixteenth Street "The Avenue of the Presidents"—a pretentious name insisted upon by some residents, to which the more modest among us had feebly objected. But hardly had we dutifully ordered new card-plates and note paper, than President Wilson returned to the old name—Sixteenth Street.

The present Martinique Hotel, across the street from me, occupies the site of three little brown frame tenements, of which the middle one was famous as the abode of "Mamie," a mulattress, the most popular clairvoyante ever known in Washington. Certainly she possessed strange powers and

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many of her prophecies as to public events were fulfilled in due time.

It was customary for the younger set of fashionables to frequent her parlor, half in fun and half in earnest, while their elders at the conclusion of luncheons and receptions added an unusual touch by a séance with "Mamie."

Opposite "Mamie" and two doors from my own house, lived a colored family of the name of Freeman; Mrs. Freeman was a well-bred woman and her son is now a leading physician, her daughters stand well as school-teachers, thus proving their good training at her hands; a handsome apartment house occupies their double lot; another colored family of the name of Bland kept open a little shop on the corner of Sixteenth and M Streets where the National Educational Association now is quartered in the handsome house built by Robert Bacon, who succeeded Elihu Root as Secretary of State, on Mr. Root's election to the Senate. It is greatly regretted that his beautiful Memorial, a Library for Children, was not given to the National Capitol, though at his old home on Long Island it will serve as an enduring tribute to a lover of little children.

Robert Bacon was, to my mind, the handsomest man I ever saw in official life in Washington. Mr. Bacon had been at Harvard with Theodore Roosevelt and during those college days was his match as an athlete in all exercise except boxing; in this

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he declared the effort to avoid Theodore Roosevelt's eye-glasses put too great a handicap upon him! Throughout his brilliant career, Mr. Bacon, as financier, as Assistant Secretary of State, as Ambassador to France, as an officer in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, as close friend of such men as Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt, typified the American gentlemen as few can. "Officier superieur de haute valeur professionnelle et morale."

During the World War but two of these old negro tenements remained on Sixteenth Street. The housing situation was acute; my own garage was fitted up as a dwelling and rented at a nominal figure to the butler of one of the foreign embassies, who brought a young wife and child to occupy it. Another baby was born to them there and made very cosy in an improvised cradle, a soap box nailed to the windowsill, where it had all the fresh air it needed, and could stare at the English sparrows and airplanes to its small heart's content.

The two shanties referred to above, were taken by Horace Peasley, architect of the unusual, and remodelled delightfully. I, who have a deep-rooted affection (from force of habit) for made-over garments and viands rehashed, watched the progress of this work with interest, as the doors were sealed and converted into windows, the narrow alley dividing the two houses bricked and arched, the shabby back doorways converted into "front"

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doors, and the dirty backyards into a formal garden, with flowers, bird-bath, sundial and benches; while antique lanterns, and figureheads of old ships, crudely carven, gave interest to the tiny porches. This work, so artistic and ingenious, creating "something out of nothing" was love's labor lost—for all trace of it has vanished now and a modern apartment house obliterates even its memory!

Sixteenth Street, the Meridian of Thomas Jefferson, is not a way for aimless wandering; out of its confusions emerge clean-cut figures, expressive of well-defined purposes!

How memories and prejudices have clung to the South, how they have descended to the generations following the Civil War, bringing all old bitterness with them to embarrass the wheels of progress, was demonstrated in the first month of the Harding Administration, sixty years after the war, when we buried the sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel at Arlington.

Moses Ezekiel had grown up in Richmond, a little Jewish boy, of whom no one had expected any great achievement and toward whom his "betters" showed a gentle spirit of condescension—that pleasure which Robert Louis Stevenson says is strangely one-sided.

He had evinced more talent for art than for war, but was sent to the Virginia Military Institute at

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the age of fifteen, and when the Civil War broke over the country, was there as a cadet; naturally, he took part in the Battle of New Market, in which those pretty children, those boys of the V. M. I. played the part of men and soldiers, and were wiped almost out of existence. One of the few survivors, he later went to Europe to study art; still later, as a distinguished personality in Rome, he welcomed the world to his historic studios, dispensing a princely hospitality.

When the Daughters of the Confederacy obtained permission to erect at Arlington a Memorial to the Confederate Dead, Moses Ezekiel created for them the allegorical bronze which was dedicated on June 4, 1914, some years before the body of the sculptor was interred beside it. That was a memorable day—intense heat, an immense gathering of people, and a threatening thunder-storm. The lady who made the presentation had prepared an elaborate oration, and the elements might do their worst, but she would not curtail one phrase of it—so President Wilson stood facing her as the thunders roared overhead, and she poured forth her eloquence; his own reply, a few gracious sentences, was cut short by the storm which broke in fury over the finery of a helpless audience.

Such hurrying and scurrying as there was—no one could find his own vehicle or automobile—no one could see through the sheet of rain—Bob Lee III stood in the middle of the road roaring for his

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car, like the Biblical bull of Bashan, torrents of water running all over his broad shoulders, as he laughed.

His own address had been excellent, marked by a spirit of tolerance which did him credit; as he stood upon that ancestral soil, and spoke for a united country, he received immense and well-earned applause, until one old General, red of face and irate of manner, began to elbow his way through the crowd, grumbling, "Well, if there had been as many rebels at Gettysburg as there are here today, maybe we wouldn't 'a licked 'em and had 'em on the run—"

Instantly a scrawny hand took hold of his coat collar, and a shrill voice from the very tones of which one could draw the portrait of an angry spinster, answered him—"You look-a-here, Sir, don't you say you had us on the run—don't you use that word *rebel*—you hear me? Don't you say you ever licked us— We wo' ourselves out licking you, do you hear?"

Sir Moses Ezekiel died in Rome during the world war, and it was impossible to carry out his wish that his body be buried near his great monument at Arlington, until March, 1921, when it was brought to America. The ceremonies were in charge of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and they found the Government most generous in every way. Through my cousin, Willy Williams, Assistant Secretary of War, we had the use of the new and beautiful

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Amphitheatre at Arlington. The Secretary of War, Mr. Weeks, made the oration. Many of our people failed to value the courtesy, though in this, the first occasion on which the structure was used for a civilian, it was devoted to the honor of a Southern soldier. The unreconstructed refused to enter the edifice, because the names of the Southern leaders had not been engraved on its walls with those of the Federal leaders, and old Confederate soldiers in full uniform and many women waited outside, while a brilliant audience filled the building in honor of a Southern artist and soldier.

That night a memorial meeting was also held in the great Temple of the Scottish Rite on Sixteenth Street, and I was asked to conclude the exercises with the reading of a few lines. The program as I recall it was a discussion of Ezekiel as a Mason, by Judge Moore; as a sculptor, by H. K. Bush-Brown; as an adopted son of Italy, by the Italian Ambassador, Senator Vittorio Rolando Ricci; as a Southerner, by Bob Lee. The Jewish Rabbi made the opening invocation; I concluded with the following lines, which I had written for my own funeral, but which, as that occasion seemed indefinitely postponed, have been frequently used for others. It is highly probable that when the hour comes people will forget to use them for their author! The reading was prefaced by the remark that as the events of the day had emphasized the transitory quality of all things earthly, we would



*Marilla
Missingshe
Andrews
to her
father's friend
Col. John S. Mosby.*

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY

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direct our thoughts in closing to the condition which awaits us, where beauty is incorruptible, energy undiminished and intellectual and spiritual efficiency ever-increasingly given us:

Oh, tell me not, dear friends, that Death is Rest—
It is not the Rest I crave.

Rather, I ask to do and be my best

Beyond the grave.

Tell me my passing out from things of earth

Is death to self and sin, but a new birth

To righteousness; tell me my life may be

Sacred and fervent there, in nobler energy.

Tell me that all untrammelled, I may move

Wherever led by loyalty and love.

Tell me this soul, from mortal bondage free,

May find new fields and fair; new opportunity—

Rid, of the freight of flesh and blood and nerve,

Unweariedly to labor and to serve—

I need no REST. I only ask to be

Above defeat. Rich in vitality.

Oh, tell me not, dear friends, that death is Sleep—

For sleep could only mean

Lost power. So for me, no slumber deep

Beneath fresh boughs of green.

My garments you may tenderly lay by—

My body too—but oh! That is not I.

I shall escape, as wild bird from the mesh,

When I have laid aside this cloak of flesh—

I shall be up and doing—I shall find

New, golden chances for my busy mind—

New souls to love—old friends to serve and bless,

When I am born anew to Righteousness;

When I am strong and clean, and fit to be

God's servant to my kind, eternally.

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Comments upon the whole performance were very amusing. Many persons attacked me as an artist, with the protest that we had made too big a fuss over a second-rate sculptor—that Saint Gaudens himself had not received such an ovation in Washington. To which I made reply—"We did it in love for our own. Ezekiel was a Confederate soldier. No one has claimed pre-eminence for him as a sculptor. He was good of his kind—of the old-fashioned, sentimental school of art—the friends of Saint Gaudens might have done the same, had they wished to do so."

Many Southerners were even more caustic. They declared that poor Moses Ezekiel would turn in his grave at the thought that Mrs. Marion Butler and I had dragged all these Yankees in to participate in the ceremonies, and had held the rites in a building built by the hated United States Government as a memorial to the hated Federal dead, having refused to put the names of the Southern leaders on the wall thereof. They seemed to forget that that same Government had permitted the Daughters of the Confederacy to erect there at Arlington a Memorial to the Confederate Dead, and were graciously co-operating with them to honor a great Southerner on this very day.

Bob Lee's mother, Cousin Tabb, met me shortly afterwards, and waving her hand from afar, called out impatiently—"Help yourself, my dear—you have worked hard all your life and seem to want

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to keep it up through all eternity. Well, I don't. I want to rest. The best I can wish you is that you get what you say you want—hard labor here and hard labor in the hereafter—”

“You must not be cross, Cousin Tabb,” I called back to her (she was very deaf). “I was about to congratulate you that Bob did not trample the Italian Ambassador to death on that platform—we were very nervous, and the little gentleman squirmed considerably as Bob thundered of the glories of the South, of Virginia, and almost of his own family.”

“Well, never mind about what Bob said or did,” answered his mother, laughing—“you must bear it in mind right now that I don't want you and Mrs. Marion Butler to arrange any funeral for me—Poor, poor Moses Ezekiel! Don't you have a thing to do with my funeral—don't you read any ode over me, promising to work me through the here and the hereafter—for I intend to *rest*.”

Stuart and Pauline Mosby, daughters of the famous “guerilla” cavalry man, Col. John S. Mosby, grew up with me in Virginia and were great belles, as dashing and intrepid as their father. After the Civil War the family lived in the far west for some years, but always claimed Virginia as their home, and in his old age the Colonel lived in Washington with Stuart, who was engaged in journalism.

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Col. Mosby as I first remember him, a friend of my father, was still a hero of romance, and much beloved of the ladies. Gay Lothario as he was considered, and contrary to maternal admonitions, I had a few drives with him myself in my young days, and never wearied of his thrilling tales or of the study of his exquisite profile, beautiful as a cameo, though, horsewoman that I was, his handling of horses fairly terrified me. Fortunately, another girl was his companion, not I, on that disastrous drive when he was thrown against a stick on the roadside and one eye blinded, one of those penetrating blue eyes which ever pierced, eagle-wise, through space when spying out an enemy, and ever softened at the sight of a friend.

The story of Mosby, Robin Hood of the nineteenth century, and his five hundred followers, is not a page of modern history at all, but harks back to the dark ages of crusaders and out-laws, of conquistadores and pirates. He was a regular fellow, a graduate of the University of Virginia, a member of the Bar, a duly commissioned Confederate officer under J. E. B. Stuart—until he snapped his fingers in the face of all conventions, defying civil and military law, and took to the highways and byways, the hills and the underbrush of his native state, in the wild warfare he waged against the invaders of Virginia.

These free lances of the Confederacy knew

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nothing of drilling, ignored military technique, and operated without camps or quarters, tents or rations. No one knew their comings or goings, their only homes were their saddles, their only confidants their blooded horses. Adventurous youngsters, natives of a horse-breeding, horse-racing section, as accustomed to wild cross-country riding and jumping as a bird is accustomed to fly through the air. They knew the side entrances, cellar doors and kitchen corridors of every manor house and farm house in the country, were welcomed and adored and alternately nourished mysteriously upon the fat of the land, or starving gloriously, according to circumstances.

Among the survivors of Mosby's men were two well-known to me, the late Joseph Bryan of Richmond, Va., who had married into the capitalist family, the Stewarts of Brook Hill, and became after the war one of the great lawyers and philanthropists of the South, and the late John W. Munson, my neighbor in Fairfax County, an old nurseryman who held a monopoly in the horticultural business of his section. "Munson's Hill" at Falls Church derives its name from him—a beautiful cone overlooking the Potomac valley in the distance and the city of Washington. This hill-top was the scene of a clever strategy one moonlight night during the heavy skirmishing which harried these second hills along the approach to the capital. It was rumored that the Yankees were approach-

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ing and Mosby nowhere near; the terror-stricken women along the route took down their stove-pipes, and planted them upon the top of Munson's Hill; the on-coming enemy seeing what appeared to be a point of vantage bristling with cannon every side, turned off another way.

While developing our country property near Falls Church, we had many dealings with Mr. Munson, found him a rigid Presbyterian and a grim fellow at a bargain, though to his credit be it said his conscientious Sabbatarianism outran his commercial canniness, and on one occasion when my husband had ridden horseback from Washington, fifteen miles, on a Sunday, to place an order for fruit trees which he specially wished delivered early Monday, Mr. Munson refused to talk business on the Sabbath. This abortive transaction infuriated the Potentate, who ever thereafter referred to the erst-while warrior as a psalm-singing skinflint.

Having known Joseph Bryan, a conservative, deliberate gentleman, and John W. Munson, sour and slow as he pottered around among his lilacs and spruces, it requires some stretch of imagination to believe that either of them figured in their youth as Mosby's fiery avenging angels.

These daring fellows, so our old friend often told me, in the years when he retained much of his early spirit, and long years after when his sands were running low and he had become a garrulous octogenarian, dealing in much redundancy and confus-

ing his once vivid recollections, had many ways of annoying the Federal troops. They cut off supply trains, stole back the stolen cattle, de-railed the rail-roads, picked off the pickets, raided the raiders, and even *spanked* commanding officers of the Union Army before taking them off to prison. They way-laid Sheridan's paymasters, turning in large sums of money to the poverty-stricken Confederacy—they captured thousands of prisoners, among them the representatives of the Northern Press.

Bitter retaliations followed; Mosby's men, when caught, were hanged. Whereupon Mosby hanged Federal prisoners in his hands, man for man, until this exchange of pleasantries was found unprofitable. Mosby narrowly escaped hanging and after he surrendered, and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, refused him parole, the pen of Horace Greeley in the columns of the New York Tribune, urged that he be hanged. Great journalist that Horace Greeley was, it can never be forgotten that in the hours of Mr. Lincoln's greatest perplexity and anxiety, he was badgered and scolded in the press and in private correspondence by this self-constituted Mentor. Lincoln escaped by the way of the assassin's bullet, and Mosby escaped via the authoritative opinion and generous disposition of General Grant, from Mr. Greeley's school-master fashion of tutoring and punishing. That Col. Mosby became a Republican, was possibly a loyal recognition of this nobility on

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the part of General Grant. In spite of his gallant record, this action alienated his Southern friends and turned public sentiment much against him, which was a cruel thing both for the soldier and his family.

When the Taft Administration came in, Col. Mosby lost the position in the Department of Justice to which Mr. Roosevelt had graciously appointed him, and thereafter he became a rather pathetic figure, familiar to all Washington, the mere wraith of that dashing devil whose keenness and courage, beauty and generosity had made him the most theatrical figure of a great drama. He lingered to see the whole world involved in war, dying in 1916, at the age of eighty-three.

Wild son of a wild race in a wild world, there was little cruelty in his make-up, and absolutely no alloy of self-interest in his patriotism. The partisan antagonisms, the exaggerated ideas, the weariness of age, the discouragements of poverty and ill health, have all passed by long since; but across the fading memories the very name of Mosby brings back the sudden hammering of hoofs, the passing of a vivid figure, the moonlight white upon a chiseled face, as he swoops in swift retribution upon the enemy, rescues the perishing and vanishes, quick as the flaming plumage of the Virginia redbird across the drab landscape of a winter's day.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE TIME OF GROVER CLEVELAND

TWENTY years after the death of Abraham Lincoln, Washington saw in the White House a Democratic President, Grover Cleveland.

At the time of Mr. Cleveland's inauguration the city was still a provincial town with a strong southern flavor, the residential life differing little from that of Baltimore or Richmond. The old families were largely southern, even the Marylanders, though Maryland had been counted a Union State during the war. The southern accent was heard in hotels and public places, and the frock coat, broad brimmed hat and big expanse of shirt front, with the flowing moustache and goatee were familiar.

Opportunities for travel were not what they are today. The "horseless carriage" was a novelty, and automobiles had not annihilated distance. The telegraph was used by private individuals only in matters of the utmost moment. Kate Field had made herself famous twenty-five years earlier by using it to report to her newspaper on the visit of Charles Dickens. The radio was un-thought, and world-wide intercourse had not become a daily experience. The small-town way of life was the way of the national Capital.

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This southern atmosphere chilled a little with the advent of the Harrison régime, Ohio again to the fore—the Cave dwellers had hardly recovered from the temperance obsessions of Mrs. Hayes before it was openly said that Mrs. Harrison placed milk bottles on the window sills of the White House—an unpardonable crime in the eyes of such Americans as would have the home of a democratic President a sort of Buckingham Palace. These were lovely, motherly, kind women, these women of Ohio, and a whole dairy of milk bottles could not have made Mrs. Harrison less beloved among those who knew her and her delightful daughter, Mrs. McKee, with her “Baby McKee” a much fêted White House baby. “Mamie” McKee, now a grandmother herself, often comes back to Washington, there to receive ovation after ovation from the friends of her youth.

In a few years Grover Cleveland was back again, and with the return of the Democrats the southerners were again to the fore, a little less resentful, for a younger generation was in evidence. And during the years since Appomattox wealthy northerners discovered Washington and began to buy historic homes in nearby Virginia, motors had become general, and travel increased. An era of better social feeling was beginning. The Capital became the Mecca of persons unable to arrive in iron-bound Boston or Philadelphia, but by large hospitalities and contributions to philanthropies,

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and through the open door of political connections, finding it possible to take part in social life of Washington. While women were employing every strategy to get into society, men were lobbying for legislation, scheming, plotting, bribing, compromising, all persistent in some mirage of social, political or financial advancement. Life was becoming complex.

Even an impecunious little art student got this re-action, though taking no part whatever in the fascinating life she heard about. First Cousin Randolph Tucker, then Cousin "Rooney" Lee represented the eighth Virginia District in Congress, Cousin Holmes Conrad was Solicitor General. Our relations were in it. It was wonderful to have relatives in office. The poor relations from the little towns swarmed to the "days at home," especially Cousin Met Gibson's days, for her husband was a Senator from Maryland and she was handsome and gay and affectionate, and made the rag-tag and bob-tail of her kin people gloriously welcome. Any of us could go there, drink punch and look at clothes, and maybe be introduced to people whose names were in the newspapers. Of course, after we went home to our respective villages, Alexandria, Leesburg, Fairfax Court House, Berryville, we discussed all the questions of the day with authority, saying, "well, as Cousin Ran Tucker said to me"—or "Please do not let it go any further but Cousin Holmes Conrad said—"



Marie
Minigrode
Andrew

Jefferson

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE

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We understand that Washington was infinitely more immoral than Alexandria and Leesburg and Fairfax Court House and Berryville, but then it was only just to remember how long the Democrats had been out of office, and the people from Ohio doing exactly as they pleased. We asked each other how society could be anything but vulgar? Of course we agreed that it had been a very nice thing that after the unfortunate assassination of President Garfield, and the accession (we used the phraseology of royal dynasties on purpose, in Alexandria, because all the streets were named for royalty, and our ancestors, some of them, had remained royalists) of Mr. Arthur to the Presidency, our Cousin Gertie Tucker had chaperoned his young daughter. Mr. Arthur, we had always understood, was a gentleman. Yes, that was a nice thing. One of our own was in the seats of the mighty.

There were people in Leesburg—or Winchester—Gertie Tucker was from Winchester—even in Warrenton, there were people better suited to be presidents than people from Ohio and Illinois. And we counted these aliens who had presided over the nation. Lincolns, Grants, Hayeses, Garfields, Harrisons—but now the Democrats were in and would never again be out. So that was that.

Years after when I saw the stately figure of Robert Todd Lincoln, and heard of his great scholarship and modesty: when I came to know

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Mrs. Stanley Brown, Mr. Garfield's lovely daughter, and visit her in her quaint little lop-sided house on Massachusetts Avenue; when Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, lovely as a Fragonard countess, moved graciously among us in Washington, my early prejudices evaporated and I realized how ignorant we were, cramped into our own conceits, eaten up with family pride and egotism. I, Marietta Minnigerode, felt as I imagine a potato might feel in among orchids. These people had money, and money means culture. These people were on the winning side. They knew the wonders of London and Paris and Rome and Vienna, as I knew Alexandria and Leesburg. Their fathers were Presidents and Ambassadors. Why should I not have felt as a potato among orchids?

If "consciousness of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom" an obscure little girl marrying a conspicuous man has an admirable opportunity to become wiser almost than she wants to be!

Surely the consciousness of ignorance might lay her low—with everybody trying to prove to her her lack of worldly wisdom; until she suddenly turns on her tormentors as Job did on his, declaring with some asperity that she also had some understanding and was in no way inferior to them!

She failed to understand the fact that it was one thing to be living with her mother on Prince Street, Alexandria, and quite another, to be Mrs. Andrews, on Scott Circle. She would have supposed her

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intrinsic qualities were unaltered by the change of address! So, when persons who had always known her, but never noticed her, called upon her at her new address she knew nothing to do but be excused, and consign their cards to the waste-basket.

Handsome widows and well-preserved spinsters had long cast appraising eyes upon this artist, agreeable looking, agreeably well-off, agreeably destitute of relatives, encumbered only by four or five fluffy little dogs always at his heels; the little studio house on Scott Circle was measured with speculative interest, and mentally remodeled to suit the various tastes; even my own Aunt Belle had, after lengthy negotiations, bribed me with a feather-boas to introduce him to her, assuming that her own experience would do the rest! And without a word of warning, this self-willed individual chooses to suit himself, and installs a shabby little art student in the house they had selected for themselves!

Into their midst came she, utterly innocent of any trousseau; calmly wearing the same cheap clothes in which all the previous summer she had been sketching in Venice: one blue flannel sack she had in addition, a gift from her sister Lucy; and a sealskin coat her husband bought her. And thus she ran the gauntlet of observation and faced the barrage of the lorgnettes!

Her hair, abundant then and of a nice-ish brown, was simply coiled on the back of her neck, and

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she felt at no disadvantage in her high-necked, trainless gowns, even at dinners though aware that she was regarded with amusement and some curiosity. When people looked at her, she looked at them, and their metallic pompadours and bulging bosoms aroused neither admiration nor envy. Her own mother's flower-like face rose before her crowned with naturally rippling iron-gray hair; blue, blue eyes, and that fresh flush coming and going—making one think of forget-me-nots and wild roses. Her own mother's lovely sloping shoulders and ivory skin, which no one ever saw—except the baby, unless some lucky chance took one into her room while she was dressing; and her own mother's idea of hospitality, so different from these stiff and stupid parties. For her mother never knew who it was splashing in the bath-tub until she heard the door open and peeped out to see some unexpected guest scuttling up to the "spare room" on the third floor. So on the way home from parties the little bride would ask her husband why people looked at her so hard. Were they wondering how that distinguished man had taken a fancy to that countrified little girl? And he would say, no: they were wondering how that crusty old customer ever got that interesting girl to look at him! And so she decided not ever to imitate anybody, and not to change her dressing, or her manners, especially not her manners, which, like the little old thin pointed silver spoons her mother had

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given her, had come down through many generations; and thus it was, her feet avoided treacherous places! Thus, without apology, she went her own way, from the beginning.

For three years, busy with the two babies; the real business of life; then her mother's death left her in mourning and with her youngest brother and sister added to the family; so gradually she felt her way, the world was kind and she settled into her niche.

And en passant, let me say that it is very convenient for the socially inexperienced woman to arrive in Washington *in mourning*. It has been said of more than one famous hostess that she acquired her skill and charm during a period of actual—or improvised—bereavement. What an opportunity for coaching by an adroit and experienced social secretary, with whom to review the social situation, and very warily learn the steps. How charmingly a few very select persons can be entertained, elegantly and quietly, and a visiting list prepared with utmost care and study; then, with an establishment leisurely equipped with all that is correct, with a bank account opened at Riggs'; a pew secured in St. John's; a husband elected to the Metropolitan Club, her own name on the Board of perhaps two of the very smartest charities—her hats bought from Mrs. Evans, the art mastered, after concentrated coaching, of remembering the names of the people she has met—and

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a ministering angel of a secretary hovering near, she is ready! Corseted, massaged, hatted, booted without; fortified, cautioned and catalogued within; the habiliments of woe cast aside, no longer the political or social novice, she finds herself armed and armored for the fray!

During our wedding trip the Potentate delicately intimated that on our arrival at home it would be just as well for me not to interfere with Julia and Maggie, his long-established faithful Irish maids. There was also a colored boy named Freddy, who presided over the furnace, did errands, and took care of the saddle horse—I mentally resolved that I would meddle with Freddy if I felt like it. And I very soon felt like it; for disconsolate maidens, some with babies in their arms, besieged the door, bringing charges against Freddy, which scandalized me beyond measure, but only amused Mr. Andrews. It was useless to appeal to Freddy's nobler nature as to these intrigues, nor could we invoke the countenance of the law upon his plural relationships so I dispensed with his services and brought Willis, son of an old family servant up from Virginia only to find myself, as far as regulating the morals of the lower regions was concerned, out of the frying pan into the fire; for after Maggie left, Willis seduced the colored cook; then our pretty Swiss nursery maid fell in love with him; I had to send her home; and one complication after another kept me disturbed,

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until I accepted my husband's advice, that their affairs were not my affairs.

Old Rose, who was with me temporarily, threw a parting shot on her departure—"You are a good creature, and Oi wish you luck, with yer Dutch an' yer Oirish an' yer niggers."

Dutch, referring to the old nurse, Christine. From Maggie and Julia, however, I learned how to keep house in a formal fashion. The place ran automatically before I came; service was perfect—silent, dignified, prompt, and willing; no unexpected guests; no angels unawares. Proper preparation after due notice—these jewels received \$16.00 a month each—though I must say they had many perquisites—Freddy's wages were \$12.00. This was the average thirty years ago!

After several years of training by Julia the unsophisticated mistress of the place learned a thing or two herself; and when the increase in the family finally drove away these good Irish girls I fell back on colored servants to whom I had always been accustomed, of whom I do not stand at all in awe.

Mother's way of keeping house I knew, but that could never have made my husband happy; in the beginning, it would have driven him mad! So many plates on the table that their rims fairly touched! For we never knew who would be there—an equal number of chairs was impossible—but by mathematical calculation two chairs to three

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plates was practicable; three people if they were cautioned and cautious, dividing the two chairs—and the younger children as usual at the side table,—so really, there is always room for one more, if you keep house in that jolly old Virginia way—the more, the merrier!

Very, very gradually, something of this crept into my husband's house—how could I help it? after Julia and Maggie were gone! On the whole, he grew to like it; the colored servants understood it, and it was my native air, to which unconsciously my little children became accustomed. I still believe in it; that our children's friends should tumble in when they please; that the advent of the unexpected guest should not create any consternation; that ample dishes of cornbread and sausage and viands which lend themselves to a certain elasticity, are to be preferred; and that nothing is such a tower of strength to a hostess as plenty of home-made preserves in the store room, and always *a ham in the house!*

No sooner was I married than my mother passed a sort of little Volstead Act; she notified me that there must be no wine on my table "because her sons would be constantly at my house"—"*his house, Mother*"—I interrupted, "and she did not want wine offered them"—

Then came on a war indeed—but I stood my ground—my young brothers could take it or leave it—come, or stay away, but never would I presume

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to dictate to my husband! I was the clinging vine, for fair!

The punch he made for my Wednesday afternoons at home stood the test of twenty years, became a sort of public utility and bears the name of the house to *this* day! Twelve bottles of plain California Claret, the juice of twelve lemons, one quart of best Jamaica rum and a little sugar; white rock to give it life—or champagne, if we felt unduly affluent.

Mr. Corcoran's family, the ladies from the Louise Home across the street, often came in early and fortified their dear old limbs and warmed their thin blue blood with a cup of it, and then went out to make their Wednesday calls, stopping in again late in the afternoon for a second potation.

"None of the people, dear, who were here at three o'clock are here now, so let's have a little more punch!" And the Wednesdays at home usually ended with Mr. Andrews gallantly escorting them across the street with many a bow and flourish.

The periodical poker parties were a hang-over from his days of loneliness. In the years this friendly soul had lived alone he had formed the habit of thus beguiling a few evenings in mild dissipation with a group of men by whom he would not be martyred with reciprocal attentions.

A poker game was staged in the studio at eight o'clock, sharp; and on the stroke of ten Julia rolled



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back the big door and announced "Supper is soived, Sor." The men, who had had wine and cigars during the game, then filed out into the dining-room where I and the pig awaited them.

For the *pièce de résistance* at these functions was always a little roasted pig. I knew precisely how he should look, taste and smell—but personally, I could not eat him. He crouched so humbly on the platter, his little ears sticking up pert and crisp, a highly polished apple in his jaws. He looked so babyish and innocent, with a rather apologetic sweet smile about his scorched-out eyes, this little sucking pig. The red-faced old fellows gathered round to devour him made me think of a group of cannibals participating in some sort of unholy sacrifice with my Potentate as their High Priest!

There were strips of bacon along the little victim's spine, his skin was shining and crisp and brown, with that rare flavor immortalized by Charles Lamb. When the carving knife was plunged into his ribs, something popped like a pistol shot. In the fringe of parsley bordering the platter were small brown country-made sausages, and candied sweet potatoes, cornbread and apple sauce belonged, with plenty of Rhine wine.

How could they eat him? He was so young! I do not think the meat is fit for food. Stringy, slimy and tasteless. But the stuffing is delicious. Apple and onion chopped very fine, with bread

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crumbs and butter all saturated with the rich juices as the heat draws them out. The stuffing is really a masterpiece.

Willis ate up the head in the kitchen that night, and the poor little rump with its curly tail was due to appear for lunch next day—it seemed less brown and greasy, cold; I never could see this end of him brought in without being tempted to fold my napkin catty-cornered, and put it on him like a diaper.

It was the morning following one of these pig-poker-parties that the first mail brought a note from mother announcing that on that day she was bringing Cousin Mollie and William and two other relatives to have lunch with us. I suggested to the Potentate that the little stump of the rump of the pig would not be enough and that he should go to market.

“Not at all, my dear, not at all—telegraph them to come tomorrow—Why Maggie and Julia didn’t get their dishes done till after midnight and must not be loaded up again so soon—tomorrow, my dear.”

With many misgivings I obeyed him, postponing the visit twenty-four hours; at the appointed time they came and we had a pretty little luncheon for them: but mother stayed after the others had said goodbye, burst into tears and said the greatest mortification of her life had been to postpone an engagement with Cousin Mollie, who was so good to us. She said she would never feel

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at liberty to come uninvited to my house but hereafter would await the invitation which would ensure her against being unwelcome. She held to that, too; just a difference in the point of view.

Anxious to appease her, my dear old cronie suggested to me to ask my mother up to "spend a week end." "But we do not do that," I faltered. (Possibly I did not falter. I may have barked.) "We never limit an invitation," I said, rather pointedly.

"Well my dear, how then do you get rid of 'em?" asked the Potentate in all sincerity.

"Well," I answered, a little puzzled, "the idea, you see, is not exactly to get rid of them."

Whereupon he related an experience at which I had to laugh. He had invited an old college mate to come from the west and spend a week, bringing his wife and boy. The people were never punctual at meals, were personally uncongenial, and he found them a "perfect pest." When the specified week had drawn to a close without any preparation on their part for departure, he telegraphed Ned Davidson in New York to summon him to New York by wire, and in this fashion was able to solve the problem, though it necessitated a trip to New York to get his guests out of the house.

I then told him of how once upon a time some friends had asked mother to spend a week-end in Baltimore.

"Week-end visit"—what in the world could that

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mean? Surely not that mother would get her clothes all ready and pay her expenses all the way to Baltimore, changing trains in the Washington Station and all, just to go over there on Saturday and come back on Monday? Well! We might be poor, but we were proud all right and mother certainly was not going anywhere on that sort of an invitation, no matter how stylish the people were! Why, the whole point in going away is to stay long enough for it to do you some good and justify the expense! How would *they* like it, if we invited *them* for a week-end? We did not know anything about week-ends, though we were pretty well informed as to tag-ends!

The fact that the people in question would have just as readily accepted an invitation to spend a week-end in one of Barnum and Bailey's circus-tents as in our cold, shabby, very hilarious household, never occurred to us! "Those poor dear Minnigerodes! And Alexandria, Va.! *The jumping-off place!*"

It is well that our pulses had slowed down long before we understood such situations, for disparagement of Alexandria and commiseration for ourselves would have been offensive. What was the matter with Alexandria? A great port before the Capitol was built! And what was the matter with us? Nothing in the world but that we were poor—otherwise we were quite wonderful! Our five little boys discussed the week-end invitation

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excitedly, and were ready to challenge the male population of Baltimore to the test of arms!

After I was safely united in the bonds of matrimony with a well-to-do and well-disposed gentleman I bade farewell to every fear—as the old hymn says; and assumed that here ended the first lesson! Poor-Relationdom had become a thing of the past, like the Slaughter of the Innocents or the Massacre of the Huguenots!

Little Georgie, discovered by a friendly lady soaking the soles off of his new shoes by wading in the gutter in Alexandria, significantly replied to her remonstrance—"Oh, but my sister has married Mr. Andrews!" And my own less articulate conviction was along the same line!

But, here I was, *his* poor relation too! And the poor-relation of his Julia and his Maggie! For the things they knew were more necessary to him just then than the things I knew, and I set myself in a sisterly spirit to learn from them. These good Irish girls were beautiful to me, devoted to me—and I profited by their unobtrusive coaching with a better grace than I had shown in accepting benefits from people, less fine in the fashion of their favors!

Thank Heaven for those years that went before, which etched into my consciousness the world as it looks to the bread-winner! The bread we earn is not that bread alone which men have called the staff of life; which always falls upon the buttered

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side or is cast upon the waters in the confidence of a speedy return! It is also that mystic bread to which Jesus referred when he said that he had bread to eat which others knew not of!

But as the years have passed I have always been at both ends of the line—my busy, bossy old self, barking away at this end of the telephone, and also that pretty child I addressed by the impersonal term "Operator," who—those ugly appliances on her head—sat through the seductive spring days at the switchboard, powdering her nose and thinking of her fellah, and giving me the wrong exchange. I was in her place too! I was myself, guiltily apologetic for masquerading as a person of consequence, as I sat in my comfortable carriage behind a pair of steady old bays; and also, I was the little department clerk tripping home under the trees—for I had often walked from the old Sixth Street Station up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Corcoran Gallery at Seventeenth, to save the carfare; I was moved to lean out and explain to this highly manicured little daughter of toil that the carriage was a sort of a joke—*as it was*—that it was a mere temporary matter—*as it was*—that it really belonged to a very kind friend of mine—*which it did*—and that some day I would be walking again with her—*which I am!* I was myself at the counter, being addressed as "Madam" by that other woman with the aching back; lifting seventeen great rolls of chintz for my inspection—and, of course, for my purchase—for

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whatever my other faults may be, at least I have never been addicted to "dry shopping."

Yes, dear girls, you may be looking over the iron fence at the colorful groups in the White House grounds on great occasions—you may stand along the curb instead of sit on the grandstand during triumphal demonstrations—but take it from me, who know both sides, yours is the liberal education! If there is in me, at fifty-seven, any efficiency, any adaptability, any sympathy, any breadth of vision, it is because at seventeen I was a poor relation—a second fiddle—a second-best—an after-thought—as were those guests assembled from the highways and the hedges.

Knowledge acquired in the hand to hand struggle with the wolf at the door, once acquired, is never lost to the average intelligence; it is more valuable, more enlightening, than all the theatre-going, dinner-eating and globe-trotting of later years!

It was during the second administration of Grover Cleveland that I was married and came to live in Mr. Andrews' house, taking possession of these Studio Windows. He had built the house many years earlier, in fact had already become an established factor in the life of Washington through his friendship with the Grants, the Sher-mans, the Sheridans, the Hayeses, the Garfields, the McKinleys, natives of Ohio, through his services as a volunteer instructor in the then young Corcoran

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Gallery of Art, and through the portraits he painted of many public men.

William Jennings Bryan, by some stretch of the romantic imagination called "the boy orator," was just then sweeping the South off of its feet with his "crown of thorns and cross of gold" and almost wrecking the poor dear old Democratic party. I believe Mr. Cleveland was glad to see his own party defeated, since the election of McKinley maintained the gold standard and vindicated his own policies. (Personally I never have followed politics, though Janet Richards says no woman can be patriotic unless she does, but these points I recall from my husband's conversations, he always declaring himself as a Cleveland Republican and a Roosevelt Democrat.)

We had known the old painter, Eastman Johnson, and when we heard that President Cleveland shortly before leaving the White House to return to private life, ordered the portrait of himself painted by Mr. Johnson to be carried to the attic, we realized that stoical as he seemed to be, there was a sensitiveness under his rugged exterior and that the terrible denunciation of the Democrats in press and public, had sorely wounded him.

Mark Twain was a close friend of the White House family and his comment upon the President was, "We love him for the enemies he has made."

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Mr. Cleveland was in genial mood on the great night when the new Corcoran Gallery was officially opened, just two weeks before the close of his administration, on February 22, 1897. Mrs. Cleveland was with him, very lovely, and many of the Cabinet. More than a quarter of a century later in May 1925 Richard Folsom Cleveland, their son, took the title role in a big production of my pageant "Thomas Jefferson," at the Lyric Theatre in Baltimore; his father's son made an admirable Thomas Jefferson! Young Cleveland had attracted attention while a student at Princeton, by declining to join any of the exclusive clubs, a piece of consistency for which he was very much admired. It may be remembered too that President Wilson was also opposed to these emphatic expressions of class distinction. I always recall with pleasure the opening of the new Art Gallery, so much of my life had been passed as my husband's pupil and assistant in that old gallery. Several years before this occasion Mr. Andrews himself had broken ground for that part of the new building which was to be the Art School, and he had the honor of exhibiting to President Cleveland this institution as it stood complete and well equipped, to crown his generous, voluntary service. It was Mr. Corcoran's benevolence and Mr. Corcoran's money that made it possible, and it was Mr. Andrews' inspirational quality, knowledge, vision and good will, which evolved a flourishing art school from a hand-



S. Clemens

Marietta Winifred Burrows

MARK TWAIN ON SHIP-BOARD

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ful of copyists in the old Gallery on Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue.

And what a funny place that old Gallery was! Its high walls so poorly lighted, its execrable collection of pictures which we thought so wonderful! I never dreamed they were bad, until one day my cousin took me into her father's house next door. As Admiral Lee looked out of the window into the pouring rain, she asked what interested him so much. His answer shocked me—a humble art student—"I am interested in those fools," he said, "going in there to look at Corcoran's nudities and crudities."

President and Mrs. Cleveland were close friends of Joe Jefferson and it was from him I heard a description of how on Mr. Harrison's inauguration, Mr. Cleveland in the merciless down-pour of rain, held his umbrella carefully over the head of the new President, the pair sitting in an open landau, driving up Pennsylvania Avenue.

Opportunities came to me frequently through my husband's affiliations with artists to meet interesting personalities in informal ways. Their kindness was very marked, and though I never accepted it as a matter of course I became less shy after a while and met them without embarrassment.

It was delightful to be with the veteran actor Joseph Jefferson under any circumstances but especially at table. He enjoyed plain food as any farm-hand might, and dropping in upon a friend at

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lunch time was quite content with pot-luck sausage and corn-bread, or fried chicken and waffles.

He often came to Washington and always to the Corcoran Art Gallery. I recall his visits to the Life Class in the old school on Seventeenth Street long before I was married, and the conversations I often listened to between himself and Mr. Andrews on the subject of landscape painting when we three lunched together. He was in touch with big painters here and in Paris; painted very lovely poetic landscapes which had a real Corot quality, and which, had he followed pictorial rather than dramatic art, would probably have acquired more authority and brought him into the ranks of acknowledged American painters. His work as a painter was decidedly pleasant.

"Four Mile Run," between Washington and Alexandria was a picturesque little hot-bed of malaria and mosquitoes in those days, before the electric carline, the power houses and the many factories of today existed, and there, in a rambling shack called a clubhouse, straggling out into the marshes, a group of theatrical people sometimes escaped their admirers and hid themselves among the water hyacinths and mosquitoes on so-called "fishing expeditions." The background of mighty swamp-willow trees appealed to Mr. Jefferson's choice of subjects; foregrounds of cat-tails and pickerel from which the stately blue spikes of blos-

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soms arose majestically; masses of white and yellow water-lilies, combined to offer to any painter's brush a fascinating study in form, texture and color. Stagnant pools covered with poisonous, iridescent scum and clear stretches of fresh water making themselves by the reflection of the sky into blue splashes here and there, added to the variety, and really Fontainebleau itself is not more alluring than was this little out of the way corner of Virginia! Max Weyl of Washington knew this locality well, dear old Max, and often painted there. As to fishing, I have learned that fish are not essential to fishing trips, tho' "demi-johns" usually are, but I can testify that fish were there every morning for years. Have I not seen and heard the crows, on their way to these feeding grounds, where they devour the dead fish washed up from the Potomac and left tangled in the rank growth? And have I not every evening noted their return to my own high pines in the Vauxcluse Woods where they have their unwelcome colonies?

Among painters, Joe Jefferson was a painter,—understood as a painter, spoke as a painter, thought as a painter—but on one occasion I was with him and Mr. Andrews and a few others at lunch, when, over their wine and cigars, the talk became reminiscent, biographical, and very delightful. And then it was that Mr. Jefferson told of his English ancestry, and one Thomas Jefferson of Yorkshire who was an actor contemporary with David Gar-

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rick, and a friend of Oliver Goldsmith, of the several Joseph Jeffersons who preceded him, of his own father having played Rip Van Winkle in London early in the nineteenth century. Dion Boucicault rewrote the play for Mr. Jefferson, after whose death the son Thomas continued to produce it. So several generations of that family endeared themselves as Rip. Mr. Andrews told of his ambition to be a painter and how his guardians, who were bank presidents and college presidents in Ohio, considered art no calling for a gentleman, and forced him into medicine and law, until coming into his property he could do as he pleased. Then handsome Bill MacDonald, the "Little John" of the old Boston Ideals in "Robin Hood," told of his early life in the same Ohio town, his father having been the village blacksmith; of how Mr. Andrews had helped to finance him in getting his musical education, and how proud the town of Steubenville, Ohio, was of both of them. Bill went further, pointing to his handsome brother, Sam, who, he said, lived in actual hardship, denying himself even an occasional drink or a cigar, that his younger brother might go on with his artistic studies. Then Joseph Jefferson again took up the tale, and I was thrilled to hear for the first time the story of the "Little Church Around the Corner," a modern version of the Parable of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, the Rev. William T. Sabine being he who went up

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to pray, thanking God that he was not as other men are! "Go to the little church around the corner!" And the body of the actor, George Holland, borne thence, away from the Church of *Atone-ment*—oh, blessed name misused! Except for this episode, the very name of the Rev. William T. Sabine is lost in oblivion; and long ago the Church of the Atonement passed out of existence, while "the Little Church Around the Corner," glorying in that comfortable name, "Transfiguration" goes bravely on in its ennobling work.

Throughout the social history of Washington the title, the Little Sisters of the Rich, has been freely applied to a class of persons, fortunately not a very large class, who are the satellites of wealthier women and competitors of professional social secretaries. They model their method unconsciously upon the systematic routine of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who, actuated by quite different motives, also go from house to house, gathering up as best they may the crumbs that fall from the children's table.

A Little Sister of the Rich must have a guardian angel in the person of some wealthy woman to whom in exchange for the use of her automobile and intimacy in her house, she renders many services of a more or less sub-rosa character.

Fate has always brought some women to Wash-

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ington who do not know how to conduct themselves. Situations hardly possible in other lands, and not so common in other American cities, bring efficient men of humble origin to us. Sons of small trades people, who, highly trained, hit the high spots in various avocations, but who never assimilate the finer points of culture. Their women are often social impossibilities, overbearing and under bred—lagging behind their more adaptable lords and masters, they have not the authoritative personality by which, in spite of spittoons and spoons left in their cups, the men make good. These women arrive in Washington carrying straw satchels, writing their notes in neat Spencerian hand; in the twinkling of an eye, they are rolling in Rolls-Royces, with armorial bearings painted on the doors, and a social secretary is addressing embossed invitations to the representatives of foreign powers and the members of the Cabinet. To such, an adviser, a guide, philosopher and friend, is essential, while on the other hand, it is really restful to one who struggles always with poverty to breathe the atmosphere of affluence, to be addressed in the third person by expensive menials, to tread upon deep carpets and sit in flattering lights, to go to balls and operas; to know that someone, for some reason, cares enough to provide the luxuries she may not otherwise enjoy. To shine in reflected light! By filling in at dinners and luncheons on short notice, by making sandwiches or mixing

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punch, by doing errands in bad weather or by relieving the patron saint of the burden of a tedious correspondence, one but repays in a small way these many kindnesses.

The relationship is not entirely unworthy. There is a balance of service—a mutual advantage. I have often wished for an inferiority complex, that I might encounter some amiable millionairess, and grapple her (and her limousine) to my soul with hooks of steel! Should this fall into the hands of such a lady, seeking an affinity, I beg she may consider the writer as an applicant for the vacancy.

There are things on which poverty puts no restrictions, as for example, the size of bustles; and in that respect we kept up with the best when we were young! By the time I was married, bustles had gone out of fashion; but “draped” skirts were still in vogue. When I was sixteen, I affected a very large bustle; it was a symbol of independence, a sort of sacred secret! Poor girls wore large bustles very much as poor men have large families, in a spirit of bravado and self-assertiveness, I suppose.

Some of these ornaments were made of wire, like rat-traps, and some of horse-hair, like sofa cushions. The wire ones were less hot and less heavy, but then, one had to buy them in a shop. And to be obliged to buy a thing in a shop made a good deal of difference, when I was young.

Among my husband's circle of distinguished and scholarly friends, Miss Kate Field was a revelation

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to me. She also wore a bustle, as you may see. I feared at first that she might be "unladylike" running around lecturing—as Vinnie Ream was, climbing up ladders with hammers and chisels and sculptors' tools! I had no contacts with "new women" as my mother and grandmother disparagingly called all professional or economically independent women.

"New women," I discovered, were as old as human history, Eve being the first on record, whose curiosity led her into strange adventures; Judith who slew Holofernes with an ordinary nail—much as a woman at a later date might have laid for an adversary with a hatpin! Mary, sister of Martha, who forsook the dull routine of household drudgery to sit now and then at the feet of Jesus absorbing an altogether new philosophy of life; Joan of Arc, a peasant child, following mysterious guidance, making kings and defying bishops. Flora MacDonald, sharing the fallen fortunes of her bonnie Prince Charles—and Florence Nightingale, following the army as none but prostitutes had done before, kneeling to nurse the wounded, or praying beside the dying, new women, all.

Kate Field was an old friend of my husband, consequently good to me! As a very young journalist, she became conspicuous through her enthusiastic articles on Charles Dickens in 1867, when she *telegraphed* her stories of him to the New York Tribune. This was regarded as a piece of startling

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originality! When I first knew her she seemed to me already quite advanced in years, and from her long experience as a journalist, lecturer and actress, full of adventurous memories. A widely traveled person for that day, and correspondent for leading American newspapers, she was greatly sought after, and young and provincial as I was, her friendship was a thrilling experience.

The "new woman" of a later generation is typified by the ex-Governor of Wyoming, the Honorable Nellie Tayloe Ross, whose trim figure, narrow-skirted and high-heeled, is in marked contrast to the bustled and be-ruffled Kate of forty years ago. This charming woman succeeded her husband as Governor of the great state of Wyoming, and made an excellent executive, if one is to accept the verdict of Bishop, Priest and Deacon within her realm. It was my good luck to be in Laramie on Monday, July 5, 1926, when the Sesquicentennial of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated. The streets of the little town were gay with the flags and the sidewalks filled with people for the demonstration which was to take place at eleven o'clock. A grand-stand that would seat at least twenty persons was in the main street, and there I heard it said, the Governor and her entourage would be seen!

I strolled around among the crowd, visited the various booths where games of chance were played for vivid prizes, Indian blankets and beads, listened



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delightedly to the comments of the groups of bystanders who evidently do not hold the creed that personalities are in bad taste, but freely and good-humoredly exchanged compliments as the parade passes by. A Cavalry troop from Fort Russell, the National Guard, several local bands, and the cow-boys and cow-girls for miles and miles around. Good horses and bad, and much splendor of pink and purple shirts and green and yellow kerchiefs. A pretty sight. And Frank Miller, a late edition of Buffalo Bill, shooting balls as his colleague throws them, with "Hello Frank" tearing the scorching heavens asunder, as his exploits divide the enthusiasm of the populace with the pretty Governor. And when it is over, and she is escorted to the Hotel by all the good-looking men in town, I watch her—her smart get-up, black, plain, short, with a long and very graceful cape, a dignified and picturesque garment, worn with ease; a broad-brimmed hat of thin straw, black and white, the sort of hat which modifies authority and touches a characteristic countenance with that softness so easily confused, in the mind of the male, with submissiveness. I should say, a very adroit hat. And there in the hotel, it is a pleasant sight to see this lady surrounded with portly, prosperous-looking gentlemen who address her as "Excellency" and "vie" with each other, in the language of the clerk at the desk, "for a smile." And then it was, that I myself "tendered" the Governor the greetings of the

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Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, seeing that today is the hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the birth of the Declaration of Independence, and the one hundredth anniversary of the death of its author, and that I myself am the properly accredited Special Representative of the Foundation, and so I, a middle-aged female of the species, with a badly sun-burned nose and a foulard dress on three years old, divert the Governor's attention to myself and Thomas Jefferson, and secure her congratulations to telegraph to our headquarters in New York. There is no doubt but that Governor Ross is endowed with good sense and understands good government, both essential to the success of a good executive, but she also possesses charm to a high degree, wherein lies the secret of much of her power.

And Lady Astor! What a dear, unspoiled soul she seemed on her last visit to Virginia, welcoming old friends to her girl-hood home in Albemarle! Her sister, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and her niece and namesake, Mrs. Ronald Tree, stood with her at the door of "Mirador." My escort was an old friend, a retired naval officer, who casually remarked as we chugged through the mud from "Farmington" that he was wearing, at sixty-eight, a pair of dress trousers made for him when a midshipman of twenty-two. As he danced vigorously and conscientiously the evening through, this knowledge occasioned me a little anxiety, but there

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was no bad luck. As we arrived at Mirador, soaked with a late summer rain, we were grabbed by our hostesses and hugged in a friendliness regardless of dainty apparel; such laughing, such dancing, such a good old-fashioned spirit as prevailed that night! And what a marvelous supper! A great Mother and a great statesman, as un-affected as a girl, Lady Astor.

My husband was never a member of the Masonic, or any order; he never had his life insured; he never courted his wives after the approved fashion; they seemed automatically to meet him at the altar!

He was never intentionally arbitrary; but had his own way nevertheless as naturally as other people have red hair or black. His own way was a pleasant way, genial and friendly, and the rest of the world gave him the middle of the road.

He bore many pet names. His students called him "the Professor." His young brothers and sisters-in-law called him "The Boss." His children called him "The Billiken, of 1232—16th Street"; and I called him the Imperial Potentate.

He possessed in a degree that quality which responds to all sorts and conditions of men, and frequently there were gathered around him a group which to the careless observer might have seemed ill-assorted and uncongenial, but which, under the spell of his whole-souled hospitality and geniality, were just jolly good fellows.

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On one journey abroad we had Mark Twain for a traveling companion, and though we could hardly claim him as an intimate friend, Mr. Clemens had known my father in St. Louis and New Orleans, and therefore, met me very cordially. On various occasions we were together, but this ocean voyage is especially memorable owing to the fact that there was no theatrical or musical talent on board and instead of the usually deadly concert some Yale students arranged a mock trial and tried Mark Twain for lying. It was a jury case and among the numerous witnesses called was my husband. He made the point that to call such seasoned sinners as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn "Innocents" was in itself enough to convict the prisoner! After much merriment and the passing back and forth of snappy repartee, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" and the judge sentenced the culprit to six months hard labor at reading his own published "lies."

Mr. Clemens was prone to tell rather absurd stories upon himself, one of which I never believed until after many years it appeared in print with the unquestioned authority of his daughter, the accomplished Madame Gabrilowitsch, who edited her father's Autobiography. He told Mr. Andrews, apropos of his habitual absent-mindedness that it was always his wife's custom if he went out without her, to arm him with definite instructions as to what he should do and not do. A system of

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signals with blue and pink cards notified him at dinners that he must now converse with the lady on the left, now on the right—according to the card, and this policy was always in vogue when his wife was with him. But when turned loose like a rudderless ship to his own devices, he declared she provided him with written instructions, to be on his good behavior and “mind his manners.”

Attending a reception at the White House during the Cleveland Administration, Mrs. Clemens had in this way cautioned him not to wear his galoshes into the drawing room. Finding the missive just in the nick of time, he was tremendously pleased with himself, and left his arctics outside; still beaming with self-congratulation on his achievement as Mrs. Cleveland greeted him, he could not resist requesting a deposition from her that would entirely satisfy his wife. Holding up the long line of guests waiting to be received, he hurriedly produced a card, pleading with Mrs. Cleveland to write the words, “He did not” over her own signature. His pencil trembled in his hand, as he urged this as an extreme favor. Mrs. Cleveland a little mystified, did as Mark Twain asked her, to learn later that it meant, “*he did not* wear his arctics into the drawing room.”

It was a far-seeing purpose of the “Century Magazine,” some fifteen years after the Civil War, to secure from the Generals on both sides their accounts of the struggle. Such a series of narra-

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tives would have been of incalculable value to the historian of the future, and to the military technician. We were living in New Orleans then, and often my father discussed with General Beauregard the first article of the series, the Battle of Bull Run, by the Louisianian, to whom the people of New Orleans were so passionately devoted. "He good Generale, the Generale Lee. Beauregard speak well of heem!" they would say. General Beauregard's article was followed by a number of papers by General Grant, and then under the pressure of personal financial problems, General Grant agreed to write his autobiography, a thing Mr. Clemens told us he had often suggested, and for which, as he accidentally learned, the Century Company was negotiating. One of the most adroit and timely bits of actual humor on the part of this famous humorist was the way in which, in the very nick o' time he slipped his own irresistible personality right between the Century Company's contract and the signature of General Grant. Mark Twain whisked the Grant memoirs right out of their hands, into the publishing house of Webster & Co., which was his own. This firm, after paying several hundred thousand dollars in royalties to the Grant family, failed and left Mr. Clemens nearly a hundred thousand dollars in debt as old age drew upon him. The gallant fashion in which he started off around the world on a lecture tour by which he paid off every penny of this indebtedness. is an epi-

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sode in the history of literature worthy the crusaders and the songs of the troubadors!

Associated always with the name of Mark Twain is that of Bret Harte, whom Mr. Andrews knew in his student days in Düsseldorf, at the time when Bret Harte was American Consul at Grefeld. George du Maurier was often with them, and the London Punch published drawings made by du Maurier of my husband's astonishing skating, cutting pigeon wings and doing other American stunts on the ice before the assembled élite of Düsseldorf. Bret Harte was with him at the Mahlkasten, the artists' club, one evening when a magnificent old German General decorated like a Christmas tree, asked with great impressiveness if the inhabitants of Cincinnati were very much distressed by raids of the Indians? Mr. Andrews' reply, that there were more Germans in Cincinnati than there were in Düsseldorf, was not received in an amiable spirit, much to the amusement of the two Americans. I think it fell to the lot of the kindly Consul at Grefeld to rescue the young American art students from various situations more or less inconvenient, if not discreditable, and from certain hints I gathered that my husband felt grateful to Bret Harte. There seems to have been some hidden sadness in the life of this gentle soul, so far as my husband knew he never came to America, and he never spoke of his affiliations at home. Mr. Andrews entertained

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him at his studio in Berlin and also in Paris, but never here in Washington.

I do know that long years after, as we sat before this studio fire, reading aloud of Jack Hamlin and Colonel Starbottle, there has come a mist before my husband's eyes, and the book has been passed to me; and when the story reached its end, he would call up, with a very tender note in his voice, the memories of personal associations with George du Maurier and Bret Harte. Alas, without Mr. Andrews these pleasant informal contacts with delightful people have become so limited. A handsome husband who makes good liquor, good literature and good cigars part of his daily equipment, can easily and graciously, even unconsciously, create delightful situations. Yet in his case, I may truthfully state Mr. Andrews' own stories were the funniest, his own laughter the heartiest, his own mood the merriest, no matter how many famous wits sat 'round'.

The readiness with which in the old days both of us met and mixed with strangers, accepting all mankind without question, was a liberal education.

I have tried, after a fashion, to play the old game without him, but "there has passed away a glory from the earth."

CHAPTER V

THE PANORAMA OF SIXTEENTH STREET

PRESIDENTS come and go, and a President's wife holds the position of "First Lady in the Land" for only a brief period of four, sometimes eight, years; but Queens reign longer, their tenure of office being for life.

Washington has its queens; I use the plural advisedly; for there are with us many groups, and these overlap; Madame Jusserand was one queen; Mrs. Burton Harrison, one of the outstanding women of the Civil War period, was a queen for many years. Her reign ended only a short time ago, and her dominion was that of aristocracy and intellect.

Francis Burton Harrison, the young private secretary of Jefferson Davis during the brief existence of the Southern Confederacy, was wise when he went to New York after the close of the Civil War; and there his beautiful and gifted wife soon made for herself a recognized position. The North was very generous to individual Southerners then, and is now; the North still finds us romantic, and even Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" cannot disabuse them of the conception. (By the way, an excellent book—not true of all Virginians and all

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communities, not flattering, but absolutely drawn from life, a little overdrawn, for emphasis.)

In New York, Mrs. Burton Harrison asserted a supremacy as complete as had been her girlhood's triumphs in Baltimore and Virginia as a Southern belle. She was very beautiful with the strange beauty of a deadly white complexion, a faultless profile, unless the upper lip was a trifle full—a classic profile, nevertheless—and abundant, unmanageable light auburn hair; light both in texture and in color. The sort of hair that makes a real halo round a human head, and puts thoughts of angels into men's minds, though there may be few angelic qualities to bear out the idea.

She started early on her literary career, wrote well, and was phenomenally successful to the very last; her themes were all Southern; Southern traditions, Southern history, Southern dialect, lived in her pages, and Southern people, during her life in New York, fairly besieged her, banking upon her influence to somehow or other prop up their failing fortunes. This was so natural, for they were proud of her achievements, exaggerated her wealth, and felt aggrieved when she could not, or did not, get lucrative positions for all their sons and daughters, aunts and uncles, and cousins to the third and fourth degree. She was said to be arrogant. Perhaps she was, but it may have been a justifiable self-defense.

My mother, who was very unsophisticated and

took into her own higgledy-piggledy establishment anybody on earth who had no other place to go, admonished me, when I went to New York as an art student to work with William M. Chase for a while, "to *be sure* to go to see Mrs. Burton Harrison; that would be the most direct way to know all the best people at once. She was Connie Cary, an old sweetheart of my father's," mother said, "and would feel hurt if I came to New York and did not look her up." I looked her up. She lived on Irving Place, wherever that was. I was something of a little absurdity, wearing clothes that were made for other people and did not fit me very well, but Mrs. Harrison was one of our own people, and above considering such things as outward and visible signs; a woman of her culture would naturally be concerned with inward and spiritual grace, I said to myself, said I; I went twice: but I never did get in. I am not sure that I had any visiting cards. But no doubt the flunkey who answered the bell was familiar with the name of Minnigerode—or ought to be—and could tell her! Never hearing from her at all, I ascribed the failure to the inefficiency of her menial, and said to myself that even if he did deliver the message, he, poor creature, only a poor white serving man in New York, might have even said "Miss Merrygoround" as obscure persons sometimes did, and thereby quite bewildered the good lady.

In later life when she made Washington her



MRS. BURTON HARRISON, NOVELIST

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home, I knew her well. I frankly admired her, even her proud exclusiveness. Personally, I am inclusive; and I think many vivid impressions and constructive influences are lost by drawing away from others; but exclusiveness also has its compensations, if within one's own consciousness there is a consistent tranquillity and the time essential for classical pursuits and definite purposes. To atrophy the social instinct may enable one to concentrate, as deafness or blindness, or the obliteration of any faculty, may increase the acuteness of some other faculty.

Certainly, while Mrs. Burton Harrison lived in the little brick house on I Street, just next to the Riggs, it was the Mecca of the intellectual; her slightest recognition could establish the status of a newcomer to Washington, and anyone taken really under her wing was a made woman, socially, as soon as that fact became current. It must be delightful to have such power.

I painted a portrait of her during these years which I fear her family consigned to a fiery furnace. It was not satisfactory to me, why should it have been to them? Her beauty was so elusive, so subtle, and my touch was crude; I did better with her husband from a photograph; and in all, I have copied or composed for her son, Fairfax, eleven ancestral portraits, from a copy of the Sixth Lord Fairfax, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the Washington Masonic Lodge, in Alexandria, through several

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generations of the Fairfaxes of "Belvoir" and the "Harrisons of Skimino." Six of these I did in replica, for her son Francis Burton Harrison, for his home in Scotland; and four for his cousin Albert, the present Lord Fairfax.

The romantic story of these "American Barons" is a tempting theme. The father of the present Lord Fairfax disregarded inherited titles, having been the old school country doctor in a Maryland community for many years where his daughters, now Mrs. Tunstall-Smith and Mrs. Roberts were reigning belles. To the day of her death, their cousin, Mrs. Burton Harrison, "queened it," as the country people said, over Washington society. After giving up her house, and living in an apartment; after prolonged illness, which confined her to a wheeled chair; even when she could use her voice but little, and her scintillating conversation became a matter of a few whispered syllables, her drawing room was thronged with the most select, the most brilliant, and her wheeled chair was surrounded as a throne, by courtiers.

How pretty her hands were, as they lay in her lap, or made a feint at manipulating the tea service!

Whether as a girl, singing "Maryland, My Maryland" in the Confederate Camp, or making a battle-flag for General Beauregard; flirting with the Confederate soldiers at "Vaucluse" the estate in Fairfax County which during the Civil War

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belonged to her uncle, Thomas Fairfax, and now belongs to me—whether in New York, fighting bravely for the position she so well deserved, or in Washington, reaping the fruits of her labors, when she lived in that quaint I Street house, with its ivied walls and iris borders, or sitting in her wheeled chair, a sick old woman whose sands were running low, Constance Cary Harrison was always a Queen.

James Buchanan, President of the United States from 1857 to 1861, was a bachelor, the only bachelor president, to date: his lovely niece, Miss Harriet Lane, presided over the White House during his term and afterwards, as Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, reigned almost supreme over Washington society for years, not only beloved for her beauty and grace, but for her unostentatious philanthropy.

Very like her in many ways, their lives not contemporary, but touching as one generation touches another, was Mrs. Isham Hornsby, who was a very youthful belle of Van Buren's administration, in which her father, Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, was Secretary of State. Mr. Hornsby was her second husband, a delightful Kentucky gentleman, and in her later years she ranked as one of Washington's great ladies, as in her girlhood she had been the reigning favorite of the "Official Set."

All her life familiar with social usage, her manner was exceptionally fine; a witty woman, but humanly kind; giving the impression of beauty by

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faultless finish in dress, exquisite care of hands, complexion and hair, and a personal grace which was unrivalled.

Her hospitality was such that each guest felt himself *the* guest, and the dullest people radiated some reflection of her vivacity. Her parties were never of the routine type which are so deadly; perfunctory and of necessity. Of necessity they no doubt were, but the selections of persons to meet each other were discriminating. The big men of Washington, over-fêted, and coy as the young gazelle, accepted her invitations greedily, assured from previous experience of relaxation and intellectual stimulation in her house.

She dealt with pushing people unmercifully, but so adroitly that, had they not told it themselves, it would never have leaked out that she had snubbed them. But she kept her salon clear of all who were not sincerely welcome, thereby preserving an atmosphere not often found in a capital.

I have found among my papers three letters to me from this delightful person; the stationery, the hand writing, the spacing, all the last word in elegance, qualities I can not pass on with my little portable Underwood, yet the intention and the spirit of them is yours:

1715 I Street
Thursday Evening

Ever since I got your last refreshing note I have said very often 'Dear Marietta,' but I didn't have time to write it

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down, nor add 'you are so very sweet.' Now I say it with all my heart.

I am very busy, but I accomplish so little. Just now I have returned from the White House tea, which was a large *feat* (fête) for me—poor old me! Really very agreeable. And it was good for me to only see Mabel Boardman presiding at the tea table. I did not taste any of her brew on pour. Nor did I touch her lily white hand, the feel of which was once familiar.

I saw all the snobs, new and old, and also some very dear people.

Do you keep your old man so busy writing checks that he can't even go and look on beauty and fashion, or bow to Power? I am keeping his card to look at and give me conceit of myself, I was touched to receive it, I appreciated his coming, and I bewailed myself when I came in and found it.

Bring him with you some night in his all day clothes, only let me know beforehand.

Well, I hear you go to theatres and do lots of things. I am so glad. I hope you are all right. I was informed you were "inspected" at Mrs. Brinton Stone's latest tea, but you didn't materialize while I lingered there. I am going to have a young tea—girls—on Saturday. Wish me joy. A fool thing. But you understand about impulses. And regrets. Get well, dear, and stay so.

Affectionately

R. B. H.

1715 I Street,
Feb'y 25, 1910

You are a brick, my dear, and oh, a friend—which is what I most need and most appreciate.

And you have an artist for a daughter if I know anything about signs. She has a right to be one. I know how you cherish her, the dear little Mary Lord.

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I love her place cards and will I hope be able to have a party for the sake of using them. Nothing could give me more pleasure than they do. Send her to me for a hug.

Dear Marietta, picture-maker and picture-seller and card-giver, I hope your friend (she who was left by the man with the beautiful doomed head to the kindness of his craft) appreciates your angelic work. I do, I am so glad you have made such a royal sum. It was worth while to put yourself out.

I am sorry I did not have a chance to show (to you) the interest I took in your charming appearance yesterday. Style and grace. I wanted to turn you around and openly admire Mary Lord's mother and my friend. I was not very well myself. I hope I didn't show it.

Hastily and affectionately,

R. B. Hornsby.

This letter above refers to a benefit sale of pictures given by the artists of Washington and managed by me at the Washington Woman's Club, following the tragic death of one of the gifted and very beautiful young artists of the city. Mrs. Hornsby was one of the most generous buyers.

Saturday Night,

Feb. 3. 1911,

Every day I have thought about you and wondered how your interior was, and whether the great American Check-writer had returned to his own and his job.

But there was no way to find out. You would not come, you did not "call me up." You used your pen for more favored friends.

If, my dear, you knew what a dog's life I have been leading getting old carpets and broken furniture over-

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looked and mended and placed, going to court about the theft of my jewels, interviewing or being interviewed, rather, by detectives, defending myself from servants and other little odds and ends belonging to the life of an elderly, incompetent and ailing female woman, you would not expect much more of her than I make out to do.

But this is only to say, with eyes half shut but heart wide open that whatever you have of trouble, mental or physical, my sympathy is with you and I hope you will let me know if at any time I can be of any service to you in mind, body or estate.

I think I see into your mind a little. I know your ambitions and your longings, your pleasure under appreciation, your disappointment under real or imaginary failure and your wounds under ingratitude. But you try to do too much.

Now begin to look out exclusively for No. 1. Make *yourself* easy. Seek bodily comfort. You will be liked just as much. I have suffered, bled and died for other people. It doesn't pay. They do not even know it. Are you ever coming to see me? Are you really unable? If so I'll try to get to you. But I have paid no visits. Several times it has rested my old legs and my poor old mind, or what I still call such, to go for a lonely little drive and perhaps, when out of sight, jump out and walk and ponder on the little importunities of life—its ingrattitudes—its surprises.

However as I grow older I lose to some extent the capacity for suffering. I cease to kick and squeal. I swallow my medicine and hide my face. I am humble. I expect nothing.

| But one loses a great deal before one reaches such a state. I am glad you have not yet arrived there. You look to me a happy, fortunate woman. Fortunate in your charming home and your immediate family and brains

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galore—a pen—a pencil—and those Dresden china objects—Ah, pshaw—don't ever get down on your luck—you are one of the Chosen.

You'd better get to the bottom of my case—However, dear, goodnight. I was on my way to bed when I grabbed the pen to write you a line of inquiry—and behold!

Beware of the scribbler! One thing, though, it is not a modern fault. Nobody has time nowadays for ink or sentiment or friendship. You seldom are reminded on paper that your friend is yours faithfully. That is played out. But I venture to squeeze it in here that I *am yours all the same*.

R. B. H.

The trans-valuation from generation to generation is very clearly pictured in these notes—I feel happy to have come upon them, while searching for something else, and my heart has warmed again to the warm heart, now many years dust, which loved me for myself and over-praised and understood.

The panorama unrolls as the years go by. The gas-posts and the old lamplighter, watched for by the children at twilight, have passed out for aye; some functionary presses a button somewhere, and Sixteenth Street is flooded with white light bright as day, by which I can actually read in my studio at midnight, if the shades of the big window are up. The afternoon parade of equipages drawn by well-groomed horses, has vanished forever, and with it a graceful detail of woman's afternoon toilet, the parasol. How lovely the ladies were in their open

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victorias, their slippered feet barely seen upon the plush cushion under the showers of ruffles! These lacy, flowered toys held in gloved hands, shading their faces as their horses' hoofs beat an accompaniment to pleasant thoughts!

Today, at the old hour for driving or calling, a traffic jam equal to that at Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street! Gasps and groans of motors; the wild siren of fire-engines and ambulances, the chugging, choking sound of gas and screeching of brakes—the traffic policeman arguing in vain with the imperturbable old coachmen of Mrs. Arthur Addison and Mrs. Norman Williams, the last private carriages in Washington, even with a touch of pathos, referring the matter to the invincible occupants, who reply with the hauteur of Lady Clara Vere de Vere that the traffic law forbidding horse-drawn vehicles is nothing to them, and they intend to drive when and where they please, so long as they both do live.

Whereupon the defeated officer vents his wrath upon an old negro driver of a one horse shay caught in the vortex—"Hi there, you! You know it's against the law for a horse-drawn vehicle to be on Sixteenth Street!"

"Ya-as, boss. Yassir—but dis yere ain't no horse-drawn vehitchicle— Boss, dis yere animule am a *mule*."

The old herdicts too, have gone the way of all flesh; rumbling concerns of pre-historic pattern,



VINNIE REAM (MRS. RICHARD HOXIE)

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patronized by the fundamentalists of several generations as they made their leisurely way from "Sixteenth Street extended" 'round Scott Circle, out Fifteenth Street, two blocks westward on Pennsylvania Avenue and out G Street to Twenty-third. Who remembers the sleepy, fat old driver of No. 15, with his pair of patient, "flea-bitten," white horses? I do—for his schedule caught Mr. Andrews every evening as he came home from the Metropolitan Club which meant a daily cigar for the driver, and a turkey at Christmas.

The fine double-deck motor busses have taken their place, stopping right at my door; a great battle raged around them, in which Mrs. John B. Henderson led a major offensive, and I myself broke a verbal lance in their defense!

There were but two women sculptors in Washington at the time of McKinley's Inauguration, these being Vinnie Ream (Mrs. Richard Hoxie) and Miss Elizabeth Lander. No one familiar with the life of Washington will forget these two women. Miss Lander hailed from Salem, Mass., and was a New Englander of the purest type, a sister-in-law of the actress, Jean Davenport, famous in the Lincoln period; cultured, arbitrary, moderately wealthy, and very conservative. Her art was in the sentimental style of Hiram Powers, a life-sized statue of Virginia Dare being, supposedly, her masterpiece; yet she herself was far more interesting than any work she ever did. Her little

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one-horse victoria, her old negro coachman, her sunshade, with its lace flounce, her dark eye-glasses, her blue berege veil, but especially her austere small self, bolt upright and alone in the back seat, were as well known on the avenues and in the parks, as in exclusive social circles. Her bachelor brother, Judge Edward Lander, was a famous old beau, with whom Miss Elizabeth had but scanty patience.

There was never a more genuine creature than little Vinnie Ream, whose bronze statue of Admiral Farragut still stands in Farragut Square, a conspicuous point in northwest Washington. Vinnie Ream was an artist at a time when few women invaded the field of art; when Angelica Kaufmann and Madame le Brun were still regarded as wonders of the world. She entered a sphere supposed to require masculine strength of mind and body, and her work as a sculptor is no worse than that of the males of her day in the same field, working under Government contracts.

She built a home on Seventeenth and K Streets in full view of her masterpiece, with the money paid for it by the Government, and the world and his wife visited her there.

In her studio she exhibited with pride and a certain simple grace, other creations of her genius, sentiments which should have been expressed in some medium softer and sweeter than stone; and read gentle verses, hardly to be called poems, which

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in another form revealed her love of the beautiful.

Mrs. Hoxie was not a model housekeeper. She was a loving, roly-poly little person receiving in her studio every Tuesday as long as she lived; a cordial hostess whose harmless habit was to wear a gingham smock over her afternoon gown, even after she had been for years physically unable to touch her sculptor's tools. She always wore a broad black velvet band and a miniature around her plump little throat. The tablecloth was stained and torn, the cups and saucers seldom matched, and a very large carving knife lay ready to dissect a very small cake. Artist-like, she was little concerned with details.

I mention these trifles that a personality may appear before you—a woman worthy to be remembered—one who was, in her own way, a pioneer. It is ungracious to disparage old-fashioned art, for these producers have blazed a trail, and such art as they knew was better than no art—it was the forerunner of better things and served the primarily worthy purpose of honoring the memories and names of those who were deserving of honor, and of educating the public to appreciate and recognize service, even to desire a better art by which this recognition might find expression.

Childlike as was Vinnie Ream, it was her adroitness that saved the name of President Andrew Johnson the dishonor of impeachment. The great controversy between the President and the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, whom Andrew

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Johnson had retained from the Lincoln Cabinet, but with whom he could not agree, came to a climax when the Senate impeached the President, but failed to convict him. They failed because little Vinnie Ream, learning that General Daniel E. Sickles would be sent to waylay a certain doubtful Senator whom the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, was determined to hold for the impeachment, put herself in General Sickles' way to delay him beyond the time, he being a most gallant man and a great squire of dames; she waylaid the waylayer—thus preventing him from rounding up the man who would have cast the deciding vote against the President.

In the Washington of the old days, Dr. Swann M. Burnett stood high as a scientist and a connoisseur of art, and lived with his auburn-haired authoress and his collection of Japanese bronzes and ceramics, just across Farragut Square, opposite Vinnie Ream—Mrs. Hoxie. A man retiring by nature, lame, a great scholar, and placing himself completely into the background of his gifted and rather spectacular wife—Frances Hodgson Burnett.

On her "at home" day—I believe it was Monday—a pretty scene was staged. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a jolly little boy addicted to fisticuffs in the back alley, was torn from his group of other juvenile ruffians, and attired in black velvet and lace, to lie upon a bearskin rug in the drawing room and look romantic. He seemed a normal boy,

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competent to give a pair of black eyes to any fellow anywhere near his size, and I cannot remember his indulging in any chivalrous conversation with his mother's callers!

Mrs. Burnett was a gracious hostess, with the manner of a great lady, belieing the legend that she was the daughter of humble English emigrants, and that in her first meeting with the aristocratic man she married, there was a repetition of the story of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid. A pretty little English lass with red gold hair and rosy cheeks, barefoot, and selling berries!

Washington honored Dr. Burnett to the day of his death and still honors his memory.

As a writer, Dr. Burnett was no rival to his gifted wife, his subjects being technical and scientific, hers entirely romantic. There was no professional jealousy between them as I have known in other cases. One instance, disgraceful, so I will not tell their names—of a man so full of spleen because his wife's pictures were hung on the line and his own were skyed, that he fell in a fury upon her portfolio and tore a dozen lovely watercolors into shreds. This was not in Washington!

Dr. Burnett's literary reputation rests upon such papers as I can hardly spell, so terrible are the titles. And I have no idea what they are about! "A Case of Choroiditis Exsudation, Accompanied With Partial Miscropsia, Metamorphosia and Chromatopsic Scotomata of Singularly Regular Forms,"

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"A Case of *Diplacuspis Binauratis*, With Remarks," and other erudite discourses beyond a poor layman such as I. He was a dear man, a thorough-bred gentleman, if ever there was one.

As he stretched his long legs before our studio fire, I thought that, physically, Buffalo Bill was the handsomest man I ever saw; next to him I place the late Rev. Arthur Johns, though the Kentucky novelist, James Lane Allen, ran a close second, and third, my husband. He had not the height of these others, but he was so erect, so vital, with a fine color, and flashing eyes, at times very tender, as are the eyes of our children; all of these beauties had gray hair but my husband's was silvery and thick and curled up deliciously when he did not crop it to keep down the curl.

We first met Buffalo Bill on one of our home passages from Europe, or rather, I should say, in Antwerp the night before we sailed. The city was in wild excitement and one heard in every direction "The Americans are coming!" Then suddenly the beating of hoofs and the rumbling of wheels and the Wild Westerners on foot and on horse, in vans and in chariots, with buffalo and bronco, filled the old streets. How unconcerned, how easy, the cow-boys appeared, long and lean and sunburned, in such garb as the natives had never beheld! And that night we, who had never seen the show at home, joined the mob to the fairgrounds, taking the children with us.

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The élite of the old Flemish city were uncere-
moniously ushered to their places on the rudely
constructed benches, by strapping cowboys whose
admonitions reverberated back and forth "Look
out there or you'll take a spill!" In compliance
with which cryptic suggestion, ladies and gentle-
men gingerly felt their way.

Sailing the next day we found Colonel Cody and
his troupe aboard, and during the voyage he and
Mr. Andrews divided the honors at the Captain's
table. Often on deck I joined the group of children
who worshipped at his shrine, for the old man
knew many things and possessed a fine kind of
refinement.

His white hair, which had blown out like a pen-
nant behind him under the brim of his sombrero
as he shot the balls to pieces that night in Antwerp,
putting the audience into a tumult of enthusiasm,
was not entrusted to the briny breezes, but coiled
up safe and snug on the nape of his neck and
secured with one solitary hairpin, in a little "knot"
about the size of a half a dollar.

He was a statuesque and beautiful figure, silhou-
etted against the sea and sky; more beautiful than
Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's statue of him at
Cody, Wyoming; far more so than my own poor
silhouette. The children had such an extraordinary
affection for him that there was a panic on board
when we came in sight of the New York Harbor

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and the little ones realized they soon must part from him.

There was weeping and gnashing of teeth and every child on the ship, at parting, gave him a great lock of its own hair, much to the consternation of the mothers who found this operation rather disfiguring to their offspring. We saw Buffalo Bill many times after this voyage but I always remember him surrounded by his adoring little friends, girls and boys clinging to him as barnacles to an old mast.

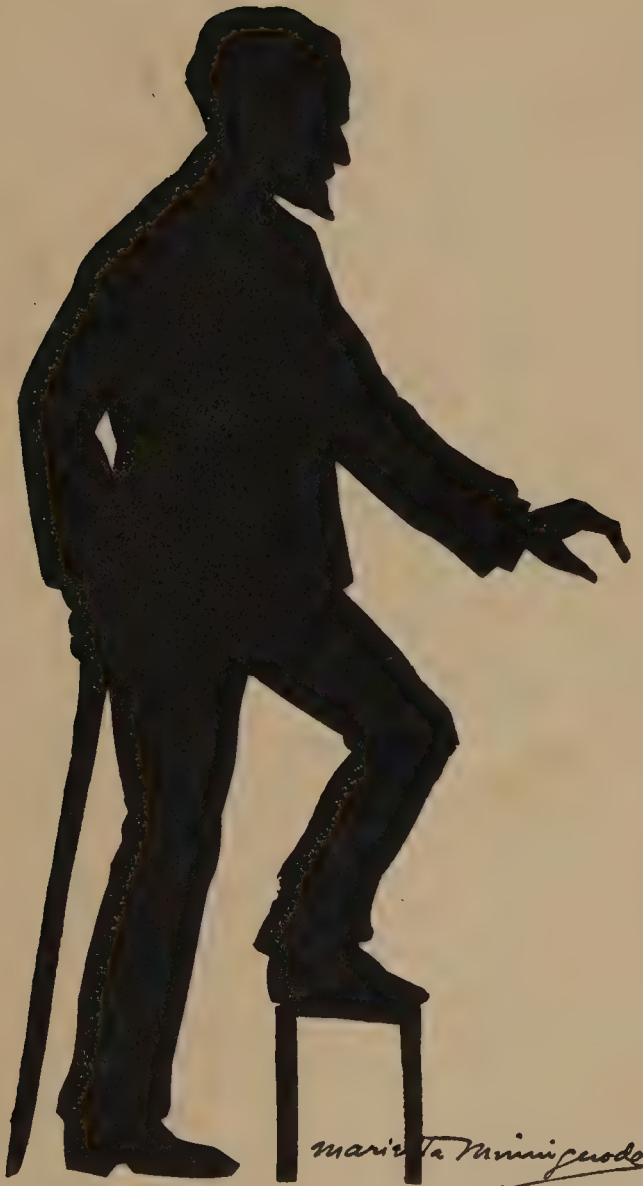
One night beside our studio fire he told me of an occurrence on that voyage which greatly amused me. It seems that a poker game was started in the smoking room and my husband, nothing averse, accepted the invitation to join. Finding, however, that it was one of these never-ending games and was scheduled to go on all day Sunday, he reneged. An officious little Jew indulged in some witticisms at his expense, saying sneeringly: "Oh, you won't play poker on Sunday! Well! Well! I suppose you say your prayers?" I wish I might have seen Mr. Andrews—but Buffalo Bill saw him—"Say my prayers? Of course, I say my prayers! And God damn your soul, if you ever speak to me again aboard this ship, I'll break every bone in your body and throw it overboard!"

Colonel Cody said that this passenger was never seen again during that whole voyage—but he did

land at New York, so we know the dire threat was not fulfilled.

Of his type, period and locality, Colonel Cody was a remarkable American. The nickname, "Buffalo Bill," was won in his early manhood, when as the champion slayer of buffalo he furnished fresh meat to the construction parties on the Kansas Pacific Railway. He knew the ways of the Indians, and Phil Sheridan found him useful in 1868—when millions of buffalo ranged the plains and the Indian was still ubiquitous and defiant.

If the affectionate controversy of the Taylor brothers for political power in the state of Tennessee is one of the romances of American politics, the rivalry between a father and a son in the history of Utah is even more picturesque. George Q. Cannon was one of the political pioneers of Utah, First Councillor of the Mormon Church, father of twenty-one sons, a patriot, patriarch and prophet who during a long life devoted all his powers—and his was a powerful type of manhood—to a despised cause, enduring persecution and imprisonment, being hounded and hunted, until the description given by Saint Paul of his own adversities might have applied literally to the "Latter Day Saint," whose faith in Mormonism was implicit as a covenant with God. A far-seeing man, he introduced into the Legislature of the Territory the bill for Woman Suffrage as early as 1870.



Maria Ta Minnigrode
Andrew
1903

DR. SWANN BURNETT, SCIENTIST

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His son, Frank J. Cannon, was a well-known figure in Washington during the long struggle of the Territory of Utah for admission to the Union. Frank J. Cannon had been brought up a Mormon, and was the recognized representative of his people at the Capitol, where his affiliations with leading men brought him consistently before the public; he presented the standards, hopes and purposes of the people of Utah before the country in a manner calculated to do away with unjust discrimination on religious grounds, and abolish prejudice. Of a younger generation, the horizon of the son was less restricted than that of the father, his outlook on life was not confined to the Salt Lake Valley, nor did its circle of majestic mountains shut out from him the wider aspects of American life. He cherished a passionate desire to see his territory granted the full rights of citizenship, and was sent by the Rulers of his church to the east to negotiate as best he could for the admission of Utah to statehood.

While admitting the sincerity of others who regarded polygamous marriages as a sacred duty, he was not himself a polygamist, and this fact enabled him more than any other quality to act as the middle-man in the delicate adjustment which he sought to bring about. The man was well liked in Washington. His personality was ingratiating; he combined a real culture and fine diction with a certain breeziness of manner which made him

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popular; he had a quizzical smile and abundant bushy hair brushed back in the style familiar to us today, in Senator Borah and our beloved cartoonist, Clifford K. Berryman. Through his tact, patience, good humor, sincerity and good sense, the tragedy and pathos of the situation in Utah, should the Church be forced to concede to the Government's demand and utterly abolish plural marriages, was made clear to many of the political leaders, and a policy of leniency adopted under which without too great humiliation and disintegration of family life, the institution of polygamy might be abolished.

During this period of negotiation some of the leaders of the Mormon Church offered themselves as voluntary hostages—if I may use the term—for their people, and the Councillor, George Q. Cannon, pleading guilty to the charge of "unlawful cohabitation," was sentenced to a heavy fine and served a term in the penitentiary, as did others of the Mormon Apostles, while every newspaper in the country exploited the question, and at every dinner table in the Capital the outstanding topic of discussion was Mormonism. The most extraordinary ideas were in vogue; the churches and the conservative element of society held the most severe views as to the situation; current reports as to the great wall which was said to enclose the whole city of Salt Lake and the Temple in the center thereof, with its flaming angel aloft, golden trumpet

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in hand to summon the faithful in the latter day; its symbolic carvings in stone, the heavenly bodies and the All-seeing Eye; and the scarcely whispered stories of the mysterious rites practiced within, and the agonies of curiosity with which very refined ladies of the East speculated upon the probable condition of the Mormon women, all tended to pique the public interest in the fate of Utah. And rapidly Frank J. Cannon made unto himself friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, and gladly was he received into their houses. And wherever Frank J. Cannon went a more reasonable attitude toward the cause he stood for took possession of men's minds. Senator Vest of Missouri, Senator Proctor of Vermont, Mr. William C. Whitney, Senator Platt of Connecticut, James G. Blaine, Mr. Lamont who was Private Secretary to the President, and Mr. Cleveland himself, listened attentively to Frank J. Cannon, and in 1896, the abolition of plural marriages having become a law, President Cleveland's proclamation made Utah a sovereign State of the Union. The Church's personal property was restored, and a Congressional enactment decreed that every child in the State born of a plural marriage prior to the year of 1896, should be considered legitimate. Thus the Government lifted a stigma (in the eyes of society at large) from the rising generation and vindicated the honor of many Mormon mothers.

The political rivalry between the Cannons,

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father and son, did not as in the case of the Taylor brothers in Tennessee, reach open opposition, for the father, as candidate for the Senate endorsed by the Church, withdrew from the contest when reminded that the promise had been given to the Government that the Mormon Church would make no attempt to control the politics of the new State; and so the son, true to the pledges given, represented the State in the Senate, independent of the Church in which he had been brought up.

I recall a bit of ancient gossip relative to the schedule affecting sugar, under the tariff bill which was a sensation of that day, when Mr. Oxnard of California, a sugar magnate, was said to have locked horns with the "inexperienced" Senator from Utah, and to have intimated in no covert terms, that Mr. Cannon did not know enough of politics to even have an opinion; I should like to have witnessed the encounter. Mr. Oxnard was a little man, and not of impressive personality, well-known in Washington society, where his wife and daughters have always been popular. It was understood that the sugar magnate came out second best in the encounter with the "inexperienced" Senator from Utah. By standing his ground as opposed to the Dingley-Tariff Bill, Mr. Cannon alienated the Mormons of his own family and Church, as well as the Republicans of his own party, and the next election was a deadlock. Again the Church nominated the father, George Q. Can-

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non, and again the son declined to withdraw from the contest, for the second time opposing his father's candidacy. No Senator was elected, and the picturesque figure of Frank J. Cannon disappeared from the stage of Washington.

One of the finest collections of autographs I know is owned by Clifford K. Berryman, readiest man in Washington to serve in any good cause, cartoonist of the good old Washington Evening Star for the last twenty-five years; he hits many a bull's-eye with his kindly humor and fluent pen and his colossal output tells in cartoon the history of the country; he meets intimately every man in the public eye, having opportunities open to few journalists, and he never abuses the privilege. Wit and insight, sense and sentiment, stamp his cartoons, yet never a one is tainted with venom, never a one is calculated to wound. Vulnerable as our public men often are, abundant as the material for bitter and caustic comment, "dear Clifford" tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, drops the hint without using the lash, gives the punch sometimes good and hard, but never below the belt.

He has wielded more power than he knows, builded better than he knew; and he grows more delightful personally, as his years advance. The walls of his old home in Euclid Place are literally papered with photographs of Presidents, Cabinet officers, Justices, Senators, authors, actors, and

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great foreign visitors, all of whom have inscribed their portraits affectionately; many so kindly that from less distinguished sources their words might seem but fulsome flattery.

In his own medium, Clifford Berryman does something every day toward moulding public opinion along constructive lines! He has dealt kindly with the weaknesses of mankind, and one proof of the good-will measured out to him, good measure and pressed down, was his election to the Presidency of the famous Gridiron Club of Washington.

Clifford and I often exchange illustrated letters, my signature being a tiny profile portrait of myself, and his being the far-famed Teddy Bear, whose plump person has invaded the nurseries of the world.

In wood, in cotton, in ivory, in plush, we meet Berryman's Teddy Bear, in the shops of Paris and the bazaars of Algiers; he is the companion of the rich child in Central Park and of the waif on the East side; he is borne in the arms of millionaire babies in limousines, he sits on the dressing tables of demi-mondaines, he dangles from the watch chains of portly bank-presidents and butchers, he is stamped on the materials for baby-blankets, he figures in the wall-papers for nurseries, he is moulded into chocolate ice-cream and cut into ginger-bread cookies—and the story of his birth is as follows, according to the epistle of Berryman:

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Dear Marietta—

The story of the invention of the Teddybear is very simple:

In November, 1902, President Roosevelt accepted an invitation to hunt bear in the Mississippi cane-brakes. After nine days of fruitless search no bear was found. On the tenth day when the President was ready to leave for Washington, friends rushed into his room and told him to get his gun and come quick, as they had sighted a bear. He rushed out gun in hand and when he saw the bear it was a poor measly little cub with most of its fur rubbed off, and big ears like prickly pears—rope around its neck—two burly negroes holding the rope. When Col. Roosevelt saw it he drew back and said, "Boys, I never could shoot at that—I'd be ashamed to face my children when I go back to the White House." I drew the cartoon of it from the description as sent by the Associated Press. Senator Lodge laughed heartily over it and Senator Chandler thought it so good that he 'phoned to me and asked me to make another bear cartoon when Roosevelt returned to the city. This I did and it seemed to make a hit, with the result that I continued the bear in all future cartoons in which the President appeared. This is all there is to the story, Marietta.

Sincerely yours,

Clifford K. B.

Berryman's grey hair is a cloud surrounding his friendly face; Frank J. Cannon was of somewhat the same type, and Senator Borah of Idaho is often mistaken for the cartoonist. You may judge for yourself! For, from the Inter-mountain region comes another upstanding man with bushy hair!

William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho, has been

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one of the political riddles of Washington for twenty years, through the administrations of Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. A movable feast, so to speak; no doubt as to his power, but no certainty as to how he would exercise it.

Early in his career it was said that he had voted for Williams Jennings Bryan, but when he came to the Senate it was as a Republican. Off and on he has been the patron saint of the so-called Third Party. A champion of the cause of the "working man" and promoter of that Department of the Government not so very long established, the Department of Labor, Senator Borah is at the same time an ardent admirer and disciple of Alexander Hamilton. During the months preceding the World War he was vacillating and at the crisis his influence was negligible. He opposed Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations, only to father a resolution early in the Harding term for the Conference on the Reduction of Armaments, in which again he played no conspicuous part. Never a routine man, never an automaton, Senator Borah in body, mind and spirit is true to his pioneer ancestry, looking at life from first one angle and then another, thinking what he thinks when he thinks it, changing his point of view and his expression of opinion in a fashion bewildering to the layman in politics who tries to grasp from the press some idea of the trend of affairs.

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It was in part due to Senator Borah that a few years ago a statue of Alexander Hamilton was placed at the South entrance to the Treasury. A notable assembly witnessed the unveiling, and it was then that I saw President Harding for the last time. He was at his best, handsome as some sculptured Indian Chieftain, well-groomed, gracious; his voice rich, his address delivered with dignity and audible to the furthest guest in the open air, while the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, frail and aristocratic in appearance, could not be heard at all. In his discourse President Harding said that "in the present condition of world affairs no nation could hope to endure that was not founded upon civic and religious liberty." This remark proved how the thought of Thomas Jefferson has been so assimilated into the American mind that a hundred years after his death another President, eulogizing the strongest opponent of Jefferson's ideals, unconsciously voiced the Jeffersonian and not the Hamiltonian theory!

When our babies were born there was much excitement. My Imperial Potentate rushed into the room, making a bee-line for the baby, a squirming red worm on the nurse's lap—"Wonderful! A Most Remarkable Child! Back just like my grandfather's—hands like mine."

"Mr. Andrews," said my mother, trying to make her sweet face sour, "Here is May."



"BUFFALO BILL" (COL. CODY) AT SEA

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He bolted down town, and entirely and honestly forgetful of the decision that if the child should be a girl she should be named for my mother, he flooded the world with announcement cards, in his hurry, *printed*, not engraved—"Mary Lord Andrews," naming her in a burst of enthusiasm, on his own, for a cousin of his own! Mother never got over it.

But when two years later, unto us a son was born—Julia, our Irish maid flew down the winding stair to where he sat smoking and painting and humming a little hymn tune, with his slim green bottle of Mosel beside him—"Mistha Andrewth, Mistha Andrewth! Ith's a bhoy!—a bhoy!" The Potentate quite lost his head. He found the child exactly like himself, weighing precisely the same nine and a quarter pounds that he had weighed, and at the age of one hour, combining the mental, moral and physical attributes of all of his own progenitors.

Julia knelt down by the bed and put her long, lean arms around me, weeping—"And you are the bethst in the wor-r-ld, Miseth Andrewth—"

And Maggie, after affectionate congratulation—"And what am Oi to do with the roast beef, Mrs. Andrews?"

"Roast it."

"And, Ma'am, how many is for dinner tonight?"

"Only two—Mr. Andrews and the trained nurse."

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"But Ma'am, it's a fifteen pound roast, Ma'am."

"Well, Maggie, serve it hot tonight and cold at every meal thereafter until they eat it up."

Exit Maggie—and I ask my lord,

"What did you get such a big roast for?"

"Well," he looked around vaguely as though to assemble the host, "there are so many people in the house."

"Nobody here today," I said "that was not here yesterday—except this new-born baby—he can't eat fifteen pounds of beef—Neither can I. Now you must just chaw away on it until it's gone." I was annoyed.

Before another hour had passed, Julia knocked on the door, "There's a foin carriage Ma'am with coachman and foothman Ma'am, and two beauthif-ful horses Ma'am, at the door."

"What's that for?" I asked suspiciously. And then, the poor Potentate:

"Well, my dear, I thought Maggie and Julia might like to take a drive—poor girls—they must be exhausted."

"Mr. Andrews," I said, very severely, "*I had this baby*, and it has not exhausted the servants in the least! You go right straight down stairs and tip that coachman, and send that turnout back to that stable and let these girls go to work and this house come to its senses."

The next additions to our family were my mother's two youngest, a girl of twelve and a boy

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of ten—for my sweet mother died before the year had passed.

So gradually I drew the reins into my own hands. It was an ill-assorted household of many elements, and continual vigilance and tact were the price of peace. The hero worship with which I had regarded Mr. Andrews for all the years that I was his pupil, was metamorphosed into a pleasant, jog-trot comradeship—he was not a hero, but he was human, full of dear emotions and sudden impulses, undisciplined to the day of his death, buoyant and boyish and very amusing, and so handsome that he made a sort of radiance around him, a light in which I lived and moved and had my being. The prescribed social boundary lines were invisible to him, like the equator, and far less actual. He committed, with a magnificent gesture, the crime of being different, and he never knew it!

Delightful as my husband was, he was not always a law-abiding citizen. Our studio light was unreliable; the window turned at an angle, northeast. Reflections from across the street filled it with odd lights and colors and from the time the foliage was out in the spring on the double row of trees along 16th Street, the light was always greened. Many were his murderous intentions toward the handsome poplar trees, two of which grew in our own strip of parking; his appeal to "Boss" Shepherd for permission to remove them was denied, though as they interfered with the pursuit of

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his profession the request was quite reasonable.— However, there are more ways than one, if a person is resourceful. In the dead of night scalding salt water was poured on the roots by Freddy, and one of the trees succumbed; a timely blizzard one winter ripped some limbs from the remaining poplar, though only minor injuries; yet Mr. Andrews hopped out with an ax and in a jiffy, before anyone could catch him—in the general confusion and debris he cut it down.

“Now,” he said, surveying his unlawful work, “*Now, it’s down—*Let ’em put it up again.”

In his small wickedness he was very dear. We brought the wine each year home with us from Trier and Rüdesheim: some rare Mosel and Rhine in bottles, much plain light wine in casks: for we used a lot of it. Mr. Andrews always loaded up with fine labels, and after bottling the plain wine here in the cellar with the assistance of several increasingly hilarious young colored gentlemen, labeled it for the thing it was not, and distributed it lavishly, done up in white tissue and red ribbon, among his two sets of unsuspecting relatives-in-law at Christmas. As they were not connoisseurs, it made no difference; while to his cronies at the Club and in the Banks, he gave the genuine Johannisberger-Auslese—or sparkling Asmanshauser.

He had a habit of giving away many pictures which I valued; so when one time he stole one which he valued himself I let it pass—It was a

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grim old new England ancestress who had passed into the hands of another branch of his family. My husband broke the tenth commandment every time he thought of this old portrait. Finally he got it into his studio, ostensibly to repair it—but with the mental reservation never to let it go! He repaired it, framed it and enjoyed it— But whenever any of his relatives threatened us with a visitation, he took it down, streaked it with water-color most unbecomingly, and sent it to the attic.

“If they ask to see that picture,” he would say to me sardonically, “let ’em.” When they departed the old lady had her face washed, and returned to her place by the dining-room door.

Once or twice I suggested the irregularity of this transaction, but facts of family history known to him justified it in his eyes. But there came a time when the old lady was securely packed and shipped to the place where she belonged.

It seems that in a few years I had borne every relationship to this man. First, his pupil and protégée: then his pal: then his daughter: then his wife: and toward the end, his mother and his nurse. If I had my human life to live over again, I would walk the same ways: only asking for a little more wisdom—that I might serve him better.

The wine-bottling that went on annually in our cellar under the studio became as much of an orgy to the servants as the hog-killings had been in my childhood in Virginia—happening, too, at the same

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time of the year—just about Thanksgiving time.

I had brought to the house a son of one of our old slaves, a very intelligent colored boy, called Willis, to replace the philandering Freddy: and doubtless he would be with me to this day had not my dear husband with misdirected liberality, allowed him so much to drink—for his people had been servants with us for five generations, and once established in one of our houses, they never leave. Every time Mr. Andrews mixed a toddy for himself on a cold day, he also prepared one for Willis—and in answer to my remonstrances would say,

“Oh, my dear! let the poor nigger-boy have his drink!”

Of course *we* never said nigger. It was an unspeakable word and gave offense. We were taught not to say it—but Mr. Andrews was from Ohio, and he sometimes said it.

Mr. Andrews would have a milk punch at eleven o'clock and a bottle of light Rhine wine for lunch. In the afternoons while painting, a bottle of Rhine or Mosel at hand and when the light got bad for painting and he went to the Metropolitan Club about five o'clock for billiards, he would have a julep there. Then we had sherry and Rhine wine at dinner, I sharing it—with champagne if there were guests, and curaçao or chartreuse with the coffee; in the evenings by the fire, when we read aloud, another bottle or so—before bed-time. I

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only had known "drinking" in Virginia, where we drank whiskey and had delirium tremens; and I never regarded my husband as a drinking man. I lived with him twenty years; and had been a widow for ten years, before it dawned upon me that he was reckoned "a drinking man." It takes a lot of this light stuff to go to the the head—and I bear witness right here, that this man drank like a gentleman, and was most lovable in so doing.

What sweet things he would do at Christmas time! I have seen him get out the old Nürnberg lockbox, which is now in my memorial collection at the National Museum, and forage in its depths for certain papers—his eyes bright, his face flushed, his fingers so strong and sensitive—then hold up to me a note of some poor brother artist—touch his cigar to it, scorch it not quite beyond recognition, but beyond all validity, and say, "My dear, that's that. Here's two hundred dollars off of Harold's chest this Christmas."

I found among his old vouchers checks to doctors, matters of which I knew nothing, and only after he was dead I learned that he had paid many doctors' bills for younger artists, who I know ridiculed his old-fashioned art. One bitter night dear Max came in—an uncomplaining soul, but times were hard. Leaving him by the fire with me, my husband drew on his artics and his heavy coat—and in an hour returned, radiant, having sold for

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Max three hundred and fifty dollars worth of sketches at the Metropolitan Club.

Rushing from house to house in frantic fashion, dropping cards, paying calls, or going to teas every afternoon except one's own "at home" day, is one of the unprofitable customs which the world war relegated to "innocuous desuetude."

If by any chance, his game of billiards over, my husband got home from his club before I had returned from my afternoon calls, home was to him as cheerless as though the furnace and the lights had all gone out—"Where's your mother?"—"Where's Mrs. Andrews?" he wandered about, enquiring of whoever was visible—and when I came in just a few minutes later, he would say—"Well, my dear, every other place shut up, and you thought maybe you'd come home? No more Colonial Janes?"

And I would say, perhaps—"You know, I don't think that is so very funny. You get most of your orders for portraits from the Colonial Dames."

For after some ten years of matrimony, every woman learns that it is wholesome for a man to be answered back; it preserves a rational balance in a household for a wife to be sassy now and then. Yet how little we argued! How seldom we quarrelled! From the long training in obedience to him, during my art student years, and our mutual unremitting effort to bridge the difference in our

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ages by constant courtesy and patience, we contrived to live in peace though married!

The much in me that must have disappointed, grieved or irritated him as years went on, I cannot record, for he never found fault with me.—The thing in him which most exasperated me, which made me “see red,” and set the palms of my hands itching to box his ears—was the eulogiums on Edwin M. Stanton—and occasional feeble efforts to defend Ben Butler. I was not far removed from Alexandria, Virginia, and my local and sectional predilections had not been tempered as today, by experience and a wider horizon—and so now and then our faded old oriental rug became a battle-field, on which, in the glow of a friendly firelight that should have put us to the blush—we fought over again that futile Civil War!

Where have we not been, what have we not tried, together? Hammering away at the life and the antique classes in the Art School; talking over each student's problems while we had lunch together; becoming unexpectedly (to me at least) engaged at Rüdesheim, where I and a party of art students joined him one summer—with the moonlight lying silver on the river, the lights of Bingen twinkling across; in the deep shadows of the railway bridges where we walked that night—adjusting ourselves as best we could to double harness, making a home out of what had been only for many years of loneliness a house—reaching out a

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helping hand as was his way, a way I learned from him.

Painting in Devonshire in the idyllic springtime; in Holland, side by side, canals and windmills; in Switzerland quaint huts in straggling streets of villages on mountain slopes, and ruined castles high upon the hilltops; copying old masters in Munich and in London, where he taught me the technique of thick and thin, of light and dark, of warm and cold—drawing together, in the light of illuminating friendship, sitting with our sweet daughter between us to listen to our little son in the choir of St. Paul's—drawing the corks of generous bottles for friends who shared our studio fire—nosing about in old bookshops and fingering the volumes we could not, as nomads, be burdened with, yet, somehow, loved. Prowling in poor streets in bad weather to see if the coal he had ordered for some obscure friend had been delivered—buying turkeys at Christmas time for the herdic driver and the letter carrier, and certain dear janitors and bell-boys to whom we were attached. Writing checks with such enthusiasm the first day of every month and hurrying to pay bills even before the mail had left them at the door. Planning for the education of boys—sending girls to Europe—running out to pay the funeral expenses for someone whose baby had died—or the confinement bills for some poorer artist's wife—stretching a modest income to its utmost, and having the most hilarious time when

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so employed. With our heads together drawing the plans for our country home. Bringing into our house the queerest people and never separating the social sheep from the goats. He could not follow the beaten track—his digressions were sometimes trying: but his soul was a burning and a shining light. He was not orthodox; but he fulfilled the Old Testament requirements for he loved justice and followed after mercy and walked humbly with his God; and he fulfilled the new Testament law in bearing the burdens of others, which is the law of Christ.

CHAPTER VI

MCKINLEY'S INAUGURATION—THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL

DADDY," I tentatively suggested, "your Aunt Lizzie has come all the way from Cincinnati to attend the Inauguration of Mr. McKinley—won't she expect to go to the Ball?"

"Well, expecting is one thing, my dear, and going is something else," he said with emphasis. "We will give a luncheon at the old Corcoran Gallery and whoever is there to witness the Parade will be our guests. You will have your turkeys and old hams and beaten biscuits and salads as you Virginians know so well how to do this sort of thing, and let 'em swim in champagne—but no ball!"

"Well," I went on, hoping against hope, one word for his Aunt Lizzie and two for myself, "She is your house guest, you know, and if she wants to go, I will take her—you need not go—if you will just get the tickets."

"Well, I won't," he declared. "No! Let Aunt Lizzie go to bed! What in the devil does a woman her age want to get into that jam at the Pension Office for? And you would be bored to death—"

"I don't think so"—

"Oh, but I *know*. Don't you suppose I know

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what bores you? And just let *Aunt Lizzie* go *peacefully to bed.*"

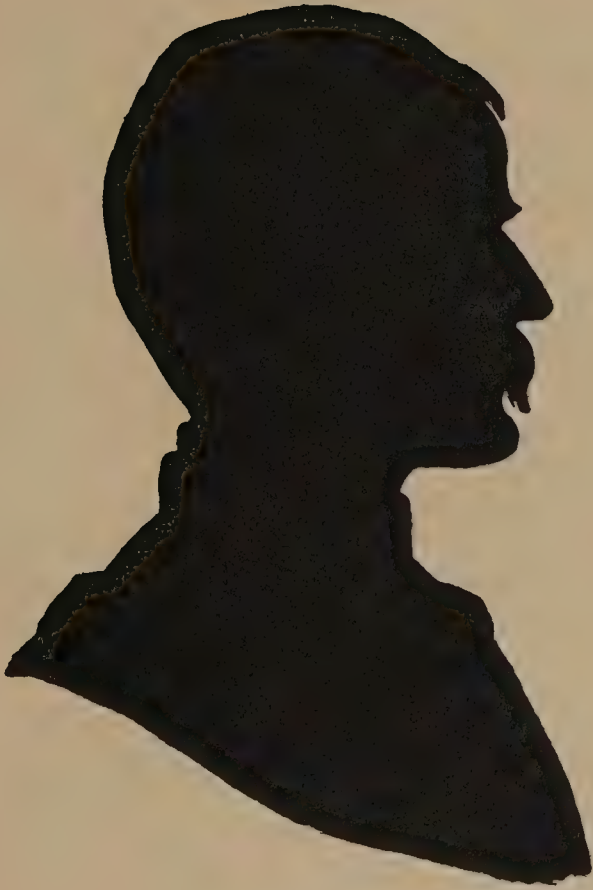
But a week after Aunt Lizzie returned to Cincinnati she wrote: "No doubt you will think this clipping from the Enquirer very silly, but I had no intention of being laughed at or cross-questioned, so I just sent in this little notice to the Society column—

Mrs. James A. Frazer has returned to her home on Auburn Avenue after attending the Inaugural ceremonies in Washington, where she was the recipient of many attentions. Mrs. Frazer attended the Inaugural Ball wearing a Paris creation of crimson velvet, trimmed in Rose Point lace.

On her visits to us at our home in Virginia this eccentric old lady was much impressed with the fact that I, a poor relation, was the playmate of the Lees and Washingtons. Lou Washington was living with us, and Aunt Lizzie almost prostrated herself in the dust at her feet.

She broadcast a number of postal cards to various points of the compass announcing "Well here I am in the thick of the F. F. Vs.! Washingtons, Lees and Randolphs! Thomas Jefferson's great-grand-children called yesterday."

She was arrogant and ignorant, but had much native wit and honesty. I liked her. "May," she said one day, after watching me with my children awhile, "here I am, a fussy old woman, crying my



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eyes out for the children I would not take the trouble to have when I was young.” (Yet they talk of birth control as though it were a recent discovery.) “My poor husband would have loved children, but I was always on the go, and vain of my figger. He loved his home, but I never let him be in it for long. We no sooner got back from Mexico than I dragged him off to Egypt. Then just a little peek at his business and off to Paris for the winter. I had to be presented at the Court of St. James’s and all that, and he hated it. Well, here I am, all alone! No interests. Putting up with some fool who thinks I am going to leave her my money, which I aint—or trying to hire somebody to come and live with me. What a mercenary crew these ‘companions’ are, too! As soon as one applies, and I tell her all my requirements, she asks what salary I pay? And then I say ‘You will not suit me. You think too much about money. Good morning.’”

Apropos of that luncheon, March 4, 1897, a small stadium had been built at the door of the Old Corcoran Gallery, and a fine company were there to witness the inaugural parade, the building being almost opposite the White House, at Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The Corcoran connection was well represented, the Board of Trustees of the Gallery and their wives were present and other distinguished guests. It made me think of the Mardi Gras pageants in New

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Orleans when I, a mere child, had tried to do the honors for my father—I found myself passing around my husband's champagne to dear old Mr. Kauffman and Fred McGuire, just as a child I had passed my father's mint juleps there on the balcony of his office in Carondelet Street to the ex-Confederate Generals, who were his guests in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. Only here for Mr. McKinley's inauguration I had a husband and he had an Aunt Lizzie, and all of us had a baby Mary Lord, whom with her old German nurse, Christine, we had most injudiciously brought along. My Potentate had issued an ultimatum to that effect. Of course the baby must go—he, a native of Ohio—his baby, sure to grow up with proper pride in the State of Ohio—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Sherman, Sheridan, Harrison—and here McKinley—great generals—great presidents—all from Ohio. Why, the child would never forgive us when she grew up (she was eighteen months old) if she missed it! She was undoubtedly more conspicuous than Mr. McKinley. E

Of course she got hungry out there in the March air, and had to be bottled; she missed her nap, kicked and shrieked, the evil eye fell upon her; dowagers stared her down disapprovingly through their lorgnettes; and old Christine made voluble apologies to everybody in a nondescript language neither English nor German. Mr. Andrews, in a burst of parental pride, set the baby down in the

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lap of a lady who detested babies, and to cap the climax I spilled a plate of chicken salad all over the back of a woman who rose unexpectedly from her seat just as I was passing it. As a function this luncheon was decidedly not a success in spite of the Smithfield ham and the champagne and the first-born of the house of Andrews and the inauguration of William McKinley.

A gallant figure of this period in Washington was Admiral Winfield Scott Schley.

Flagship Brooklyn

Newport News

Virginia

April 14, 1898

My dear Andrews

Thank you more than I can find words to express for the box which came to me and which will be very precious for the Giver.

Since arriving I have hardly had a moment to myself for the more agreeable pleasure of letter writing, but am taking however a few minutes that I may acknowledge your good wishes and kind remembrance.

Say to Mrs. Andrews that my dear wife said the other day after lunching with you and herself, when we were walking home "Isn't Mrs. Andrews just too lovable?"

I replied "Yes, and isn't Andrews a nobleman?" She replied in agreement also, and this last remembrance completes the conclusion.

Give our love to dear Mrs. Andrews and accept the surety of loving remembrance to you and yours

from Cordially yours

W. S. Schley

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This letter, dated five days prior to the action of Congress by which the United States demanded the independence of Cuba and gave the pledge to withdraw her troops as soon as the Island demonstrated its stability, was written by Admiral Schley thanking my husband for a case of Rhine wine—that good old Auslese which he brought along from Rüdesheim each year and shared with thirsty friends. Soon after it was written Admiral Schley and his good Flagship must have started for the south, where they did their part in true American fashion.

The United States Minister to Madrid had asked for his passport, the Spanish Minister in Washington had done the same, and war was declared as existing between the countries. Great Britain was with us, Germany was with Spain—a relationship fully demonstrated later at Manila, in the attitude of the German and British Admirals toward Admiral Dewey. My personal affection for Admiral Schley was very strong. He won the battle of Santiago, Admiral Sampson, his ranking officer, being at the moment out of reach, but jealousy which smears its ugliness over so many valiant achievements, never rested until scandal and wrangle dishonored for a time the names of excellent gentlemen. Admiral Sampson was above claiming credit due another, though his messages were not gracious or congratulatory, but his friends lost no opportunity to divert popular

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appreciation from the man who was on the spot and did the job, to the man, possibly the better officer, who as circumstance would have it, was not in the fight at all.

July 3, at the hour when the long pennants of the Church Flag—the only flag that flies above the Stars and Stripes—indicated that the officers and crews of the United States Battleships were engaged in divine worship, the battle started. There was no time to haul in the brave blue crosses; so throughout the fight the Church flags held their own; that from the battleship “Iowa,” Admiral Robley Evans’ flagship, was later a great treasure in my own possession, given me by Mrs. Hoes from the collection of her husband, Rev. Roswell Randall Hoes, who was Chaplain on the Iowa. Unluckily this dear trophy was burned in my studio house at Gibson Island, on Chesapeake Bay, a few years ago. How these old rags intrigue the imagination, leading the mind back, back through history, through the Crusades, through the coalitions of races, the trend of history, symbols, all down the line, of ideals for which men unhesitatingly lay down their lives.

In 1901 Admiral Schley, goaded by unwelcome publicity, fretted by argument, under suspicion of misconduct, demanded an investigation. I attended these sittings, though it was agony to do so; to see a gallant soldier grilled, insulted, tripped, confused, by the squat person who acted as prosecutor. A

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person with bristling hair cropped short and two great folds of fat on the back of his neck. The personal animosity he registered is a thing I visualize distinctly after all these twenty-five years.—*Twenty-five years.*

Admiral Dewey presided over this court of inquiry. The verdict was not a complete vindication, though I believe the public, throwing off the technicalities, sustained Admiral Schley. Admiral Dewey personally, in a separate opinion, declared that Schley was in command at the battle of Santiago, and the credit of the victory was his.

Richmond Pearson Hobson was also much fêted in the Capital after his dramatic exploit of sinking the Merrimac. I had known him slightly when he was a cadet at Annapolis, where, more true to his own sense of honor than to the code of the Academy, he, as monitor, had reported a class-mate for a breach of propriety. For this he was boycotted and subjected to such cruel ostracism as none but a brave boy had been able to endure! Later he figured often in Washington social life, even before his exploits during the Spanish-American War had attracted attention. He wore a long, soft, blonde beard, and bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the conventional pictures of Christ. Playing euchre with him, one could but feel the incongruity of the dress suit and this style of hair cut, by which the game was robbed of all its diverting purpose. William Ordway Partridge, the

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sculptor, affected this same sacrosanct appearance, in fact he and Hobson were as like as twin brothers, and both were strongly suggestive of the type of picture in which Jesus of Nazareth had been misrepresented as a blonde Englishman.

Each man and woman of Washington has some story of Theodore Roosevelt and his remarkable personality, something differing from every other story. If not of himself then of some of his family, an original comment from one of his children in the public school, an unconventional action on the part of his débutante daughter, now the scintillating wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or a gracious gift from Mrs. Roosevelt to some poor soul along the country roads; as for instance the stopping during a drive, as she was returning to the White House from a visit to one of her boys at the Episcopal High School of Virginia, and the presentation of a twenty dollar bill to poor Lily Rust, our colored laundress, whose little home was at that moment vanishing in smoke and flame. Lily to this day becomes oratorical when she tells the thrilling tale. "Yes'm, the beautifulest lady I ever see in the finest cloe's I ever see and the biggest pocketbook I ever see, an' she stop right in front—we all feared smoke and soot might git on er—cose we didn't know who 'tis—but de house it set backen, off de road—you know dat—and she did, she give me twenty dollars right on de spot and a sweet face to it—so I wanted



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to kiss her hand, but stead o' dat when she roll on past, I drap on my marrow bones and pray so loud de Lawd couldn't he'p hearing me praise Gawd from Who all blessin's flows." Most often of himself, his flashing smile, his fearless horeshmanship known to the workmen whom he passed at full gallop in the mists of the early morn.

The pretty little bride who is typing this for me—a great-grand-daughter, by the way, of Admiral Wilkes—here mentions that as a very tiny girl she was taken by her parents to call at the White House and see a President. Mr. Roosevelt was especially gracious to her, filling her arms with American Beauty roses taller than herself, and taking her out on the South balcony to watch Quentin on his pony.

An independent spirit, to which was added a spontaneous hospitality, marked many actions of Theodore Roosevelt—youngest of all American Presidents—mercurial, virile, gambling on his fellow creatures, as when he casually invited the negro educator, Booker T. Washington, to luncheon at the White House, and raised as great a furore as did Rutherford B. Hayes when he appointed the ex-slave, Frederick Douglass, to be Chief Marshal of the District of Columbia.

A striking case of Mr. Roosevelt's spontaneous mental operations was the restoration to citizenship of Al Jennings, ex-train-robber and bandit.

Mr. Jennings told me the story as one Sunday night a group of young people, my son, his wife

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and some friends gathered around the old four-poster bed in which I lay quite ill.

The opportunity to know him came to us strangely. A gentleman introducing himself to us by telephone had volunteered to assist me in the campaign to secure Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson, as a memorial to the author of the Declaration of Independence.

"Mr. Jennings, are you a relative of Coleman Jennings?" I asked, thinking of course of the most beautiful vestryman and squire of dames in Washington.

"No," answered the telephone, "my name is Al Jennings."

"I will meet you at Keith's Theatre on Sunday at 3 o'clock Mr. Jennings," I said, "as I am scheduled to make an address at that hour and may give you my time."

The next day my precious doctor who resents my one hundred per cent efficiency as a personal affront was urging upon me a life of utter idleness and inquiring of me as to my forthcoming engagements.

"Only to meet a Mr. Al Jennings at Keith's Theatre on Sunday afternoon," I answered.

"Al Jennings, why what one earth are you doing with Al Jennings, Mrs. Andrews?"

"Buying Monticello," said I. "Who is he, do you know him?"

"No, I do not," said my doctor with emphasis, "and neither should you. He is the ex-train-robber

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and bandit and is here now as a witness in the Teapot Dome matter—”

“Well, I never heard of him at all,” I answered, “but I shall see him Sunday.”

And Sunday I saw him in the lobby of Keith's Theatre, a vital little man of sixty-three, looking thirty years younger than he was, five feet four inches tall, I should say, with waving dark red hair and fearless blue eyes; nothing of the desperado about him, a man one would say who was born to be good.

I was quite ill at the time and glad to surrender the platform to him, suggesting that if he cared to see me again he should come up to my studio to supper that evening. He came, enjoyed one man's share of an old Virginia ham and some salad with the young people, and then accompanied them to my room—where I was already in bed. They gathered around the old four-poster in the big room over the studio—a queer assembly, my young son and his wife with several young friends who had been informally to supper with them, and the little, red-headed stranger whom none of us had ever seen before. The young people, with their cigarettes, listened absorbed and thrilled to the story which poured in simple language from the lips of the visitor. He told us how his mother, rushing from her little home in the South before the advancing Federal Army, had dragged her babies through the snow from their house on a farm to the nearest village; how she was overtaken by the

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throes of child-birth, and how he was born in a fence corner in the snow that night. He told us of his mother's death, leaving her little brood uncared for, and of the life which he and his little brother lived as best they could. He told us of his devotion to his brother Frank, and the solemn covenant that he swore with himself "to get" the man who shot him in the back and killed him. Page by page he unfolded the story of a neglected boyhood and the gradual drifting into a criminal life.

At last he became a professional bandit and train-robber. At this point my little daughter-in-law asked him if he always wore a mask. "Never but once," he answered, laughing, "and then so many of my friends were on board I *had* to." As a fugitive from justice in a foreign land he made chance acquaintance with Sidney Porter, whom he called "Bill," known and loved under the name of "O. Henry," who was also dodging the police; he told us how they decided to come back into the United States together and of the formation of a new robber band which included Bill Porter. "But," said Al Jennings, "he had no talent for the business at all. I was just sure that sooner or later his awkwardness would get us in too deep, and I said to him one day, 'Say, aint there anywhere you'd like to go to?'" and he said sort o' wistful—"I got a wife in Texas, I'd like to go there." Well, I had a pretty fat roll, and I pulled off three thousand dollars and gave it to him and said, 'Git,'

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and I didn't calculate ever to see him again—"

He went on to tell us of his exploits and final conviction and sentence to the penitentiary; how he was sent to Columbus, Ohio—"And as I walked in, the first face I saw was Bill Porter's. They got him for a crime he never committed, and he beat me to it!"

Then came the story of their penitentiary friendship, of the human material collected by O. Henry for his tales, much of it gathered up from his fellow convicts.

It was through Mark Hanna who had visited the prison that Jennings was pardoned by Mr. McKinley and later restored to citizenship by Mr. Roosevelt.

"Jennings," said Mr. Roosevelt, gazing piercingly at the little red-haired, blue-eyed bandit, "did you do it?"

"No, sir—not that," but he confessed some of his many other sins, "not that, Mr. President."

"Now, Jennings, I believe you are more use to your country out of prison than in prison and I am going to give you the full pardon," said Mr. Roosevelt.

"Many times the temptation to backslide almost overcame me," Mr. Jennings went on as my young people listened, "folks are so silly, so easily fooled, the game is so spicy, the technique of it at my finger-ends, but when I had almost fallen for it, I would just see old Mark Hanna's face—the man who gave me a chance—and I would hear him say,

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'Now, Jennings, *don't make a fool of me.*' The memory of Mark Hanna's face has always held me true. I wouldn't make a fool of the man who believed in me."

Later I bought Al Jennings' book, "Through the Shadows With O. Henry." A terrible, straightforward tale to freeze the blood—as it portrays the abuses of prisoners in our penal institutes, the miscarriage of justice and man's inhumanity to man. It is a book to sober us, to cause us to devote ourselves more ardently to the pursuit of good government—to encourage the virtues of charity, decency and justice, on the one side; of order, industry and discipline on the other. It holds up a mirror to our eyes from which we well may shrink.

I placed this book with Mary Antin's "Promised Land," and Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," James M. Davis' "The Iron Puddler," Israel Zangwill's "Melting Pot," and Jacob Riis's "Making of an American" as a great and illuminating volume on American citizenship.

Straightforward and unconventional as he was himself, President Roosevelt made ample allowance for unconventionality in others. On two famous occasions when invitations to the White House—always understood to be imperative—were declined, he accepted the "regrets" with great good humor. Colonel William C. Gorgas, reporting to the President on details of his work of sanitation in Panama, was informally invited to luncheon at the White House, that the conversation need not be inter-

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rupted, "But Mr. President," said Colonel Gorgas. "I am sorry, but I have an engagement!"

It was said that "Uncle Joe" Cannon, as Speaker of the House respectfully declined the invitations for State dinners at which Cabinet Officers, Diplomats and the Supreme Court outranked him; and that Mr. Roosevelt, honoring the independence of the man who honored his own official position so highly, inaugurated the custom of a fourth Official dinner in honor of "The Speaker of the House."

That little downtown boarding house of Mrs. Surratt is not the only "haunted house" in Washington. Like a rushing wind the wild feet of John Wilkes Booth may travel its narrow hallways, but statelier footfalls are heard in the corridors of the Octagon House on New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, Washington's finest example of Georgian architecture. This house was designed by William Thornton, architect of the Capitol, who also planned Tudor Place, the old house of the Peter family in Georgetown; it is now, most appropriately, the home of The American Institute of Architects. Who should value more its fine old walls of imported brick, its small colonial portico, its circular entrance hall and mahogany woodwork and all its queer contrivances of secret door and passage? The American Journal of Art, the Archeological Institute, and other dignified organizations have their offices within its octagonal en-



*Marietta
Minigero de
Cannon*

SENATOR FRANK J. CANNON OF UTAH

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trance, and for generations architects have studied the details of the delicate workmanship of its interior.

Col. John Tayloe of Virginia, desiring a city residence, built the octagon house, General Washington interesting himself in its development and often riding in from Mount Vernon to inspect the work. For thirty years it was the scene of lavish hospitality, well known throughout the world. Friends and honored guests returning, who shall say that the shades of Washington, Jefferson and Adams, of James Madison and James Monroe, with their lovely ladies, lightfooted, in rustling draperies; Andrew Jackson, the gallant Decatur and that young James Gibbon, his lieutenant, who lost an arm at Tripoli; George Washington Parke Custis, just building Arlington, and his sweet sister Nellie, meet not as of old in its familiar halls? While faintly echo the sonorous voice of Webster and the oratory of Calhoun and Henry Clay—the deep, guttural German of von Steuben and the polished French of Lafayette, Talleyrand, Rochambeau, Châteaubriand—and all the famous men familiarly received there at a later day, when, the White House destroyed by the British, President Madison and his charming wife established there the “residence”? Negro servants, doubly superstitious, or gifted with some sixth sense perhaps, have never lingered there, and during many years tenants were more or less disturbed, and transient.

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Even the pious offices of the Sisters of Charity, their gentle prayers and oblations, failed to rid the house of ghosts, for lovely women, over whose graves the periwinkles and ivy have been spreading for more than a hundred years, revisit the formal garden, loved of old, and have been seen flitting across its box-lined walks by moonlight.

Little colored boys and girls on errands have fled precipitately, with startled eyes and breathless before the faces of strange old gent'mans wid differn kind o' clothes on 'em likes o' what nobody never seen—and grave young artists and architects turn their heads suddenly from their desks, conscious of eyes behind them surveying their plans and sketches. Friendly spirits, possibly the spirits of just men, made perfect, taking a fatherly interest in the city of Washington and its hard-working sons!

The old yellow house on H Street, with its clinging drapery of wistaria, once the property of Mr. Corcoran, was occupied by Elija Ward during his membership in Congress from New York and there his charming step-daughter, Miss Jennie Stewart, captivated Washington society until her marriage with the Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith drew her into more serious paths. Later the Association of University Women took this house over as a clubhouse, before they bought permanent headquarters in the Augustus Tyler house on I Street, one of the most ill-fated houses in Washington, until this

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group of women, mentally and physically athletic, took possession of it.

The very ground was haunted! No one could stay on the spot in peace; no one, unravel the mystery! Two adventurous young attachés of the British Embassy, pooh-poohing at the ghosts, had years ago leased the little house that originally stood there but were driven out by mysterious footsteps they never could escape. Then the owner removed the small frame house bodily to the country. The ghosts were left in possession of the ground and continued to make their presence known there even after a palatial house was built. Even after the rebuilding of it the tragedies of its history gathered to themselves other restless spirits unwillingly released from mortal bonds. For here, on one never-to-be-forgotten day, Mrs. Tracy, wife of Benjamin F. Tracy of New York, Secretary of the Navy in President Harrison's Cabinet, and her daughter died by fire, and here the body of the lovely Leila Herbert, in 1897, daughter of another Cabinet officer of Grover Cleveland's Administration, was tenderly lifted from the ground, beneath her window.

Striking contrasts of brilliant entertainment and overwhelming, unexpected catastrophe! Memories that might well unnerve the Irish maid servants, full of the poetry and legend of their native land.

In full sight of the Tyler house was the Anthony

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Pollock house on 17th and I Streets, home of a wealthy, childless, venerable pair, great globe-trotters, who went down at sea in the French Liner "la Bourgoÿne." The house, a forbidding old structure, late Victorian, of ugly red brick and brown stone, with rooms too big and cold, windows too narrow, and an inhospitable entrance, long stood vacant until the late Senator Brandegee of Connecticut, a bachelor, scholarly, a little melancholy, a man of a few sterling friendships, lived in it a while with his servants, and ended his life within its gloomy walls. It has gone, a modern office building is in its place.

The Association of University Women (and what an up-standing, self-reliant, well-tailored lot they are—and what work their members are doing here in Washington!) delight to tell how these restless spirits were finally exorcised. *They say*—not I—that it was during a period when the Men's City Club, awaiting the completion of a new clubhouse on G Street, occupied this house. They declare that the hilarious proceedings during this brief period, so scandalized the well-bred and highly-conservative ghosts, that they gathered their airy draperies about them, departing nevermore to tread those old familiar haunts.

The Walter Reed hospital terminates Sixteenth Street. There is much of this street that I have not told you—and I can almost hear the exclamations

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"Why did she omit this, and forget that?" Yet if I have but sharpened your interest in this dear "Meridian" my effort shall not have been in vain; and from the beginning I have called the loosely gathered impressions "thumb sketches" tiniest and most apologetic of all sketches.

The very name of the Walter Reed Hospital calls for a story of enterprise and application, of courage and sacrifice.

There was something pyrotechnical in the spontaneous burst of gratitude and public appreciation which greeted Dr. Reed's achievement in Cuba, after his six months of investigation following the Spanish-American War, when the mosquito was definitely determined by his Commission as the carrier of yellow fever.

Walter Reed was a gallant fellow, a Virginian by birth, and when Surgeon General Sternberg selected him as head of the Commission to Cuba, he knew the chivalrous character of the man, his record as a hard student at Johns Hopkins, his enthusiasm for work and unusual faculty for concentration.

Dr. A. F. A. King, of Washington (christened Alfred Freedman Africanus by his father, an English gentleman and ardent Abolitionist) had long held the belief that the mosquito was the guilty party, but had taken no steps to demonstrate his theory. Dear old Dr. King! A fine old English

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gentleman, the typical family practitioner, whose wife, born a Dexter of Boston, still lives in the old home on Massachusetts Avenue.

Walter Reed and his three colleagues, Lazear, Carroll and Agramonte, taking counsel with Dr. Finley of Havana who had spent his life expounding to deaf ears the idea of the mosquito; Dr. H. R. Carter of the U. S. Public Health Service, also a Virginian, with whoever would assist them, built up their evidence against the mosquito in a masterly manner, so rapid, so brilliant and convincing that the world caught its breath. Understood at last, this scourge to which so many lives had been sacrificed, this terror which invited such appalling tragedies! The medical officers in Cuba who had faithfully fought Yellow Fever by other and futile means, accepted Major Reed's conclusions without question and applying his remedial theory at once, met with excellent results. General Leonard Wood, Governor of Cuba, and Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, chief Sanitary officer, had accomplished much in the way of furthering sanitary improvements which were conducted under Major William M. Black, later Chief of the Engineers of the U. S. Army, of whom my husband and I had once painted a portrait. One brilliant name after another comes before me as I recall these epoch-making days,—Dr. Leland O. Howard of the United States Bureau of Entomology, whom we

knew so well, had educated the public through his writings as to the dramatic part played by insects in the history of mankind and such avid seekers after knowledge as Walter Reed and his commission must have been already conversant with Dr. Howard's work on the mosquito.

Not only did great soldiers and scientists co-operate in this work of mercy for mankind, but when Major Reed called for volunteers for his tests, the enlisted men sprung to the fore to do their part. It is related that Major Reed after his experiments with mosquitoes (both Carroll and Lazear having contracted the fever by mosquito poisoning, Lazear finally dying a victim of the disease) further endeavored to prove that infection could be carried in no other possible way than by the mosquito and offered a handsome bonus to any enlisted man who would sleep in the beds and eat from the vessels of Yellow Fever victims; two soldiers promptly volunteered, refusing to accept compensation. It is said that springing to his feet, Major Reed in the presence of his fellow officers, saluted these enlisted men, saying that nothing more gallant was on record in the annals of American patriotism. I wish I might have seen him—alert, military, with his sparkling eyes and full lower lip, his own generous soul responding to the generosity of those who were his subordinates in rank, but not in valor. For three weeks these soldiers actually imprisoned themselves in the death



Marietta
Minizero de
Andrew
1926

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH

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chambers, slept under clothing covered with black vomit, accepting discomfort and courting danger, and came unscathed through the ordeal.

Walter Reed combined in a rare degree the qualities of picturesqueness and efficiency. He did extraordinary things in a manner so spontaneous that in him they seemed quite natural. His life was full of romance. Among the many thrilling stories told of him in his younger days is one which none can hear unmoved. When he was a young medical officer of the Army during the many skirmishes with the Indians in the West, a party of retreating Indians left behind an aged squaw and a three-year old baby girl, the child dreadfully burned about the legs. The same spirit of self-sacrifice which later led Dr. Walter Reed to his triumphant death in his fight against yellow fever in Cuba, moved him in the case of this wretched and obscure pair of Indians in a forgotten corner of the world. To save the child from becoming a cripple, he had her kept in the barracks hospital for weeks, and there he grafted the skin of his own left arm upon the child's lacerated legs, doing the operation himself, with his right hand.

Many men of great achievement find rival claimants or tardy recognition of the honors they have so hardly won; but in the case of Walter Reed the Government and the public have delighted to do him honor. No question has ever been raised as to the work done by Walter Reed, and that great

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military hospital deservedly bears his name while the little weather-beaten cottage, near Gloucester, Virginia, which was his birthplace, is now being restored in honor to his memory.

Mrs. Walter Reed has a face that baffles and allures. It is full of a quizzical charm, untouched by sadness. The glory of the name she bears illuminates her whole being and eliminates all anxiety or regret; she devotes herself to her children and grandchildren, and to the beautiful garden her own hands have created, which surrounds her tiny bungalow at Blue Ridge Summit. All fragrant and colorful things respond to her touch, and recently a distinguished foreigner standing at sunset in the midst of her phlox and larkspur, poppies and bluebells, reverently crossed himself, a tribute which told her that her long hours of stooping in the hot sun had been well worth while.

With the name of Walter Reed, the name of William Crawford Gorgas comes to mind—for the men were co-workers and friends, rendering generous recognition to each other. Mrs. Gorgas has completed a biography of her distinguished husband, and I had the honor of attending the "birthday party" of the book. Mrs. David Du Bose Gaillard, of long experience in the Canal Zone when her husband was on the Canal Commission, was hostess for this occasion, standing "godmother" for the book, or "baby" as she termed it, and calling on Mrs. Gorgas as the "young mother" to

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respond to the toast; this the authoress did most gracefully, asking each guest to accept as a souvenir the first pages, advance prints, of the book. It was a distinguished and merry party, Mrs. William Howard Taft, wife of the Chief Justice, and Mme. Alfaro, wife of the Minister of Panama, being present, Mme. Tasmados, wife of the Greek Minister, and other equally charming guests.

Mrs. Gorgas is a delightful person socially, a woman of much culture and very gracious as a hostess. Her apartments are filled with tributes to her distinguished husband and trophies from strange lands; there she often sits alone enthroned among her precious relics, inspired by her more precious memories, and continues her literary labors all unconscious of what to others might be loneliness.

I had the privilege of attending a memorial meeting at the Pan American Building in honor of General Gorgas, when Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, made one of his always happy addresses, and handsome tributes from the South American diplomats were most enlightening. Such occasions in Washington are frequent and are never to be forgotten, when the representative people of the country assemble with the chosen envoys of foreign nations to acknowledge for the world, the work of a great American.

On a recent tour of Cuba and Panama it was my

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privilege to follow in the footsteps of Walter Reed and William Crawford Gorgas;—through these lonely lands where pestilence walked hand in hand with nature's lavish abundance, through the impenetrable jungles of fantastic palm and bamboo, through the black fever-infested water echoing the cries of strange beasts and birds, through the riotous vegetation, American courage and science have cut their way preparing for the canal; sanitation, drainage, engineering; utilizing kerosene and wire-screening—apparently simple expedients—which have safeguarded human life, conquered Yellow Fever, redeemed waste lands, created productive areas out of the pestilential swamp and bog, developed cities, and taught the masses of indolent tropical peoples the rudiments of hygiene, in order that George W. Goethals, with Theodore Roosevelt behind him, might carve Continents asunder and make a thoroughfare for all the world.

A modest man stands against my studio window, his hands in his pockets, and as he allows himself to be silhouetted, talks informally about the beginnings of the great Walter Reed Hospital. The silhouettist drags out of him the information that he was not inactive himself in the incipency of this great work. Dr. William Cline Borden was the leading operating surgeon of the Army, when Surgeon General Sternberg ordered him to duty in Washington as Commanding Officer of the United States Army Hospital located at the Washington

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Barracks. There Major Borden was to serve as operating surgeon and also to act as professor of Military Surgery at the Army Medical School.

After two years of this experience and observation, he saw the need of a more extended work and conceived the idea of a Medical Military Institute in the District of Columbia—a sort of Medical West Point, the principal units of which would be a large General Hospital for the Army, which could be readily enlarged in time of war; an Army Medical School; the Library of the Surgeon General (one of the three largest medical libraries in the world), and the great Army Medical Museum.

This was a wonderful dream, as the dream of Thomas Jefferson to see a classic group of University Buildings embrace the youth of his beloved Virginia. A dream that is slowly coming true, as the need arises which proves the wisdom of the inspiration.

From 1901, when he first thought out the scheme, to 1906, Dr. Borden devoted himself to the development of this idea, finding in Elihu Root, Secretary of War, a sympathizer who approved the idea and recommended to Congress an appropriation for the purchase of ground and the erection of the first building. Five years of intensive effort, of lobbying in Congress, of searching the environments of Washington for the tract of land suited to the purpose, when Congress should finally decide on the appropriation, and then—through an act of

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human kindness and a bit of professional skill, to run upon the thing he sought, to find the way opened unexpectedly—

There was an old negro door-keeper at the House of Representatives who had lost an arm in the Civil War, whom Major Borden observed in considerable suffering one day. It was an amputation above the elbow, probably done hurriedly after a battle, and at a time when there was no aseptic service. Dr. Borden diagnosed the case as one of inflammation, forming a tumor at the end of the nerve. He asked permission of the Surgeon General to operate on the man, which being granted he did without loss of time, taking the patient to the Army Hospital at the Washington Barracks. There the old man watched the work of the young surgeon with grateful admiration, and, having had a long experience with the law-makers of the land and made many observations at his daily post of door-keeper, he one day made a suggestion to Major Borden, as to how he might expedite the plan of his larger Military Medical Establishment; and on this tip, intelligently given and honestly executed, the first step was taken toward the present Walter Reed Hospital—the tract of land at the end of Sixteenth Street was secured, and the first appropriation of \$400,000 made by Congress.

Thus the first building of the Hospital was secured, to be followed by the Medical School which has been some time in operation; partial

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appropriations have been made for the transfer of the Library and Museum to the same locality, and Dr. Borden, hale and hearty, an upstanding, alert fellow in his early sixties, may by the grace of God be here to see the fulfilment of his vision. During the World War Lieutenant Colonel Borden returned to active service as Chief of the Surgical Service stationed at the Walter Reed, then accommodating three thousand patients.

It is appropriate that the name of Major William Cline Borden should be associated with that of Major Walter Reed in this way, for they were close friends, and prior to Major Reed's appointment in Cuba, were together at the Army Medical School in Washington, Borden as Professor of Military Surgery and Reed having the chair of Bacteriology.

It is the ancient honorable custom of our Army to name its Posts for the illustrious dead, among whom without a dissenting voice is numbered Walter Reed. His death in 1902 was a grief to the entire country which today points with pride to the splendid work done at the Hospital which bears his name; an institution to keep alive the thought of his gallant service, and to carry on in the interests of humanity as he and his colleagues did, throughout all the time.

A visit to this place can but make the frivolous more thoughtful, the thoughtful more thankful, and all men more generous. Here heroic example is seen on heroic example; and patience and forti-



"AL JENNINGS," EX-BANDIT AND TRAIN ROBBER

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tude have become the daily habits of adventurous young souls doomed to life-long inactivity, after their flaming brief experience in France.

What must be the lure of the outside world to them on these spring days, as they hobble about in the surrounding woods, where life holds high carnival in the tops of the trees, in the warmth of the earth, in the invisible nameless swarming life in the ground, in the air, in the hearts of men. Yet one is conscious of no self pity on their part, no disposition to grouch or to complain.

Nevertheless the tragic aftermath of war is too bitterly recorded in the broken bodies of boys still in the flush of youth and still after ten years condemned to helplessness, through no fault of their own but in the line of duty and the course of circumstance. The hysterical sympathy which followed immediately on the war has, fortunately, abated, and sick soldiers are no more the playthings of idle women; though accepting gladly and cheerfully the many efforts made for the alleviation of their loneliness and suffering. Washington never forgets them. Mrs. Coolidge never forgets them. The exhibitions of their arts and crafts work are always well attended and financially successful. But all of this is still inadequate.

As the days roll on into years and salvation seems no nearer; rehabilitation, vocational training, so much discussed, so enthusiastically attempted, touching only the fringe of the situation; life itself

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little more than a forlorn hope, the story becomes more and more dramatic. And beyond this, what is to be done? A pension, and an inactive life. Denied the means of doing a man's full work in the world, with no right to marry, no prospect of supporting a family, the miracle of their good humor goes to the visitor's heart. Without eyes, without legs, with silver plates in place of jaw-bones, with glass eyes, with artificial limbs, with their whole faces rebuilt by surgery, with nerves shattered, they laugh in the sunshine and smoke and gossip; they sit in their studios busy at wood-carving, at basketry, at the looms weaving beautiful rugs, making toys for children of other men, beading bags, designing jewelry for the wives of other men—with what thoughts as the accompaniment of their patient fingers, who shall say?

The Champ Clarks were an independent, vigorous group on whom the limelight fell unsparingly. As speaker of the House, he was socially serene and expansive. To her friends a warm-hearted and delightful person, Mrs. Champ Clark focused attention wherever she was, and at any luncheon, by the time the second course had been served, was entitled to recognition as the "Speaker" of that house, *pro tem*! Their daughter was lovely and unspoiled.

Mrs. Champ Clark had a little way of deliberately asking questions which puzzled her auditors,

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among whom the more literal answered with shocked solemnity. At one luncheon which dragged a little, and thereby provoked the amiable guest of honor to "start something" she led the conversation to Missouri. "I'm *from Missouri*," she announced, "and so is a man named Mark Twain—and by the way, he was given a University degree at a place called Oxford. Do any of you ladies know where Oxford is?" This she asked as ingenuously as a baby. Silence greeted the question, until finally a mild lady, with her eyes upon her plate, not daring to mention England, said she knew of a town in Mississippi called Oxford. "Do they give degrees there?" asked Mrs. Clark. In the cloak room after the party, women were staring inquiringly at each other and whispering, "Is it possible?" On another occasion as she sat at the head of the table beside her hostess she inaugurated a sort of little guessing game, which created a ripple and broke the ice. Looking the other guests shrewdly over, she assigned each one by name to a certain religious denomination, in most cases correctly,—“You, Mrs. Andrews, are an Episcopalian,” she stated. “Why do you think so, Mrs. Clark?” “Because you look like one,” she answered. The only woman she failed to place was the delightful, intellectual wife of John A. T. Hull, at the time member of Congress from Iowa. Mrs. Hull was that sort of an “agnostic” whose daily life witnessed to the ethics of Jesus of Naza-

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reth, and whose simple creed was the poor, dear forgotten old Golden Rule. The Hulls once rented my house for three years while we were abroad, and returned it improved in every way, and so clean one might have eaten off of the very floors of the cellar. Let posterity approve! Not a cobweb—not a scratch!

At the Club of Colonial Dames Mrs. Clark delivered an informal lecture under the comprehensive title, "Men, Manners and Morals, Past and Present." Her wide acquaintance among public men, her retentive memory and picturesque use of English, made this address a bird's-eye view of American customs and politics, and the hour was full of laughter and keenly enjoyed. In referring to one outstanding statesman of years gone by, whose constituents had failed him in a crisis but appealed to him later to exercise his influence to extricate them from some quandary, she quoted his pungent reply: "You let me fight the lion alone, you may now skin your own skunks." ✓

The man is fortunate who has at hand someone—a wife perhaps—who acts for him as out-post, and scrutinizes the signs of the times as regards himself and his work. If adroit, she can turn the current of his thoughts away from awkward situations, and this is as much her obligation as to mother his children or see that he is fed.

And so it was we came to create from the waste of the ancestral acres—a new home in the country.

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Our Vauxcluse was a royal grant to my mother's ancestor, Valentine Peyton, early in colonial times—he who hangs in the hall, in red velvet coat and lace frills. The fifty thousand acres was divided up, more than a hundred years ago, part of it sold to George Mason of Gunston Hall, and the old mansion and a goodly tract coming into possession of the Fairfaxes. Then demolished during the Civil War—and after lying neglected or a prey to "squatters" for forty odd years, bought by Mr. Andrews at my instigation.

For I could see what never dawned on him—that even in Washington, modern ideas of art were coming in, and that his academic standards were no longer wanted. That literary "genre"—the story-telling in pictorial art—with its minute detail, loving finish, and its often masterly treatment, had ceased to speak—and old Düsseldorf had served its time. There was a restlessness among his students, checked only by their affection for him from becoming open discontent. There crept a sort of patronizing tolerance into the manner of certain young cubs who in all their lives—should they live to be a hundred—would never *know* as much as he knew in a minute—and I—also of the younger generation—also in the bottom of my heart impatient of that rigid accuracy to which charm and quality were too often sacrificed—thrashed the matter out in my own mind to get him to resign before a hint to that effect was audible. How

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buoyantly he jumped at the suggestion of a year in Düsseldorf and Munich—how he bent his beautiful head over the plans for the new house—how ruddy and happy he looked on that June day in 1902 when our baby boy, still in kilts, laid the corner stone of the home in which he was to bring up his own children! And how gaily, on Mary Lord's sixth birthday, we all set sail across the sea!

For he still had constructive work to do—he busied himself with figuring how to pay for Vauxcluse out of his income. He snooped about in shops and *antiquitäten* to find additional furnishings for so large a place; and he planned the barns he would build, the horses he would buy, the pictures he would paint, in this new home, while the Sixteenth Street house would be rented until we needed it again. So the gap in his life closed over. He heard none of the critical comments, he never gave a thought to the man elected to succeed him, the ultra-opposite to himself in every conception—which was a good reaction for the students, tho' something of a slam! He never even knew of the under-current which had actually swept him out of the work he had created.

(The economic dependence of women is a situation to which the past ten years have brought merciful modifications. For this, since matrimony first existed, has been the estranging wedge that has driven man and wife apart, it has been the fly in the ointment of domestic peace; it, far more

than infidelity or cruelty or drunkenness, has created the thriving business of the divorce mills. No woman can long endure the man whom she must importune for money; neither can she respect herself, and in a short time neither does he respect her, so love flies out of the window. Married myself to a generous man, I learned this; such money as I had earned hitherto had been my own, to be as big a fool with as I pleased. It was a harrowing situation to be penniless; to be obliged to ask for money; and to state the uses to which it would be put. He got me lovely things, a carriage and pair of horses; oriental rugs; indeed he would buy handsome furs and Brussels laces with the greatest glee; but if I wanted fifty dollars to pay some poor devil's fine and keep him out of jail, my Imperial Potentate would say (perhaps with truth) that women were always sentimental over criminals—let him go on to jail and be taught how to behave himself.

Often I would get dreadful headaches, trying to figure out figures—scheming how to cheat him without cheating him, wondering if coaxing was honorable, calculating how much I could steal from the housekeeping money without being detected,—and when he would see the dark rings round my eyes he would jump at the conclusion that my own relatives had been obnoxious, and would threaten to carry me off somewhere, far, far away— And the next thing was the jingling of

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keys, his brisk steps on the stair, the popping of a cork and the burble of champagne.

"This is what you need" he would say—and with my soul in rags and the woes of the world on my back, I would say to myself—"Five dollars gone to glory!"

He had never been associated with really poor people.

There were women then who, apparently in affluence, borrowed cash from their milliners, and had it charged up to feathers. Women who paid each servant five or ten dollars less a month, than they were supposed to pay, and resorted to other soul-destroying expedients in order to have control over just a little money. Such a condition can hardly exist today—women will not stand for it. They will work, or quit—but they will not beg and wheedle and scheme and make concessions that are unspeakably humiliating—at least, I hope not; but I really do not know.

In my own case, I decided, much as I hated to do so, to strike for a reasonable allowance. His astonishment knew no bounds—he had never thought of that—such a simple and sensible arrangement, and how clever and original of me to think of it!

CHAPTER VII

WILFUL WOMEN OF WASHINGTON

OPINIONS differ as to the most beautiful woman in Washington. For graciousness, for loveliness of body and mind, many would vote for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Mrs. Robert Hinckley, the Roman matron type, has been a reigning beauty for many years, and holds her own with dignity. I saw her yesterday, she makes everyone else look negligible, her air has the hauteur of that old Maryland blood from which she springs. Mrs. Ridgeley, Kate Deering that was, is to me wonderfully handsome. My husband admired her slimness, her darkness, her perfect profile, her oriental richness, when she was a young art student. Mrs. Edward Terry Sanford, wife of the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, always lovely. And among the younger group, Madame Langlais, Ira Bennett's daughter—and Madame Lombard, the lovely Helen Carusi, to whom I awarded the prize at the first Jefferson ball, for the most picturesque costume—it really was not the costume, but Helen herself—and on the same occasion I introduced to her Captain Emanuel Lombard, of the French Embassy, my own escort, whom she married.

Among so many gifted ones, it would be even

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more difficult to say who is the most brilliant, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, scintillating daughter of a strenuous father; Mrs. Medill McCormick, daughter and wife of Senators—Washingtonians by adoption—and Mary Roberts Rinehart, pretty and friendly, of an astounding mental fecundity. How is it possible that in the mind back of those clear eyes are assembled such a heterogeneous company of ladies and gentlemen, butlers and burglars, cavaliers and crooks, debutantes and sub-debs, philanthropists and adventurers, detectives and detected, dogs and horses, birds and bats, clubs and keys, golf-sticks and guns, lucre and gore, wit and wickedness? My first meeting with her was on an ocean steamer long ago, our children all were little ones.

But if asked who is the most WILFUL woman in Washington the answer would be a chorus—Marguerite DuPont Lee—Mina Van Winkle and Rose Gouverneur Hoes fade into molly-coddles beside her!

Born a DuPont of Wilmington, Delaware, lineal descendant of that Prime Minister of Louis XVI, Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, who escaped the fate of his sovereign and established his house in this country, Marguerite assimilated gun-powder with her mother's milk. From early childhood she registered superlative wilfulness. Not always a reprehensible quality.

As a three-year-old baby, she was sentenced to

sit upon her father's knee until she would say "I'm sorry." There she sat, parent and offspring adamant. But a timely explosion at the plants called the father away—otherwise the pair would probably still be sitting together. On her father's return, exhausted, from the scene of the catastrophe, the resolute daughter of three met him with the observation "I didn't say I was sorry."

As the guardian of his brother's children, "Uncle Alfred" DuPont, her father's brother, made periodical inspections of his wards, remaining to dinner. Marguerite, aged fifteen, attracted his attention at table by declining cabbage. "Why don't you eat cabbage, Marguerite?"

"Because I don't like it, Uncle."

"Are there other vegetables you don't like?"

"Yes. Spinach — turnips — carrots — onions — squash—"

Again the same week, Uncle came to dinner. This being unusual did not escape his niece. She smelled a rat. And dinner was no sooner in progress than she discovered a frame-up for her own discipline. The waitress passed "the rounds" of vegetables—Marguerite without batting an eyelash, served herself liberally to cabbage, spinach, turnips, carrots, onions and squash. Twice.

I was present at a luncheon at her home on New Hampshire Avenue in the early years of her life as Mrs. Cazenove Lee of Virginia, when a telegram was handed her. "May I glance at it?" she asked.



*Marguerite
DuPont Lee*

*Martha Thompson
Andrews - 1911*

MARGUERITE DUPONT LEE

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She opened it, and folded it again without the slightest change of countenance, put it under her wine glass and through the long formal meal, was the gracious and thoughtful hostess. It announced the sudden death of a favorite brother.

She did all of her inherited jewelry into a neat parcel and with her own hands put it into her own furnace, safe forever from the ridicule of iconoclastic younger generations.

For years this woman has been a great philanthropist in Washington, in public and in private. She has built and established settlements, kindergartens, gymnasiums, clinics, cooking schools. She has put young artists on their feet. I first met her at an exhibition of my own water-colors, when I was a little student—I watched her studying the poor little daubs, saw her buy one—though I was nothing to her, and the thing was worthless—she tells me her son Cazenove Lee still has it! She has been the restorer of shabby old churches, the inspiration of their priests, the patron of impecunious preachers, the scourge of fashionable ecclesiastics. She claims to have as much right to criticise a Bishop as an ashman. She has been the undaunted friend of the working girl, and the anonymous Lady Bountiful through whom many of the otherwise submerged have managed to float or swim ashore. She has tided others over difficulties with attacks upon her check-book, and enabled still others less competent or less healthy to settle down

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in peace and throw dull care away, in view of the nice little annuities her agents are instructed to pay them.

Now in ill-health she lives in comparative retirement, her eye like the rain of the Scriptures, falling upon the just and the unjust. Her pen, mightier than the sword of her doughty ancestors; woe betide the luckless friend who in a spasm of youthful vanity dons a too-highly colored complexion, or the preacher who in a temporary aberration of energy, digs down into the sermon barrel and fishes out a screed of by-gone years! The great eternal verities may be unchangeable, but Marguerite will write him a few lines, reminding him that he is in the zenith of his intellectual powers, and receiving a handsome salary; that a few references to current crimes will not camouflage an ancient document, and, giving him the date on which she heard this homily before, suggest that two sermons a week are expected of him by those of his hearers who pay any attention whatsoever to what he says.

Marguerite DuPont Lee has been for years a familiar figure in Washington. Once she dressed like the rest of us, lived in connubial bondage, had visiting-cards and visiting lists and a carriage; went to parties and gave parties. I think she wore gloves—long white ones—but I will verify this when I read her these few kind words. (She says she did: in those unregenerate days.)

But of late years, however fashions varied, she

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pinned her faith to a Knox sailor, pinning that with an obsolete hat-pin to her knot. I think the factories have been obliged to continue making the sailors and the hat-pins to her special order. She used tailored shirt-waists, of the Charles Dana Gibson period, with four-in-hand ties and stiff collars. A gored cloth skirt of the most expensive material, and ample fullness. Like Robert Louis Stevenson she refuses to wear gloves except when her hands are cold, and astonishes the natives with a gorgeous display of rings. She is one of the largest buyers of flowers and of books in the Capital, and these she distributes like manna in the wilderness among such of her friends as cannot often buy luxuries.

For the past twenty-five years, while Clifford K. Berryman has been doing the cartoons for the Evening Star, and moulding public opinion with his genial spirit and friendly wit, and Janet Richards lecturing on Current Events, Marie Moore Forrest has been stimulating religious and patriotic sentiment with one great pageant after another. Usually she writes and schemes the things she produces; but as Director, she does for others the best possible work, and whoever the author may be, Bess Schreiner or Marietta M., if she directs the drama, it goes with a bang.

Political, civic and religious organizations call upon her, and her artistic ability is fairly matched by her physical strength and bigness of heart. On one occasion when Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes and I

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were returning from an event at the Arts Club with Mrs. Forrest, she on the front seat at the wheel, we two on the back seat, Mrs. Hoes inquired of me something relative to a proposed house of correction, then under discussion as seeking a location. In reply to the question, "What is the character of the proposition?" I said I thought it was intended to be a refuge for "fallen women." Mrs. Forrest, from the driver's seat, swung herself round to face us. "Fallen women?" she repeated, furiously, "who said fallen women? who are fallen women? where are fallen women? Show me a fallen woman! *There ain't no such animal!*"

With a most distinguished lineage and background, Mrs. Forrest is splendidly democratic, and in her dramatic work she draws no line of race, creed or color. She drills the colored choruses, she teaches in the Catholic convents, she works from morning until night, full tilt, for everybody. She is a very great woman, and one of the powerful personalities of the National Capital. When I see her rehearse nine hundred people, as she did for my "Cross Triumphant," I can compare her to nothing except an old Roman chariot driver, playing the reins over his eight horses. She gathers the personnel as no other mortal can, from every element of Washington life, and all obey her.

From the time of her imprisonment in England as a very young girl in the cause of Suffrage, Alice Paul has been an unusual and interesting figure in

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the world of women. Born of a Quaker family in Morristown, New Jersey, where her family still live, she has retained the modest qualities of her Quaker ancestry. She abhors smoking and drinking among women, is conservative in matters of dress and deportment, but willing to die in the cause of women, and an extremist only in this one thing, equality for women.

When criticized some years ago for not using the United States Flag at the head of her great demonstrations for Suffrage, she announced that the object of the Parade was a protest against unjust discrimination; that women were not yet citizens of the United States, and that when they were, they would be good citizens and proud to bear the colors.

She is artistic, has a fine sense of color, loves and knows good music. She enjoys flowers and jewels and pretty clothes as a child enjoys a toy.

In the autumn of 1920 I happened to read an Associated Press article in the Washington Evening Star from Macon, Georgia, in which the Georgia Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage were reported to have expressed themselves as follows:—"to defeat these iniquitous schemes of Alice Paul and her crowd, who intend to destroy the home life and moral uplift for which Christianity has been struggling for 2000 years."

The Atlanta Constitution of November 3, 1920,

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published a letter over my signature, from which I may quote:

"If the women of Georgia knew Alice Paul, they would be astonished, and those responsible for the above expression would wish to retract such words. Alice Paul is something of a fanatic, if devotion—absolute devotion—to a cause, is fanaticism; but so are all reformers. Alice Paul is the sort of ethereal, inspired-looking little girl that a motherly older person wants to take home to feed upon eggs and cream indefinitely. . . . She has great thoughtful eyes with the expression in them of hunger for better things than are the share of her own generation. One may say that the type pictured as Joan of Arc is precisely the type of this woman—this little Alice Paul. . . . Ten years from today, there will be as many happy homes, as many satisfactory marriages, as many beautiful babies, in Georgia as there were ten years ago. . . . The extravagances and freakishness of the Suffrage movement will have died away, and the good results will be permanent. Wait and see."

One of the world's great mothers was Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, always doing her utmost to help. Living in Alexandria, but much in evidence in the national Capital and contributing her great ability and experience to the betterment of civic conditions everywhere. A woman with a genius for

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maternity—for the mothering of lost souls, the greatest form of mother love. There has not been a more striking woman in our generation than Dr. Kate Waller Barrett. There must be perspective to see such a life in its true proportion.

A Virginia girl of a fine old family, born just prior to the Civil War, married at the age of eighteen to a young Episcopal clergyman, knowing all the hardships and deprivations of her class in that second decade after the devastating internal strife which laid our section of the country waste, bearing six children, and sharing her husband's labors during twenty years of married life, Doctor Barrett began her public work only after her widowhood.

She was in the prime of womanhood, and beautiful, when I first knew her in Alexandria, then braving the straight-laced conservatism of her class, in undertaking the management of the Florence Crittenden Rescue work for wayward girls. How she was reviled by the nice old maids, who busied themselves making cheesecloth nightshirts for soldiers in Cuba, battering their small brains against the mystery of sex, so alluring, so disconcerting, as they stitched away the precious hours upon absurd garments no soldier under heaven would ever have been fool enough to wear!

Doctor Barrett had prepared herself for some efficient civic work by going through the Florence Nightingale School of Nursing at St. Thomas

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Hospital in London (founded by Florence Nightingale with the money the English people raised as a tribute to her) and later by taking her degree as a Doctor of Medicine at the University of Georgia. Imagine a Southern aristocrat of her generation, a widow, the mother of six children, being so daring! It was phenomenal—unprecedented!

In the cause of delinquent children, in the war against the White Slave Traffic, in the Investigations of Alien Women, conducted in Europe, Doctor Barrett served the United States Government on some important commissions, while as a member of the Commission on Training Camp Activities during the World War, she exhibited astonishing astuteness and audacity with an unconquerable sense of righteousness. She was Delegate from the United States to the Peace Conference at Zurich in 1919, and at the same time Special Representative of the Bureau of Immigration for the United States in Europe. And through all these distinguished services, brought up a family of sons and daughters at home in Alexandria, Virginia, though all children were her children and the world was her home.

Her lovely face rises before me—cameo-like, in contour, fresh in color, loving in expression, set off by the black dress and spotless white collar and cuffs, her widow's garb. She was what we call "paintable"—and someone capable of it, should paint her, as she has been described to me, on one

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of her missionary ventures in behalf of wayward girls. It is said that she visited a brothel, begging the proprietress to let her interview the inmates. The woman declared the girls did not wish to see her, but Doctor Barrett insisting, finally called them in. Waiting there in the gaudy place, hope in her heart, Doctor Barrett raised her eyes to see the room fill with naked girls. That was the cruel response to her appeal. She dropped on her knees, and with streaming tears, prayed aloud to their Father in Heaven for these His children. There is the picture. The up-turned face of this mother of souls, her black garb, a foil for the wall of luminous flesh surrounding her—a marvelously beautiful composition for some colorist like Hans Mackart—not too much the materialist—such a subject demands an idealist; yet must be done with a masterly hand, a sure touch, and painter-like. It could be vulgar done by any but a master. It must not be bungled. That is why I never attempted it. But for thirty years—ever since I first heard the tale (which may be a fairy tale) I have seen the masterpiece, waiting for the master's hand.

Shortly after the Armistice I heard her address The Catholic Girls' Club with sound good sense, urging the girls to marry the returning soldiers, and resign the salaried jobs, which patriotism no longer required them to fill, that the men might find work and wives. It is a pity the girls did not see the point, or have the unselfishness to go back

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to the small towns they came from. The problems of the disabled and unemployed Service Men would have been easier to solve—but the “War Worker” had had a taste of the big city, of money of her own, of freedom from parental restraint.

Doctor Barrett was a storm-center in Richmond after the World War, and brought to light some sensational facts bearing upon the matter she had always at heart—the protection of girls.

The method by which illegal traffic was exposed, was very simple, as explained by her. Secret Service men, wearing military uniforms, registered as guests at hotels; plain-clothes-men concealing themselves in the closets of the rooms. In his room, the supposed “soldier” rings for water. The bell-boy answers, and suggests liquor. The “soldier” asks the price? “Thirteen dollars a quart.” The bell-boy then suggests a lady. The “soldier” again asks the price. “Fifty cents.” The Secret Service man in the closet a witness to the conversation. Doctor Barrett, present during the trial of these boys, insisted upon remaining when young girls were put on the witness stand, though the counsel asked that the Court be cleared. The Judge ruled that by right of her position on the Virginia State Board of Hygiene, Doctor Barrett was entitled to remain. She saw the matter through to the finish. And in her public addresses afterwards, she brought out the facts without fear or favor. As presented by her, sin is a disease, to be fought like smallpox,

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or any other destructive force. She went directly to the point. No one in her presence, could think an impure thought; the salacious suggestion did not exist.

Had the ladies who made the cheesecloth night-shirts for soldiers seen more of Doctor Barrett and less of each other, their minds would have undergone a purifying process which would have surprised even themselves. Her appearance alone was sufficient to attract and to soften the most hardened saint or sinner.

At the Democratic Convention, in June, 1924, Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, as active in politics as in philanthropy, made an eloquent speech, nominating Carter Glass of Virginia for President. This must have been her last public appearance.

Many a broken law she defended, many a broken life she reconstructed; a great lady, a great democrat, a rare woman, a staunch patriot, a friend of the friendless, her sound intelligence and sweet compelling voice, through many precious years, turned the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

Did you ever hear of Janet Richards? or better still, hear her? That amazing woman who drags us from our homes at half past ten on Monday to her lectures, the hour when every small housekeeper is occupied—there is laundry to be got out, and marketing to make good the ravages of the weekend, and the odds and ends to be gathered up after



DR. KATE WALLER BARRETT

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Saturday and Sunday; for among the twelve hundred disciples of Janet, there are only a small percentage who can boast of a lady's maid and housekeepers, and who are themselves unacquainted with the details of their own establishments. Yet in four great cities every week, this sisterhood assembles to sit at Janet's feet, and—I suppose she would expect me to say—learn wisdom! It is by a process of mental pre-digestion that she, after the method of the mother bird, regurgitates the news of the world, the shifting geographical boundary lines of Europe, the personality of political leaders, the Tea-pot Dome or any current political scandal, the Ku Klux Klan, Mussolini, Italy, Russia, Number 10 Downing Street, it makes little difference who, what, when, or where. She enables us to save our gray matter—blessings on her—at the expense of her own!—and to preserve our complexions, which might without her become “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought!” In his last appearance on Janet Richards’ platform, M. Jusserand, speaking unofficially, touched upon the delicate subject of the French War Debt to the United States. He but laid bare the heart of a man of honor, in acknowledging an obligation which he seemed sure his country would cancel in time; sentiments unfortunately misunderstood for the moment, misrepresented in press and public, creating a passing criticism. In attributing to the nation he represented his own ethical standards, it seems that he

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paid a great tribute to his Government. Only a short time before this incident, which happily caused only a flutter of interest and was soon gathered to Yesterday's seven thousand years, he had bestowed upon Janet, in the name of his Government, the beautiful "Reconnaissance Française" in recognition, so he said, "of her signal services to the cause of France in the United States, by her numerous addresses on foreign political questions." Honor to whom honor was due. She lends to all good things in Washington her valuable support; she is unaffected, unbiased, clear-headed and fearless; easy to look at and easy to love; one of the outstanding personalities of Washington.

An equally gracious bestowal by Ambassador Jusserand in the name of his Government, and equally deserved, was the presentation to Mrs. James Carroll Frazer of the Medal of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, because of her activities in aid of devastated France. This public-spirited woman wields large social power through her distinguished lineage, her handsome fortune and her executive ability. She mothered the Navy League in its tremendous effectiveness during the War, and after the War she began the movement, now an established success, of making Belleau Wood a Memorial, a sacred possession of the United States, in the very heart of France.

I knew Mrs. Frazer first when we both were young art students at Shinnecock Hills, under Wil-

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liam M. Chase. She was Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, her mother a Pendleton of Virginia. She lived on Sixteenth Street a few doors north of Scott Circle, as I am one door south, for many years, but has recently built a new home further out. Mrs. Frazer was the Chairman for my religious pageant "The Cross Triumphant," which was produced by her friend and mine, Marie Moore Forrest at the National Cathedral in May 1922, and has been given in several cities since then. My first reading of this manuscript took place at the British Embassy, on the invitation to me of Lady Geddes, wife of the Ambassador Sir Auckland Geddes, who was one of the sponsors.

Mrs. Frazer took the part of Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, mother of Richard Coeur de Lion, in the big scene of the Crusades, in costume, truly royal: I hand her down in this silhouette to posterity. To my own posterity, in case this manuscript goes no further! Until the last moment we hoped that General Pershing would take the part of Richard; he would have been very beautiful in it, though it would have taxed the powers of our make-up man to have arranged a chronological situation by which the great soldier might have appeared to be the son of the great lady many years his junior.

General Pershing, however, was cordially interested in this pageant, which was sponsored by four Bishops, and many distinguished men and women;

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he sat through it in company with Mary Roberts Rinehart, and later in the box of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

For some thirty-five years Mrs. Julian-James played "Lady Bountiful" to Washington. Early widowed and childless, with large means at her command, it was in her power to do great good.

The Right Reverend Henry Yates Satterlee, first Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Washington, loved to tell the tale of the very beginnings of the great National Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, now slowly rising over the city, and illuminated each night until its outline cuts the velvety sky a gothic silhouette of light on darkness. It seems that, trusting in God that the way would be made plain, the Bishop had bought the land without having in sight the funds with which to pay for it. The mortgage upon it was heavy, and in spite of his faith, there were times when he felt more than anxious. One night, the pressure of this responsibility kept him awake, but with the morning came the mail, and the first letter opened contained Mrs. Julian-James' check for \$50,000.

Her next large gift to the church was "The House of Mercy," a home for wayward girls, directly under the protection of the Diocese of Washington and perhaps the most distinguished charity in the city from a social standpoint, the Board being composed of women of much prestige.

At some personal sacrifice Mrs. Julian-James

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invested \$100,000 to create this home, now handsomely endowed by other bequests.

Socially Mrs. Julian-James was one of the most active women in Washington.

One Valentine's Day, she entertained at a wonderful "Dove" dinner—for which she asked me to write a valentine! As the list of guests included the most formidable dowagers in Washington, this was rather a ticklish matter, but I did my best—angels can do no more! I may not have been the baby of the party—but beyond all manner of doubt I was the pauper. When I look back on the occasion—the great silver Cupid in the center of the table, my valentine under his arm—the statuette retainers in plum-colored liveries—the paralysing perfection of the pompadours and complexions, to say nothing of the gorgeous gowns and the aggregate wealth their widowed wearers represented, I wonder where I got the courage to take those names in vain!

Mrs. Julian-James at the head of her hospitable table looked more than ever like Martha Washington; dressed very modestly, a short, plump little person with a high little bosom that almost tickled her chin. Her gowns were never low, and during the day she always wore a tulle "Dickie" through which, like a spark of some unruly, smouldering fire, a burning opal winked at the world from the safe haven between her little breasts. Well corseted and elegantly clad, she was radiant this evening,

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with Mrs. John Hay at her right hand as honor guest. At a certain point, their Highnesses, each very circumspect as such important people must be, afraid to relax a muscle or make the slightest advance toward a neighbor, saw their gentle hostess arise, and announce that Miss Mabel Boardman would read a valentine which Mrs. Andrews had prepared for the occasion.

As each name was tenderly touched upon, the guilty author studied the subject's face. Mrs. John Hay was lovely in her serene dark beauty. I think this was one of her last appearances in society. She died not very many weeks later.

A VALENTINE WRITTEN FOR MRS. JULIAN-JAMES

The Twentieth Century bard avers
There are no belles like dowagers!
That little blushing debutantes
Can ill compete with stately aunts!
That Dames, with heads as white as snow
May gaily trip the light tango,
Or waltz the wee, sma' hours through
As by-gone grandmas didn't do.
Though heads grow gray, hearts grow not cold,
Though years may flit, we grow not old,
But here, tonight, we build a shrine
In honor of Saint Valentine,
And Cupid counts the graces o'er,
Of these fair Dames, a score or more.

Memory may well bring back today
The Poems of our great John Hay,
Since she who, sitting by the fire

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His tenderest tributes did inspire,
Is with us here—dear *Mistress Hay*
Time steals no charm from her away!

So Cupid, trembling by our side,
Views all this company with pride,
And well may he assert his claims
To such a cheek as *Mistrèss James'*,
Or kiss, with a resounding smack,
Your dainty hand, *Mistress Mimmack*,
Or your *sweet daughter's*—spinster still,
But spinster by her own sweet will!
Nor need Love tremble in his shoes
At China's Rose—dear *Mistress Hoes*,
For see, she yields with modest grace
To his young passionate embrace.
He taps at *Mistress Hammond's* door,
A way well known to him before,
Begs *Mistress Jewett* and *Miss Gwynn*
Open their hearts and let him in.
By *Mistress Richardson* takes place,
Gazes in *Mistress Merrill's* face,
(Poor little Love! His eyes to bind
Would be most cruel and unkind)
Pondering awhile, the little chap
Next sits in *Mistress Spencer's* lap—
And who—accursed of the Fates
Would turn him out? Not *Mistress Bates*—
Not *Mistress Bayard*—for the sprite
Holds all of us in thrall tonight.
See *Mistress Wadsworth* in despair
Move restlessly upon her chair,
Fearing lest her he fail to see,
While *Mistress Thompson* graciously
Makes room for Cupid near her plate

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And pats his pretty curly pate.
With *Mistress Pitney's* scarf he toys,
This most impertinent of small boys,
Saluting *Mistress Wetmore*, later
Perches quite close to *Mistress Slater*,
At *Mistress Randolph's* knee he stands,
Caressing her with dimpled hands,
Knowing at home her cupids lie,
Safe in the land o' Hush-a-bye.
And now by *Mistress Elkins' chair*
He thoughtful waits, with questioning air,
As though to say, "No Fair I see,
To trip a Tango here with me"!
And last, he hopes *Miss Boardman's* eye
Will pass his imperfections by,
Binds her Red Cross on him tonight,
And adds his arrows to her fight!
He begs that we within these halls,
On whom tonight his accent falls,
May hear him, heed him, give him place,
Receive him with as kindly grace,
As makes our Hostess' face so bright,
On this, St. Valentine's own night!

When the evangelist, Billy Sunday, was in Washington, the exclusive element hesitating to hit the sawdust trail with the hoi-polloi, but full of curiosity to see this much-talked-of man, arranged for private prayer meetings in fashionable houses, when hostesses invited their visiting list to share in the spiritual benefit.

Mrs. Julian-James asked us to come to her house early, so as to prepare ourselves by a half-hour of

silent prayer, for the anticipated spiritual uplift. Obediently we came, gingerly lowering ourselves upon our knees, covering our eyes with our fingers, lattice-wise, and while "praying," peeping, to see who else was there "praying" even as we were! Finally the evangelist entered attended by Ma Sunday and his hymn-singing companion. He cast a searching glance over the company, his blue eyes keen as gimlets boring through the crust of many years to the blood-red indiscretions of earlier days, seeing through ermine and sable to the very vaccination marks of body and soul—then suddenly an accusing finger swirling as though from a pivot, was levelled at every corner of the room and out into the crowded hall.

"What's your idea of life? Why are you chasing to Carlsbad and Nauheim and Bermuda? What's the doctor at your bed for every morning, holding your hand, telling you your wishes should be anticipated, assuring you that you are thinking of everything and everybody but yourself? Over-dressed, over-fed, over-pampered! Why have you got better women breaking their backs over you, massaging your flabby carcasses? I'll tell you why—you are fighting to keep out o' your *coffins*—you don't want to git into that coffin—do you? Well, you're goin' to git into that coffin! and you better quit your flim-flamming, and make your peace with *God*!

"If you were as anxious to keep out o' Hell-fire

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as you are to keep out o' them coffins, it wouldn't take you long to make your peace with *God!*"` (I did not mind it so much, I felt sure he did not mean *me.*)

It was never in my power to reciprocate attentions of powerful persons in kind; I had not the money; yet sometimes superior beings, forgetful of their daily ambrosia and sphinx-like flunkies have sat under the grapevine on my big porch in Virginia, tolerant even of paper napkins as they devoured succotash and cornbread with human relish! It is thus that I love to remember Mrs. Julian-James one mid-summer day when she, with Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes, and a group of friends sat at Vauxcluse looking across the valley to the purple rim of the Virginia hills.

As one memory suggests another, this Valentine party of Mrs. Julian-James calls to mind another, many years later, at which Mrs. Louis Pennington entertained in honor of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Again were assembled the representative group of great ladies of Washington, in that comfortable old mid-Victorian Dunlop house in Georgetown, where for some years the Penningtons have dispensed a gracious hospitality. The vision of the dining-room will never be forgotten—the great table set for eighteen, its mahogany surface gleaming through rare lace, and low bowls of white lilac, silver bowls, with priceless bits of old pink Spode dotting the spaces between—true museum

pieces. Each chair was a reminder of the day, for upon its back, tied with broad bands of golden ribbon, was a large rose-colored satin heart which completely covered the back, and pinned to the heart a corsage bouquet of exquisite orchids, well-known to be the favorite flowers of Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Pennington had searched the world for these orchids, a new and rare hybrid, pale shades of cream and brown melting into lilac, purple, mauve—such stuff, truly, as dreams are made of. Whether by intention or accident, Mrs. Wilson wore a snug little bonnet of pale violets, so becoming that I got all my forks confused, and found myself at the end of the luncheon with everything I should have had, gone, and all the implements that should have been gone, still beside me; the imperishable memory, however, of that flower-like face and those friendly eyes shining at the world from under the protection of their helmet of violets, is a permanent possession.

As an evidence that eighteen middle-aged women can love each other, small water-colors of naked blue-winged Cupids were the place-cards, and all eighteen of us departed with our great glowing hearts upon our sleeves and our little naked Loves in our hands. Within our hearts very pleasant sensations, which none of us would have exchanged for “that unrest which men miscall Delight”—

And speaking of flowers, would it not be the basest ingratitude to forget Martha Codman’s days



JANET RICHARDS, LECTURER

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at home in early spring? She sent out cards for two days within the week, that her friends might see her Dutch roof-garden, and have a cup of tea. There on top of the world of Washington from her stately mansion on Decatur Place, one stood in a formal garden of blossoming bulbs, such hyacinths, tulips, jonquils and narcissi as belong to the green acres along the Zuyder Zee filling the eyes with color, as over the roofs and the bare tree-tops of Washington, through the mist or sunshine, the vision swept to the river and the Virginia hills beyond.

Conversation was impossible; tea was superfluous; one was indifferent to the heirlooms which crowded the halls and drawing-rooms. Martha Codman invented something, in that box-enclosed roof-garden, which Washington loved and enjoyed for many seasons.

Bishop Satterlee was as handsome a man as one would meet in a day's journey. His wife and daughter beautiful women who graced the life of Washington for many happy years. They too, in their own elegant and conservative way, were among the wilful, for they had minds of their own and could never be beguiled into any compromise, though the position of a Bishop is not unlike that of a politician: the women of his family are under the same sort of compulsion to include the constituency of the diocese as Senators' and Congressmen's wives the constituency of their states and

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districts. Eternal tact and indefatigable kindness marked the attitude of these two ladies toward Washington, and every afternoon the mother in one equipage and the daughter in another, each with a long list of calls to be returned, went their separate rounds. Time never permitted them to go together, for the week's work had to be done. This really was wonderful of them; they left no cards by footmen, they went into people's homes in person. That acts of Christian considerateness are daily performed in the round of social obligation is a feature of social life often overlooked. Mrs. Satterlee and her daughter Constance are remembered lovingly in Washington by many persons living quietly in unfashionable streets, to whom they paid the same courtesy expected by the dwellers in palaces, the millionaires who had it in their power to further the work of the Church financially, as others were only able to do in personal service.

This silhouette of Bishop Satterlee is not cut from life, but from my portrait of him in the Board room of the Episcopal Hospital, one of his favorite philanthropies.

Through the generosity of many friends of the National Cathedral, the dream of three fine men, our Bishops, is slowly coming true, for it has become the dream of the nation. The hopes of three Bishops have centered in it; the bodies of two of them, and all that is mortal of Woodrow Wilson, rest in it, lending it even in its incompleteness,

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a dignity approaching that of Westminster Abbey.

The most picturesque spectacle ever witnessed in Washington is the Open-air Service, conducted there within the Cathedral Close on all fair Sunday afternoons. There from the wooded hill-tops one overlooks the city, its many towers and spires shining in the afternoon light, the monument in uncompromising purity cleaving the sky, and the people of the Capital assembling, all sorts and conditions of men, for worship.

During the episcopate of Bishop Satterlee and of my dear friend, his successor, Bishop Harding, than whom a greater saint never trod this earth, the Peace Cross served as a pulpit, from which such a handsome figure as that of Dean Bratenahl as officiating priest, completed a picture never to be forgotten. To a painter, the assembling of the congregation was a great pageant of color and poetry, the hats and parasols of women, the white frocks and gay ribbons of children, the greetings between friends as they stood around in colorful little groups before taking their camp chairs and seating themselves on the grass for service. Since the present Bishop has occupied the office the increase in attendance has so multiplied that another place has been chosen and an adequate seating capacity provided for thousands. But none of the charm is lost. Bishop Freeman's talks are radioed all over, and carpenters and bricklayers in Virginia discuss his words as I have heard them do, on Mon-

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day mornings at their work. How much further his words are broadcast, who shall say?

Still for these services, as in the earlier days, the choir forms in St. Albans church, and marches across the velvety lawns, the purple cassocks and white cottas of the choristers harmonizing with the green background, and the glint of afternoon light on the brass of the wind instruments lending the touch of gold to complete the color scheme.

Happy thoughts possess the minds of those who find themselves part of the vast throng, drawn to this spot by a common impulse—sensing the Glory of God in Nature, while one wiser than themselves opens before them the everlasting word.

I love ecclesiastic art; the faultless phrases of the ritual; stained glass; great organs; I love the dim solemnity of ancient Gothic walls; but none of these things are essential to worship.

In the open-air services at our Cathedral another mood asserts itself; the soul responds to the union of physical and spiritual beauty, as the soul of Beethoven in that great "Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur," The Glory of God in Nature. The love of God and the joy of life record themselves in utterly unreasonable inexplicable tears! The drama of man's poor persistent effort to understand, his futile striving to be good, his loyal purpose toward confession, thanksgiving and praise! These emotions grip the hearts of the worshippers, out there under the trees!

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Among the old Washingtonians whose heirlooms and family portraits are of great value, were the Samuel L. Gouverneurs. Mr. Gouverneur, as the grandson of James Monroe, inherited rare documents, furniture and pictures identified with a stirring period of American History.

Like the Lawrence Washingtons, whose home is on Capitol Hill near the Congressional Library, where Mr. Washington was once employed, they have a fortune in autographed letters alone, but nothing could ever induce either family to sell a page!

Samuel Gouverneur had spent many years in China, as American Consul, and added to the Monroe relics were curios from the Orient until the little home on Rhode Island Avenue, just off Sixteenth Street, where they were my near neighbors, was in itself a small museum.

Among the representative women of Washington groups of three sisters seem the fashion. The Gouverneur sisters formed such a trio. Maude, Ruth and Rose.

Whenever any difficult undertaking is projected in Washington, the first step is to enlist Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes.

She is an authority upon the facts of the Louisiana Purchase and the Monroe Doctrine, having in her possession such genuine letters from Jefferson, Madison, and other great statesmen of Monroe's day as make her peculiarly conversant

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with delicate situations. She edited her mother's reminiscences under the title "As I Remember," a book full of interesting glimpses of early Washington days, and she has contributed to various standard magazines.

Mrs. Hoes "stumped" the State of Maryland for the League of Nations and was sent all over the country on a speaking tour for John W. Davis by the Washington Democratic Committee, 1924.

Another trio of sisters well known in Washington for many years, are the grand-daughters of Edward Everett, to whom Miss Pamela Cunningham, an invalid, appealed in behalf of Mount Vernon, and whose eloquence all over the country inaugurated the work of purchasing and preserving the home of George Washington. These were the Misses Wise, of whom two were great beauties; and one, in particular, true to her patronymic, truly *wise*, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins.

She has lived so long on Dupont Circle that she is counted an old Washingtonian; her life during these years has been a brilliant one, rich in results for the good of others, a life one may without flattery or exaggeration, call consecrated. She has shown great qualities of leadership, and complete fearlessness in driving home to the conscience of Washington, the varying needs of the poor.

Her husband, a rare gentleman of the old school and a man of scholarly attainments, was a son of

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Mark Hopkins, former President of Williams College, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Archibald Hopkins is a successful philanthropist, as the Washington Home for Incurables attests. She makes a telling speech, never referring to herself, but stating her case with brevity, clearness and force. Her influence is not due to her social position, which is of the highest, but to her unquestioned desire to be of service. Sometimes it is the subtlety and fineness of the hand which indexes character; this even when the countenance guards its secrets. Sometimes it is the feet that tell the tale. The feet of Mrs. Archibald Hopkins are the symbols of spiritual confidence and power; for to be uncompromising, progressive, is to be endowed with spiritual power. Mrs. Hopkins has an unusual tread, on a forward-going pair of feet which know no retrogression.

In sight of Mrs. Hopkins' house lives Mabel Boardman, and during the War Mrs. Hopkins was heard to remark on Miss Boardman's unfailing regularity—"It is half-past eight o'clock—for there goes Mabel Boardman down to the Red Cross Headquarters!"

Mabel Boardman is also one of three sisters. As everybody knows she has been the Director of the District of Columbia Chapter of the American Red Cross, and Secretary of the Central Committee for years and it must be a source of deep joy to her as it is of pride to her friends to see her name identi-

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fied around the world with all noble relief—in lightning and tempest, in battle, in murder and sudden death, the Red Cross does its redeeming work. Wheresoever the grim enemies of human happiness may stalk, Mabel Boardman's helping hand is felt, her name is heard. Though she is a Republican, Woodrow Wilson paid her the great tribute of appointing her one of the Commissioners of the District.

I believe nowhere in the world can so unusual a group of women be found, in a radius of a few hundred feet, as in the locality of Dupont Circle and Scott Circle, Washington, D. C.

One of the first artists I met in Washington after my marriage was Mrs. A. C. Barney, born Alice Pike of Cincinnati, Ohio, married to Clifford Barney of Dayton, Ohio, old acquaintances of my husband.

I unhesitatingly say that for real unextinguishable, God-given genius, Mrs. Barney has easily out-ranked them all. The fact that she has always been wealthy has not crippled her genius—she has painted—in any medium—as other people breathe! Without effort, without drudgery, for the pure joy of it; and like William Shakespeare and Gustav Doré, has known without having been taught. She has been called upon for service in social, philanthropic, and civic undertakings in the Capital, and taken the lead in all artistic enterprises.

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Whether painting brilliant portraits in oil or pastel, or staging spectacular pageant, slamming color, rhythm and music together, Mrs. Barney is always amazing. The historic episodes of her pageants may be correct or incorrect—nobody cares—the thought, the passion, the force of her message, goes over with a bang. The power placed in her hands by wealth and genius has been generously utilized to further the destinies of many strugglers.

Her many travels, the several unique establishments she maintains in Washington, Paris, Hollywood and elsewhere, make it practicable for her to know and entertain celebrities; and all great artists visiting Washington pay their respects to her. She is generous in enabling less important persons to meet these stars; the last time many of us saw Sarah Bernhardt was on that memorable occasion in 1916 when she was with Mrs. Barney.

The studio, which is the top floor of her strange house on Sheridan Circle, was filled with the élite of Washington. That day the lights were dim; Mrs. Barney knows how to make us all look our best; the lighting of her rooms lends a touch of mystery to the most prosaic—age looks young, while youth takes on just enough of dignity to be interesting; unbecoming details melt away in the fragrant half-tones of that salon. On the dark red tiled floor against a background of tapestries and

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old carvings she staged that afternoon an oriental tableau in honor of her distinguished friend and guest, Mme. Bernhardt. My dear daughter Mary Lord, immovable, in vivid green—kneeling on the terra cotta floor—took the part of an Egyptian idol—the beautiful Ruth Hitchcock, a queen, before whom the various snake charmers and dancers display their art.

Madame Bernhardt arrived promptly, borne in a chair by four men. She was badly crippled at that time, very faint and suffering. The object of her visit to America was to collect funds for the French widows and orphans—the ovation given her I need not describe. It was not only to her, it was to France! My dear Mary Lord spoke French well, and had the honor of a brief conversation with her, receiving a word of praise for her costume and the brave way in which throughout the performance she held a difficult pose.

When I first knew Mrs. Barney her daughters were little girls of whom Carolus Duran, their mother's master in art, had painted striking portraits. Both have grown into womanhood, adding gifts of their own to talents inherited from their mother. Natalie Clifford Barney, living in a strange old house in Paris, moves in the ultra-artistic and literary circles where she is a recognized power. She writes in both French and English and receives her guests in her tapestried studios or in

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the old gardens of her historic home, familiar in days gone by to Racine, to Balzac and the artists and literati of every era.

An interesting group of wilful women are these Barneys!

Many women in Washington say clever things, many more think them, but a wise diplomacy restrains the expression of them. If moved by an unconquerable desire to rid their systems of a witticism, while at the same time dodging responsibility for a doubtful quip or quirk they may preface the utterance with "As Mrs. Brown said yesterday—" and then safely spit out some outrageous thing which poor Mrs. Brown had never even thought.

Many bright remarks pass current as originating with Mrs. George Barnett, she who was Lelia Montague, first married to Basil Gordon of Baltimore, then to General George Barnett, the distinguished Commander of the United States Marines in the World War. Mrs. Barnett is very pretty, very saucy and perennially young. She has had wide experience in official circles, and certainly realized what was due a Cabinet Officer at the time when her retort to the Postmaster General, Mr. Burleson, spread over the front page of all the newspapers in the world and was translated—a difficult play upon words—into forty languages.

The Postmaster General in pessimistic mood was, on a social occasion and in a distinguished house, arraigning his countrywomen as slackers in their

*Pres William Wood Memorial.
Recipient of the
Medal of the
"Chevalier of
the Legion
of Honor"*



MRS. JAMES CARROLL FRAZER, IN HISTORIC COSTUME

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war work, and comparing the "females" of the United States to the "females" of England and other countries. All of the women present were tired out from work in canteens and camps, in the Red Cross and the Navy League and the Army Relief and the Motor Corps. All were economizing in big things and little, and the influenza epidemic was at its bitterest, adding sorrow and toil to the anxiety and activity already harrowing all hearts because of the war.

As the Postal Service was at that very time under severe criticism and not at its best, owing to the extraordinary congestion and abnormal conditions due to the war, it was unfortunate that the Postmaster General should have taken occasion to condemn the "females" for selfishness and inefficiency. Mrs. Barnett flashed the retort—"Mr. Secretary, you seem to know as little about the females as you do about the mails."

"Boundary Castle" is the earlier and not the most fortunate experiment in architecture of Mrs. John B. Henderson, the individual who has done more than any other one resident of Washington to beautify the city and to develop land values in the choice locality of Sixteenth Street, extended. "Boundary Castle" is a brown stone building in imitation of Schloss Rheinstein or some other German castle; situated on a hill, terraced steeply to the street, where a toy "Lodge" at the gateway

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provokes a tolerant smile from the passerby. The castle in miniature, is not even remotely suggestive of the feudal nobility. No iron basket hangs out from its turrets to summon the vassals in the hour of danger. No staunch retainers mount the lookout to scan the far horizon for approaching foes. And this is probably due to the fact that the gentle mistress has no foes. Deserves to have none. For she has many retainers, and could place them where she pleased, and should she issue the command "Let the portcullis fall!" I am sure *something* would happen!

If any one in Washington is to be thanked for the development of Sixteenth Street, it is she; for in spite of some errors of judgment, her vision, courage and wealth have combined to create an unparalleled boulevard along the line of Thomas Jefferson's "Meridian" during the past thirty or forty years. Her enthusiasm for the name "Avenue of the Presidents" invaded home and church, and the idea of bronze busts of all the Presidents along the way, pedestaled in the middle of every block, was much discussed. What a chamber of horrors this might have been, added to the already amazing conglomeration of historical portraits in marble and bronze which disfigure this luckless town. Can the reader recall the physiognomies of our many Rulers, and imagine a promenade among their immovable busts?

Yet it has been her mission, an impulse far finer

than what we call a fad—to create things of beauty, to encourage works of art, to provide adequate accommodations for the foreign Embassies, and to bestow upon her country and her countrymen great gifts. The palace offered the Vice President was declined by the Government—the Vice President's salary could hardly maintain such an establishment—and it may be that her offer of a National Art Gallery will not be accepted. Yet Meridian Park, already assembling statues of great foreigners, leads our public into the generous recognition of greatness the world around, and is a wholesome relief from the equestrian statues of American soldiers which thrust themselves on us from every angle. Sixteenth Street is a lasting memorial to Mrs. Henderson, and no mean one. In striving to serve others she has automatically created her own imperishable monument.

To the generous encouragement of this gentle autocrat Lucien Powell, my cousin, owes the exploitation of his American pictures, his roseate canyons and sweeping mountain landscapes: Mrs. Henderson has accumulated a fine collection of his canvasses and hastened the recognition which has crowned his age; Egypt and Venice share his brush with the American West, and memories unfading of the evanescent glory of sunset and afterglow on mountain and lagoon, record his irrepressible genius. Referring to an old scrapbook I find an article dated thirty years ago, in which, under the

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cryptic title "Talent Amid Society" I find myself and many of my contemporaries. Dear Molly Elliott Sewall, the novelist, a very prolific writer of stories of adventure; Edith Ogden, then a sculptor, and now sculptor, playwright, and a dozen delightful things; Mrs. Heidel; many others, Mrs. John B. Henderson among us. Then she was a writer and a dietitian. She had not become the reformer to the extent she is today. As far back as Benjamin Harrison's campaign for the Presidency she was writing political papers much in vogue, one on "Protection and the Tariff" figuring rather conspicuously at that time. Her "Decadence of Nations" (a theme on which she still expostulates) was followed by a book on food values "Dietetic Poisons," for she became a prohibitionist and vegetarian. An interesting old lady, with the courage of her convictions and a genuine desire to help the world to be good. Robert Louis Stevenson says among his many delightful observations, that he has one person to make good, that is, himself: that he should make his neighbor happy. Mrs. Henderson has done all this; she has made herself good and has made many others happy!

Her later architectural developments, occupied by various Embassies, are mostly Venetian in design, and when the names of those who have done the most to beautify Washington shall be recorded, that of Mrs. John B. Henderson will stand second only to that of Alexander Shepherd, cordially

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hated in days gone by, abundantly thanked and praised today; "Boss" Shepherd, who was the Baron Hausmann of Washington, ruthlessly sweeping away alleys and creating avenues, carving the way through narrow streets for broad thoroughfares and grading the same until some old houses found themselves perched upon high banks, the world passing on below them; and other little shanties found themselves dropped many feet below the street, the passing show on a level with their attic windows!

Before the white marble District Building, "Boss" Shepherd stands today, defiantly benevolent, in bronze, a tardy recognition from the community he served; and on fair days at the lunch hour, the young business women of the adjacent offices group themselves about his feet, a living flower-garden of loveliness, eating their sandwiches, giggling and talking as is the habit of their kind! They wear the abbreviated skirts and flesh colored stockings anathematized by the venerable Mrs. Henderson; and now and then one of them saucier than the rest, indulges in a word of caustic retaliation and unquestionable logic; let the dowagers look to their own dressing: angular shoulders and withered bosoms are not only devoid of all allurements but provocative of ridicule, tempting the young to dishonor their elders—and actually "making people sick!" How do these working girls happen to see the bare shoulder-blades and bosoms of dowagers?

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There are charity balls and patriotic balls galore, at the Willard and the Mayflower; there are operas—now and then—in Washington—and these pretty bread-winners pay their money and take their choice with the rest of the world, and scorning the Social Register, presume to gaze boldly and appraisingly into the boxes. A cat-fish can look at a Congressman, in Washington, and a flapper can stare at a Colonial Dame. And she does. Often with clear and penetrating eyes. Some of the leaders of Washington Society have been Department clerks, teachers (as I was), or trained nurses; some of them may remember (or forget) their grandpa's little grocery, or confectionery, or his lofty seat upon an ice-wagon; all of them are not born Maurys or Cabots. But this is between ourselves. Beauty, wealth, birth, genius, and virtue are, according to John Adams, the five pillars of aristocracy. Two or three of these qualifications sometimes combining in a girl, register favorably with the sort of man who "makes by force his merit known." He takes her with him as he climbs the heights.

The wider horizon, the more finished habits, the elegancies of life, the amenities, become matters of course and almost a native atmosphere, to such persons as they continue their triumphal progress into the seats of the mighty.

This is Washington! Full of men and women of obscure origin, now conspicuous in the public eye;

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full also of those whose pedigree runs back to Charlemagne or Clovis, who in inefficiency and egotism never arrive, and find their habitat in narrow streets.

We have had occasion several times to mention Harry Wardman. With Mrs. Henderson and "Boss" Shepherd, he is one of the makers of modern Washington. No enterprise is too big for his self-confidence, and he as an individual has changed the topography of this territory. Beginning but a few years ago as a small contractor, year by year improving his work as he has been able to secure better material and a higher class of labor, he stands today one of the powers of Washington. Still young, of unlimited nerve, in splendid physical condition: loyal through thick and thin to the men whose labor carries out his plans, and who, to a man, have his interests at heart as he has theirs. His giant hotels and apartment houses are cities in themselves, and it is said that today Harry Wardman houses ten percent of the population of Washington.

It may not be assumed that Administrations, Cabinets, Diplomats and millionaires constitute the ALL of Washington life, though they, residents of the Northwest section of the city, take themselves to be "Washington" and are "society" to a very large extent.

But the other three-quarters of Washington are also, though little known, to be reckoned with and among our citizens have produced some of the most

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valued. Persons of so-called obscurity have through good sense and industry, plus what can only be termed vision, arrived at posts of importance without an atom of social ambition and with none of that vague asset known as social opportunity.

There was a quiet gentleman living out near Bennings, where the swamps are close at hand and the Potomac in sight, who happened to love water-lilies. They were plentiful, the common variety, and he took a grave and almost holy delight in their spotless loveliness. One of the things we get for nothing, and therefore fail, some of us, to value, they became the delight and recreation of a man whose spirit was fine enough to respond to them—a man who probably never had a speaking acquaintance with a diplomat. From the ordinary self-propagating variety, he progressed in his fad, to the development of many rare hybrids and new forms, increasing the ponds by degrees, and still growing water-lilies as a pastime. Gradually his success became known and his lily farm an object of interest. His family grew up in the culture of water-lilies, and a great industry evolved from a pretty fancy, as the "Shaw Lily Farm" became year by year a more ambitious, more important, enterprise. Today Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Shaw's daughter, runs an establishment which requires many horticulturists and botanists, many clerks and laborers; her lily fields spread over acres, and the daily harvest in the

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early morning is a sight to see. Mrs. Fowler lectures all over the country before garden clubs and civic associations, on the uses and culture of water-lilies; the public are invited to visit the farm on Sunday mornings, as the blossoms are not marketed on Sunday, and the ponds are radiant with them. Over them the dragon flies and humming birds hold high carnival, and the blazing sun beats down upon their wide open golden hearts. From the shade of splendid old trees, from the carpet of luscious green grass, the tired eyes of government clerks and school-teachers and others of the working world of Washington, may for the price of a street-car fare, revel in this beauty, gratuitously offered by Mrs. Fowler for their pleasure, as the eyes of her father reveled in the charm of those few first wild lilies that greeted him on Sunday mornings when he had extra leisure and could walk along the banks of the ponds and the edges of the swamps, and drink in the fresh loveliness with love—with a love out of which wealth and health and citizenship have grown.

It would be well worth the while of any visitor to Washington to visit this spot—drive out towards Benning, to a village called “Kenilworth” and ask for the “Shaw Lily Farm.” It is about a twenty or twenty-five minute drive from the Capital, if your chauffeur knows Washington. You will meet with courtesy from even the smallest boy on the

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farm, and go back with something in your soul that will do it good.

There was a woman, early widowed, living in an unfashionable district of the city, who found herself up against the bread-winning proposition with neither capital nor experience. She set herself to discover the commodity most needed in her immediate vicinity, and from her window viewing the numerous progeny of her friends as the children played in the street, she decided that "paddies" were the ranking necessity. Little dimpled behinds were shamelessly exposed as babies tumbled and romped before the doors; busy mothers could not make the garments, conspicuous by their absence; poor fathers could not buy them out of the weekly wages; so the widow calculated to a nicety, and began making paddies at five cents a pair, one fourth or one fifth below the shop price. These were sold like hot cakes, for anyone could spare five cents at a time; a street-car fare or the price of a cheap cigar would buy a pair of paddies; so week by week the little wardrobes of the little people were furnished with a new garment, and soon the news spread, and from far beyond her own corner customers came for paddies. My heart warms to this tale, I would love to prolong it. By and by the widow began to add a few pies and doughnuts, then a few loaves of home-made bread to her wares, displayed in her front window, and what more

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natural than that the paddy-buyers should also cast approving eyes on the fresh, wholesome, cheap and home-baked pies? So the pie industry grew and waxed strong, and the little paddy-people also grew and waxed strong upon it, till the day came when the paddy-industry was abandoned, and the efficient little widow found herself head of a great bakery, employing many men and women in her work, making herself valuable as a friend of other struggling women, contributing to every worth while civic improvement and public charity, as well as distributing in ways known only to her friends, part of her well-earned wealth among the sufferers of the city in which she had carved out her own niche. Her flock of smart delivery wagons go their rounds each day, bearing in the best possible advertising style the slogan "FROM HOLMES TO HOMES."

You may not suppose that organdie roses made with two or three delicate shades of pastel tones and given a smart twist by nimble fingers would run up into big business; but one slim young woman with a pretty face and a handsome name, Mrs. Flora Mason Nicholson, great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, now keeps sixteen women at work and clears a handsome annual income, by having invented this novelty and found a market for it.

No doubt when the caprice of the public turns to some other little trick by way of a curtain tie,



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or a sachet bag or a powder-puff or a boudoir lampshade, Mrs. Nicholson will prove herself resourceful and devise a successor to her organdie rose.

Flora Mason Nicholson is the grand-daughter of Mrs. Kate Kearney Henry, one of the *grandes dames* of old Washington. Their home is unchanged, an old brick house full of treasures, on I Street almost next door to the Arts Club, which was President Monroe's residence for a while—Mrs. Henry was the mother of the patriotic societies in Washington; I do not dare to say which, for fear some belligerent lady will catch me up or call me down; but I think she was the first regent of the D.A.R. and the founder of the Guadalupe and of the Daughters of 1812. She was active in all good works, an independent and noble spirit.

Miss Matoaka Gay conducted her Shakespeare class in Mrs. Henry's drawing room, and anybody that could afford it, and many who could not, if they knew which side their bread was buttered on, joined that class. Miss Matoaka was named for the Princess Pocahontas; she was an F.F.V. and consequently poor, and Washington was ordered by Mrs. Kate Kearney Henry to open its purse and improve its mind, and come to Miss Matoaka Gay's Shakespeare class, or tell the reason why. The Condit-Smith girls and Hallie Patton and all the young and old, matrons and virgins, sat at Miss Matoaka's feet, as I would have done, myself, if I had had any money at all!

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We were living in London, in the thick of the window-smashers, during the greater part of the Roosevelt and Taft administrations, and I was being prepared for the suffrage struggle which came in full force to Washington with the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson.

The gentleness, (Europeans would say, the servility) of the American men toward their women, made it difficult at home to work up any hot enthusiasm over the political situation, at least for a woman like myself, who has always got more than she ever earned. It is obviously fair that women should vote; but now that the furore is over, and they may vote, very few of those I know want to.

During all the years when I worked in the ranks of the bread-winners, working among men, working for pay, I never felt myself ill-treated. *Au contraire*. Astonished, that people could be so good to me, who knew so little. This is true.

But living in England for two years gave me another view-point, an awakening to the necessity for some change in the attitude of the law toward the woman. The Monday afternoon meetings at the Pavilion Theatre, the meetings of the Actresses Franchise League, and the Mass Meetings at Albert Hall were thrilling. I heard Israel Zangwill, in the spring of 1912, most passionate in his defense of Mrs. Pankhurst, then in prison. He coined the terms "The Hither-tos" and the "Hence-for-

wards," significant of the view-point of the anti-Suffragists and the Suffragists, terms which hit me between the eyes even now in spite of the acres and acres of graves that lie between that day and this. "Your gold" thundered the author of "Children of the Ghetto," referring to Mrs. Pankhurst, "will not serve to release her in the body (contributions for her release had been refused by the Government) but it will enlarge her spirit in the knowledge that the seed she has sown is living, that the sap is rising, and the blossom preparing. The walls of her prison will melt away and though her cell be dank and dark, she will see that in the great world outside, there is spring."

The poetry and romance, tragedy and comedy of the Jew is personified in Zangwill. His drama "The War God" which pictured under the thinnest camouflage the personalities of Bismarck and Tolstoi as opposing types, was just out at this time and promptly suppressed in England. Two years later the world realized that that book of Israel Zangwill's was as truly prophetic as any prophet's utterance of old. Odd, is it not, that we live in a world as full of inspiration, of prophecy, of miracles, as it ever was? And with so many smaller saviors of mankind, so many men proving their love by laying down their lives; and yet we fail to believe it.

Zangwill and Bernard Shaw were regular attendants at the Actresses Franchise League. Dodging to right and left, I managed to get a cutting of

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Zangwill's profile. The actresses were ravishing in their gorgeous clothes and with their trained voices, but utterly illogical and far too emotional for politics. They wanted to train me for public-speaking, and asserted with perfect gravity that in six weeks I could be holding mass-meetings in Hyde Park! Imagine my husband!

If the arguments of the actresses were unconvincing, when Christabel Pankhurst took the floor there was cold reason enough, and the battle was on.

The manner in which this young woman squared her thin shoulders against the strongest Government in the world, was a gallant sight to see, and her dealing with the hecklers who continually interrupted her, masterly. "Come forward, please," she would say to the ~~male~~ safely screened behind those other males standing up in the back of the hall, "of course I want to hear what you have to say. And *look at you*, if you don't mind!" Of course he minded, but was forced forward, shrinking like a violet, and up the aisle. "Thank you," said Christabel, "when I conclude my remarks I will call on you to speak. Please sit quietly here on the front bench." Thus she assembled a row of them, but before their turn had come, they would have wilted utterly, or have made a feint of retorting, through sheer bravado, or have taken refuge in rudeness and been dragged out by the police.

The idea that suffrage meetings were attended

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only by cranks and idlers was far from correct. The emancipation of the present generation of girls who paddle their own canoes, and sink or swim—usually swim—according to their own sweet will, is largely due to the thrashing out of all vital subjects at such gatherings. Doctors, actors, composers of music, nurses, lawyers, artists, authors, all drank from the stream of Christabel's enthusiasm. Un-sparingly she held up the selfishness of the privileged classes, clearly she explained the then present laws governing property, ruthlessly she exposed the dishonesty in sex relationships, and though often interrupted by some obscene suggestion from a heckler before she ordered him out, she showed venereal disease to be a curse ever present and destructive of home and state. Vague horror passed into intelligent consideration of how best to deal with such an evil, and mothers brought their school girl daughters to learn of life from Christabel.

And where is she? The newspapers that rang with her doings a few years ago, never mention her. Leading assaults on Buckingham Palace, hurling her "defi" in the teeth of Winston Churchill, harrying Herbert Asquith, getting herself in prison, going on hunger strikes, writing treatises on the ancient evil, being hunted by the police all over the world—where is she?

Living quietly, doing good in another way, perhaps a sweeter way, having seen her mission ful-

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filled. Those great armies and audiences in which one individual woman's misery was added to the individual misery or discontent of others, until a vast wave of accumulated bitterness, augmented by the sympathy of happier souls and the sense of fair-play among all truly sportsmanlike men and women, swept away that unjust discrimination from the page of politics.

The central figure in the noise and riot of those days of intensive effort, was Lady Constance Lytton, a woman of patriotic, artistocratic and intellectual inheritance. Her great-grandmother, Rosina Wheeler, was a pioneer English suffragist; her grandfather was the novelist, Bulwer-Lytton; her father the first Earl of Lytton, known as a poet under the nom de plume of "Owen Meredith." He was Viceroy of India and Ambassador to France, so not limited in his abilities to the writing of graceful verse. Lady Constance's brother, the second Earl, was as ardent a suffragist as she; four generations of this distinguished house have been staunch supporters of the political rights of women. When Lady Constance, tall and frail, delicate of feature and unfashionable in dress, calmly started the pandemonium by tapping a plate glass window with her little hatchet, it was the deliberate act of the fourth generation of liberty-loving English gentry. The effect of a signal from her was instantaneous and awful. Stones attached to long ribbons and concealed in innocent

black bags, were the neat instruments of destruction and despite all the vigilance of the "Bobbies" untold damage was done in less time than it takes to type the words.

Nor were these women the first to protest in England against injustice. Roman Catholics and agricultural laborers had driven home their demand for the franchise by means more drastic than the smashing of windows, the pouring of glue into the mail boxes, or tying themselves with chains to the pillars of the House of Commons, in order to be heard. While the police filed the chains, the ladies guilty of this originality, verbally and volubly expressed their opinions, and short of gagging them, there was nothing to do but listen. I have seen a stalwart Bobbie, on one of these hectic mornings, carrying two little suffragists off to prison, one under each arm, as the farmer carries the little pigs; and while these heroines kicked and scratched and pinched, he remained imperturbably composed; the fact is, the police were in sympathy with them; there seemed nothing absurd in it, even though little powder-puffs and lip-sticks dropped from the poor black bags as he bore them away!

And *War* brought to the women of England that which they had asked for in vain in times of peace.

Suffrage in England was never without the support of able men. In 1810 Sidney Smith published in the *Edinburgh Review* an appeal for the higher education of women, and in 1823 (the year of the

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Monroe Doctrine) James Mill, father of that staunch friend of Suffrage, John Stuart Mill, wrote an article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which was promptly challenged by William Thompson breaking a lance in behalf of "The Political Rights of Women." The Preface to this work was written by Mrs. Rosina Wheeler, the great-grandmother of Lady Constance Lytton, and one of the pioneer suffragists of England.

It was Horace Walpole, himself a poor specimen of a man if we consider manly qualities rather than intellectual cleverness, who referred to Mary Wollstonecraft as "a hyena in petticoats" because of her "Vindication of the Rights of Women" published in 1792—the last year of George Washington's life. It was in 1813 that Elizabeth Fry in a storm of popular criticism, inaugurated her work of Reform in Prison Conditions.

In the fifties came the Crimean War, and Florence Nightingale, heedless of hue and cry, made her record.

The condition of wounded soldiers had been throughout history, deplorable. As Caroline Norton, herself a leading feminist, had written in her once famous poem, "Bingen on the Rhine"—"lack of woman's nursing and a dearth of woman's tears—" Only camp-followers, compound of vampire, prostitute, thief and angel, had attempted to care for the wounded upon battlefields.

Florence Nightingale braved public opinion, and

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the whole science of modern nursing is due to her. The great organized efforts to alleviate suffering and to save life are due to her; she was publicly acclaimed the hero of the Crimean War, and the money raised by the British Nation as a tribute to her was devoted by her to the founding of hospitals and training schools for nurses. How many noble women have followed in her wake!

The human race becomes the debtor to those who built its bridges with their bones; each time a great cause has been won humanity bridges one more gulf between the privileged and the unprivileged classes.

The Honorable Caroline Norton was such a bridge-builder, her famous case having focussed attention upon the marriage laws of her day. She was a daughter of "Tom" Sheridan, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; a poet by inheritance as well as native gift. Her marriage was not fortunate and she braved the world in her defiance of a cruel husband at a time when society was harsh in its judgment of unhappy wives. Her husband failing to get judgment against Lord Melbourne, whom he infamously charged with seduction and whose vindication was pronounced by the jury without leaving the box, proceeded in rank vindictiveness to exercise his "paternal right" and his marital legal advantage, and to deprive his wife of her three little children, the youngest of whom died of neglect at his hands.

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Mrs. Norton, however, did not meekly submit as countless women had submitted, but utilized her clear head and fluent pen for the benefit of those to come. Her pamphlet, under the cumbersome title "The Natural Claim of a Mother to the Custody of Her Children As Affected By the Common Law Rights of the Father" brought about, in 1839, the "Infants Custody Act"—the first step toward equal proprietorship of the two parents in the offspring of a legal marriage.

Up to that time the only mother who owned her child was the unmarried mother! In 1834 "Aurora Leigh" appeared from the pen of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—an unanswerable argument for "Woman's Rights."

In 1848 Disraeli said in the House of Commons, "In a country governed by a woman I do not see on what reasons, if you come to right, she, a woman, has not the right to vote."

Mr. Wilson's first Inauguration was heralded by a remarkable demonstration, which made the question of woman's political rights a vital one in Washington. Until that third of March, 1913, there had been tolerant amusement, patronizing approval, or acrimonious disapproval, of the Suffrage movement; its best friends among professional politicians doing little more than damn it with faint praise; but on this fatal day Woman Suffrage registered beyond all doubt. The day was well chosen for a public sacrifice. The soldiers and

sailors who were to take part in the Inaugural Parade the next day, were idle and many of them drunk in the streets; the city was overcrowded with visitors eager for excitement, and it contributed to the general festivity, that something or somebody should be slaughtered to make a Roman holiday!

Then a thin line of resolute women, led by the beautiful Inez Milholland, moved up Pennsylvania Avenue through a dense mob of hostile humanity. Mary Morgan, a niece of Mrs. Pinchot, Rose Gouveneur Hoes, great-granddaughter of James Monroe, Nan Kelton Wiley, wife of Dr. Harvey Wiley, Mrs. Richard Wainwright, wife of Admiral Wainwright, and many leading women of Washington, followed her. I was not with them. My husband forbade it, and recreant that I was, I sat upon a balcony with friends, looking on, and eating chocolates! Looking on, but with a thumping heart and guilty conscience, miserably uncomfortable while so very safe and comfortable, as braver women faced a fight!

The mood of the public was dangerously antagonistic. Police protection utterly inadequate. Manure was thrown upon the marchers, they were spit upon, every ribald jest and insulting epithet in the vocabulary of the back alleys, was hurled at them; at times the crowd surged so around them as to compel them to halt, swallowed up in the hostile multitude; then again the thin line of blue-clad



Marietta
my
Andrews,

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON

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figures moved steadily on. Inez Milholland, leaning from her horse, struck right and left with her riding crop. Mrs. Taft, looking down the Avenue from Fifteenth Street, telephoned to the cavalry from Fort Myer to charge the crowd. "Where's your baby? Where's your baby?" was shouted at Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes, whose "baby," a pretty blond boy of twelve, was actually following her, threading his way among the crowd, now seeing, now losing her, as the populace swelled and screamed between the sidewalks, but always keeping his mother in view as best he could. At the end of the ordeal, he was at hand, and on disbanding, she found her little cavalier waiting to escort her home.

A police scandal followed, an investigation, and a well deserved dismissal of the Chief of Police because of his flagrant neglect. Thousands of men and women were won, by a natural reaction, to the cause of Suffrage.

A few years later, a similar demonstration was planned; I was asked, as an artist, to devise some introductory theme which might disarm animosity, should there be a repetition of the former brutality. I conceived the idea of sending an army of little people as an advance embassy of goodwill, children being woman's eternal gifts to men. This proved a fortunate prelude to the earnest message delivered by thousands of women, terrible as an army with banners. I can see little Alice Paul before me

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as I write, fairly staggering under the weight of a great banner which she carried. She is a fanatic, like Joan of Arc, and invites an auto de fé.

It was quite a contract to procure the flowers necessary for this spectacular effect, and issued from Suffrage Headquarters and printed in the daily papers, the following lines from my pen, ever inclined to doggerel, elicited most generous returns:

For the flower brigade of the Suffrage Parade,
Will you send us a posey, good friend?
Your last summer's bonnet had roses upon it—
That old wreath you surely can send.

Don't blush if it's shabby or faded or flabby,
But bring it at once to my door;
Resourceful am I—I will dip it in dye—
And its bloom and its beauty restore!

* * * * *

Mrs. Delos Blodgett and her sister, Mrs. Matthews, wealthy new-comers to Washington about that time, cornered the market on red roses from the Ten Cent Stores, and brought me an automobile load.

Natural flowers are never best for purposes of pageantry, and we planned to make millions of paper flowers. My husband announced that he would have no suffragists in his house; like Horace Walpole, he thought of them as "Hyenas in petticoats"—so I went daily to Suffrage Headquarters and superintended the manufacture of roses,

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chrysanthemums and hollyhocks, until one day, gaily forgetful of his interdict, my funny fellow enquired of me, "My dear, did it never occur to you to do this business at home?"

The attitude of men, of my man in particular, on this subject, has baffled analysis. I judge the others by him. When alone with me and at my mercy, he would agree with me, that "ladies of intelligence and patriotism like myself, should not be classed with idiots, aliens, infants, and criminals. —No, my dear. No. You must pay the taxes, you are entitled to vote. Taxation without representation has precipitated some pretty little differences of opinion before today." But just let one or two of his own sex appear to hold up his hands, and he was in open mutiny—a heartless renegade, denouncing the cause as tomfoolery, and in no measured terms consigning the female of the species to an eternal round of connubial felicity and domestic service.

How far we have wandered from the clinging vine, from "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, who wept with delight when they gave her a smile, and trembled for fear of their frown!" I wonder if they really ever liked that sort of a spineless woman?

I deserted the ranks of the Woman's National Party when their official paper, *The Suffragist*, for which I had designed some covers, published a cartoon from the spirited pencil of Nina Allender, showing President Wilson with two faces. The one

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smiling upon the little brown Filipino, and handing him the franchise; the other frowning upon the native-born American woman and refusing it to her. / I have lived enough abroad and under the old régime to appreciate the deference due a high Executive—even more to one who is the choice of the people, than to one who holds his office by accident of inheritance; the lack of reverence among us in America is not for the best interest of the future. / I felt this special insult to the President very deeply. It was not fair to Woodrow Wilson.

But all these slurs have passed. They were but milestones on the path of progress. Woodrow Wilson remains Woodrow Wilson.

Meetings for the discussion of eugenics were popular at that time, bringing together many wilful and disgruntled women and a few idealists. I attended some of these meetings in London. Finding the silhouette of two types of promoters of the theory, I will add a passing word. The audiences were composed only of those whose pulses had slowed down, whose personal activities must have been long since of the past, poor unemotional tottering old gentlemen and argumentative and forbidding old ladies, with a scattering of young bespectacled women and anemic youths. These, I take it, found a vicarious satisfaction in the discussion of a topic only possible under the cloak of science; occasionally at some special hit of the

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speaker, a pale young gentleman would exclaim, in falsetto tones, "Hear! Hear!" at which a bearded old lady with a voice like a fog horn, would echo, "Hear! Hear!" But no young, healthy people were ever there to hear. No one likely to heed. It was an extraordinary fact that the men all seemed to have treble voices, and the old women basso profundo.

Idlers and cranks serve their purpose too, for they prepare the public mind for what is to come next. Every new thought attracts the extravagant and unbalanced first, those who are poor in love, poor in happy, healthy interests. It is sad to see them, shabby, lonely, anxious to serve in some vague way, coming out of boarding-houses and back-street hotels, to go to free lectures. It is not for us, blessed with a thousand happy opportunities, to decide that their time is wasted.

Last winter, during a Congress of Scientists in Washington, a studious young gentleman and a wilfully modern young lady sat before my studio fire until 1 A.M. discussing birth control. My sister, Lucy Minnigerode, Chief of the Nursing Service of the U. S. Public Health Department, and I, a grandmother, sat and listened respectfully. The young lady deposed that in her investigations of the subject, she had studied a delightful book on the Sex Ritual of All Nations; and she went into particulars regarding the alleged practices of the House of Hapsburg. The young gentleman was

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less conversant with the royal dynasties, but was personally engaged in experiments with flies, and the fact was established, he said, beyond controversy, through his research, that birth control, so far as flies were concerned was entirely practicable. One thing alone appears necessary. His presence. He was restless to get home for that reason, although the Scientific Congress was in many ways interesting. Still, the flies were his life work, and without his chaperonage—confusions might ensue.

My sister and I, two white heads, four startled gray eyes staring through spectacles, appreciated the fact that chaperones (now called "alarm-clocks") were still in vogue, at least for flies, and when he finally bade us adieu, in the wee small hours of the morning, we expressed the cordial hope that he would not, on his return, find too many intrigues and triangles among the little creatures to whom he was devoting all his time and talent. My Grandma would have left the room during this conversation; Lucy and I were merely bored. Is this decadence?

CHAPTER VIII

TWO GREAT AMBASSADORS

THE picturesque environs of Washington had no greater lover than the late Viscount Bryce, Ambassador from the Court of St. James to the United States. It is well that he did not remain to witness the slaughter of the magnificent trees, the levelling of hills and filling in of valleys as the housing problems during the world war forced the construction of many mammoth apartment houses, until a mania for real estate development swept away the poetic aspects of the surrounding country.

The services of Viscount Bryce to our country were incalculable; his understanding of our institutions, conditions and psychology, sympathetic. With tongue and pen, he strove to promote goodwill. On one occasion when the English Speaking Union especially honored his memory, I heard it said by Charles Evans Hughes, that "so far as human limitations permitted, the life of James Bryce was to be regarded as a perfect life."

Of my few personal encounters with this great English gentleman, I recall most pleasantly an afternoon at the Club of Colonial Dames, then housed in the home of my friend Mrs. Aurelius

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Shands, on Sixteenth Street, when a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, painted here in our studio by a North Carolinian, a pupil of Mr. Andrews, was presented by the artist to the Club. The British Ambassador made a delightful address standing beside the portrait, while the contrast between the two great Englishmen was most striking. For the statesman of the twentieth century, wiry, alert, almost hypnotic in his grip upon his audience, was, in spite of his conventional modern dress, as vivid a personality as the picturesque explorer and adventurer of the Elizabethan Era, silent beside him, in puffs of satin and ruffs of lace, with sword and jewels and velvet cloak.

While our parting with the Jusserands is still recent, before the pressure of other thoughts has even in a measure dimmed the memory of their many gracious deeds, there fall from my sketch book these little silhouettes, for sharp eyes and sharp scissors have recorded many a personality during these thirty years; I look lovingly at the stately pose of Madame Jusserand, and even more affectionately at the big little gentleman who stopped just in front of my window to console a naughty child who had disobeyed its nurse, become separated from her, and was at the moment lifting up its voice in heart-rending lamentations. These silhouettes have been gathered in street-cars, theatres, at social functions, at suffrage meetings, even in church; for I have been silhouette-cutter-

in-ordinary to Washington for all its charities, until my sight has failed, and I can cut them no more! Had I preserved copies of all I have made, the collection would be truly unusual; but one never realizes that the thing of the moment may serve a purpose in the future. It would have been so easy to have doubled the paper, and thus always have had a duplicate for one's scrapbook!

Jules Jusserand, former French Ambassador, is a kindly soul upon whom I have always cast a most approving eye. In his love for the city of Washington, and his appreciation of the natural beauties of the surrounding country, M. Jusserand and Viscount Bryce, late Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, were not unlike. Indeed, the resemblance does not stop there: both were historians and great scholars. Both have written, as Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, upon a variety of subjects, both were disinterested servants of great ideas, neither was of imposing stature nor gifted with what is commonly called personal beauty; both, by superior qualities and intrinsic power, were conspicuous personalities, and both were noble friends to America, long to be remembered and revered.

When it became known in Washington that after twenty-two years with us as the Ambassador of his country, the French Government was recalling M. Jusserand, there was widespread regret, even among persons not privileged to have known the



*Margitta
Winnigrode
André*

JAMES, VISCOUNT BRYCE, AMBASSADOR OF GREAT BRITAIN

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Ambassador and his wife personally, for the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps and his lady were widely beloved. Their first home, as the Embassy, was just around the corner from me, in the Storer house on Seventeenth and Rhode Island Avenue, a house which has had a distinguished history. It was owned by Mrs. Bellamy Storer. From there, the Jusserands moved to the handsome French Embassy on Sixteenth Street where the culture and wit of Washington gathered around them. During the World War, at a mass meeting at Billy Sunday's Tabernacle on one twenty-second of February, a great audience, touched with patriotic hysteria on the birthday of Washington, listened to M. Jusserand, whose address had an emotional quality far beyond that of the American orators, Warren G. Harding and William Jennings Bryan.

While they left their vast audience cold, the French Ambassador in his broken yet finished English, drew the tears. It was he who spoke for the smaller nations, so long the prey of the great powers, and it was he who dwelt with exquisite sympathy and understanding upon the long friendship, begotten of Lafayette, between his country and ours. Friendship being ephemeral as are all things mundane, the fact that there are a few friendships, between individuals and between nations which can endure the strain of time and rise above the temptations of self-interest, makes such a relationship a thing peculiarly dear; it can-

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not be neglected, but calls for care as a garden calls for care, that its value may increase and its strength may be preserved.

There was not a dry eye in that great concourse, as we listened to the representative of our ally, the sister Republic born so soon after our birth as a nation; born of the success at least in a measure, of the Independence of the United States; for shortly after the establishment of our nationality, the author of the Declaration of Independence saw the Republics of South America, the Republic of France, the Swiss Confederation, come into existence, and today the great-grandchildren of our Declaration of Independence are being born in agony throughout the world—for had we failed, it is not to be supposed that government of the people, for the people, and by the people, could have been established on the earth for many generations to come.

The people of Washington loved the anecdotes of the kindly little Frenchman, whose conscientiousness, gentleness and great scholarship were matters of general comment, and the story of his rise in the diplomatic service of his country was affectionately repeated. It was said that his first promotion came through the Premier, Gambetta, requiring a report on short notice upon an affair of state, the official of the bureau ordered to furnish it delegating the task to a junior officer, Jules Jusserand, who the next morning handed it to his

chief. When the Prime Minister saw it he enquired as to the author and learning that it was the work of "le petit Jusserand" appointed him forthwith Counselor of the Embassy at London.

While there he met among many Americans, three young women, great Southern belles, Mildred Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and Antoinette and Rebecca Polk, nieces of that famous Bishop Polk of Tennessee who had laid aside the Episcopal garb for the uniform of a Confederate officer. Antoinette Polk, a reigning beauty of two continents, married an officer of the Papal Guard, General Athanase Charette, member of one of the most historic families of Normandy. It was said in this country that "le petit Jusserand" was a great admirer of Rebecca, who might have shared a brilliant life with him.

During the World War, before the United States had joined the Allies, the Jusserands were objects of great solicitude in Washington; self-evident as was their anxiety, it was sustained with unfaltering dignity.

The tenderness with which Madame Jusserand, an American by birth, watched over her husband, accompanying him on his walks, was most touching; her stately figure was beside him at all times; it was during this time that they formed the habit of walking in the forests of Piney Branch, a less frequented and quite idyllic suburban district, and on their departure from America they dedicated

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to their bird friends there a fountain, as a token of gratitude for the soothing influence these tiny creatures with their chirruping and warbling, had exercised upon their own so troubled human souls; the fountain is made of stone brought from France, and bears the inscription: "To the Birds of Piney Branch, from their Friends Elise and Jules Jusserand." In the delightful brief address made by the Ambassador at the dedication, he used these words:

"The peace of these simple surroundings, trees, plants and birds, was a rest for our souls and a tonic for our hearts . . . Our little fountain is now erected here with an inscription on the rim to remind the birds, at least as many as know how to read, of our sentiments for them."

It was at the last official dinner at the home of the outgoing Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, then occupying Canon Townsend Russell's beautiful place, "Beauvoir" near the Cathedral, that M. Jusserand first saw me cut silhouettes and draw with both hands. Mrs. Baker, of whom I am very fond, had telephoned me in the afternoon that after packing for several days, she was awfully tired, and she said, "When you come tonight, please help out all you can," so naturally being an obliging soul, I went prepared to trot out my poor little parlor tricks as a willing contribution to the gaiety of nations. And it amounted to "nations"—dinner parties in Washington often do, for there is a cosmopolitan society not so iron-bound but that poor

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artists may participate now and then in pleasant occasions!

On the occasion I referred to above, in addition to the Jusserands, the Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby and Mrs. Colby, Mrs. James Carroll Frazer, General and Mrs. Sanger, General and Mrs. Chamberlain, and other distinguished guests, were present, and the after-dinner "stunts" were quite amusing. M. Jusserand was especially interested in the ambidextrous drawing, a thing so simple for a left-handed person, if he will only not think about what he is doing! The Ambassador, however, regarded it as a mental operation, and accorded it great respect. Ever after, on meeting me, he would say, "Ah, and here is ze lady with ze perfectly balanced brain"—a verdict arrived at, needless to remark, without conference with any of the lady's nearest relatives.

During the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments early in the Harding administration I met at luncheon at the French Embassy some of the representatives of France, and among other diplomats informally present, the representative of the Kerensky government in Russia, Boris Bakmeteff, who impressed me as a man of force and vigorous mentality; not of the old aristocracy, as was his predecessor of the same name, but rather of the class called the *Intelligenza*. The beautiful Russian Embassy just above my house on Sixteenth Street, has been lonely looking and tightly closed



HIS EXCELLENCY, JULES JUSSERAND
AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE

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for many months. As long as M. Bakmeteff was in Washington (and he remained almost indefinitely after the overthrow of the form of government he represented) we were busy at the Embassy every Friday morning, on the invitation of his very kindly sister, Madame Bazavoff, sewing for the Russian Refugees, the Princess Cantacuzene, *née* Grant, and Mrs. Robert Lansing, being the leading spirits in this wonderful work of goodwill.

Madame Bazavoff is a modest, but efficient and friendly woman, and both she and her brother faced some social difficulties here, due in part to the fact that the Ambassador bore the same name as his aristocratic predecessor, who for so many years had represented the Czar's régime, and whose American wife *née* Mary Beale was a great social autocrat. Someone in an unguarded moment asked the old ex-Ambassador if Boris Bakmeteff was a relative of his? His reply was indicative of the hauteur which has throughout history provoked revolutions. "He is the same relation to me that Booker T. Washington was to General George Washington." This remark (which the former vice-president, Thomas R. Marshall, also repeats in his *Recollections*) does not impress me as witty or well-bred. I find it stupid. Anyone who has read Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," anyone who has met Boris Bakmeteff, would feel the slur on either man superfluous.

An example of the gracious spirit of the Jusse-

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rands was their attitude toward the first Ambassador from Germany after the War, Dr. Wiedefeldt. The courtesy and high diplomatic bearing of the French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand relieved the tension for all and was a matter of much favorable comment in Washington, where questions of etiquette and precedence bewilder the inexperienced and torture the sensitive. Frau Wiedefeldt was a good woman, a former school teacher it was said, and unused to official life. Her self-sacrificing spirit was exhibited in personal economies greatly to her credit, easily accounted for by the needs of her countrymen, and Washington respected her for them.

It was my suggestion to her to wear a black band around her throat even as I do—and tie up the ravages of time! It was extraordinary what that bit of black ribbon did for that woman; it improved her hats, gave freshness to her complexion, relieved the haggard look, reduced her apparent age at least ten years, and, small as it was, connected her with the gay, modern world in which she found herself!

I was one of the first unofficial women in Washington to meet Frau Wiedefeldt, and found her a familiar type. Soon after meeting her my sister Lucy arranged for me that Florence Armstrong, of the Economics Bureau, who was preparing a book on comparative economics, and Lucile Atcherson of the State Department would have lunch with us at the University Women's Club, the honor guests

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being Frau Wiedefeldt and the wife of the at-that-time Counselor of the German Embassy, Madame von Lewinski, an American by birth and a woman who has grown increasingly popular and useful in Washington; her husband is now the German Consul-General in New York, but Madame von Lewinski continues to live in the Capital, in the same house on Sixteenth Street.

Through the French Ambassador I also had an opportunity to meet the Maréchal Foch on his visit to Washington, when I took part in a pageant arranged in his honor by Marie Moore Forrest. The composition was hers—Prosperity entertaining the Nations, peace and plenty at the board, when a new guest, War, is announced by a breathless herald. War enters in a wild dance, a flaming figure, whose ecstasy is contagious—only when the grim personifications of Famine, Greed, and Cruelty are discerned in his train, do the Nations realize the horror concealed under his vivid presentation. Lastly, slowly, Sorrow follows these weird figures—Sorrow, the one purifying and ennobling, as inevitable, aftermath of War. It was that part which was assigned to me; Maréchal Foch told me that he found it good. It seems always like a dream to me that I, not wealthy, not beautiful, not fashionable and only educated in spots, have had these rare opportunities of breathing the same air with personages who are real makers of history.

During the last months of their residence in

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Washington, M. Jusserand was most generous of his time, accepting invitations to speak more often than his health made advisable. Yet, to a nature such as his, there is a willingness almost amounting to feverishness, to do, give, say, attempt, all, all, not to the limit of endurance, but far beyond that. On many occasions in private and public, he thus taxed himself for the gratification of the people of Washington. Not going out very often socially, seldom in the evenings, I was not present on many of these occasions, but some of them are photographed upon my mental retina. When the George Washington University celebrated the hundredth anniversary of a visit from Lafayette, M. Jusserand made one of his characteristic and illuminating addresses, pointing out how amply and fully America had repaid the debt to Lafayette. The great body of students were thrilled by his words. My own promise to make for the University a copy of any portrait of Lafayette the President of the University, Dr. William Mather Lewis, might select, was also acknowledged. The portrait was delivered a few months later, a reproduction of that which hangs in the House of Representatives, at the left hand of the Speaker. As soon as Congress adjourned, I sent my kit and easel down, and put in happy days quietly fulfilling that promise.

On January 10th, 1925 one thousand representative people of Washington were the hosts of the departing Ambassador of France and his dear wife,

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in a banquet given at the Willard. At one of the less conspicuous tables sat I, myself, one of the one thousand, moved by the same sentiment of affectionate regret, as the other nine hundred and ninety-nine; General John A. Lejeune, of the Marine Corps, made a most graceful presentation of a Memorial Medal, and in acknowledging the many services of M. Jusserand to our country, thanked him especially "for the greatest of them all—the fact that Washington was indebted to him for having brought to us—Madame Jusserand!" The Ambassador's reply was perfect; but the speech of Elihu Root was to me the most comprehensive summing-up of the service of a modest man during his twenty-two best years of life. Mr. Root brought out in no vague terms, the great contributions made to the welfare of humanity and to the better understanding between the nations of the earth, by the accuracy, the wisdom, the kindness and the unerring judgment, of Jules Jusserand, for twenty-two years Ambassador of France to the United States of America.

Washington has borne the insulting title, "Widder Heaven" for many years. Wonderful Widows! Certain it is, that among its best citizens there are a group of substantial dowagers whose generosity greases the wheels of civic activity, whose social graces and handsome homes lend permanent distinction to the life of the Capital. In their expe-



*Marcella Mungerode
Andrews*

MADAME JUSSERAND

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rience of the world and familiarity with the established proprieties of precedence and courtesy they set an example to the unsophisticated ladies arriving in our midst, upon whom in the whirligig of political change falls the responsibility of official usage. Widows of Generals and Admirals, of Justices and Senators, continue to live in Washington. Mrs. Edward White, widow of one of our greatest Chief Justices, still residing in the Rhode Island Avenue home, has given the flavor of old New Orleans aristocracy to our pot-pourri. Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood has opened her generous hand to all things good. Her handsome home, (originally the gift of the nation to General Sheridan) near Mrs. White, adjoins that of the Pinchots on Rhode Island avenue in sight of my own windows. Mrs. Wood and the late Mrs. Pinchot—a very beautiful woman—were sisters. Opposite is one of the handsomest of Mrs. Barney's studio houses, and a few feet further the residence of that most adorable of Quakers, Mrs. Brewster-Marwick. Just across Scott Circle Mrs. Dimock, born a Whitney, a little beyond her Mrs. Mackay-Smith, widow of the late Bishop of Pennsylvania—all crowned with white hair, all managing large fortunes with wisdom and kindness. A remarkable group. Across the street in Senator Foraker's house Mrs. Blodgett of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and her sister Mrs. Matthews, kindest of the kind, creating much happiness for their friends. A few blocks further on Sixteenth Street Mrs.

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Henry Brown's fine old mansion, now closed, as since the death of her husband, a Justice of the Supreme Court, she has devoted her time largely to philanthropy. Mrs. William K. Van Reypen whose husband was Surgeon General of the Navy, has recently moved further out, with her charming daughter the Baroness Korff, whose late husband was a distinguished scholar internationally known. Mrs. Gorgas, Mrs. James Carroll Frazer, Mrs. John B. Henderson, Mrs. Gouverneur Hoes, Mrs. Lee Phillips, Mrs. Julian-James, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, many of the wilful women already mentioned, have as widows been among the outstanding citizens of Washington.

Connecticut Avenue, not long ago an ultra-fashionable residence street, has become the Fifth Avenue of Washington with its smart shops. Only a few of the old residents hold out; as on K Street, which is also in the business zone. Mrs. Randolph Harrison McKim, widow of the brilliant rector of Epiphany, and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, widow of Senator Elkins, daughter and mother of Senators, also—still remain in their fine old homes directly opposite each other. Two of the most authoritative widows of the Capital. Mrs. McKim has been during all the years that I have observed the life of Washington, one of the great ladies of her day; and Mrs. Elkins has maintained through three generations of United States Senators in her own family

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the reputation for gracious hospitality, and has met the duties of official life with ease and elegance. To both of these lovely women I am indebted for kindnesses which they would not permit me to relate, but which have warmed my heart and smoothed my way for many a year.

And still the Charles C. Glovers stay in their big gray house next the corner of K Street and Connecticut Avenue. The corner house which was the Drapers' is now the Café St. Mark; on the other side of the Glovers, the corner of K and Seventeenth St., the Washington Club occupies the house which was at different times the residence of the vice-president of the McKinley administration, Mr. Fairbanks, and the Russian Embassy. These three great old houses were built together, and have had a distinguished history. It is hardly to be hoped that they will last much longer.

The British Embassy, a clumsy old house on Connecticut Avenue and N Street has met its Waterloo and is soon to be abandoned, though it has been a focus of the social life of Washington for many years, especially during the few years in which Sir Esme Howard has been the Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States. He is handsome and gracious, and Lady Isabella, Italian by birth, is much beloved in Washington. No lovelier personality has been known among us, than their young son Esme, who died a year ago. I spent some precious hours with this beautiful boy, whose love

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and knowledge of music and of poetry was inspiring to all who knew him.

Each day records the passing of some individual who figures in these pages, of some landmark of which I would preserve the memory— I often wonder how long I, too, shall hold out on this important corner of Scott Circle, which in thirty-four years has changed from a quiet residence section to such a whirl of traffic! Harry Wardman, who buys everything, has bought the house and corner adjoining me, which was my husband's land long ago.

The noise and traffic does not disturb me at all. I can retire into my own little Holy of Holies and "invite my soul" better today, with a white head and an empty house, than was possible in the years gone by, peace being never dependent upon external conditions.

The first lady in the land is the wife of the President, but the wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court holds rank by right of the permanency of the position. Surely Mrs. Edward White, lovely, gracious as she is, held this most dignified position during several administrations, and Mrs. Taft fills it with great distinction.

Sitting back of her dainty tea-table in her house on Wyoming Avenue, she pours a cheering cup of tea for such as call to pay their respects on her Mondays at home; she tries to return her calls in person, a great tax upon her strength for her health

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is not robust. One rainy Wednesday here she illustrated the calmness and poise for which she is well known. We were sitting before the open wood-fire in my studio, tête-à-tête. I had a light house-wrap about my shoulders; it was trimmed with a silk fringe; I had put a log on the fire, and was leaning back in my chair, when Mrs. Taft remarked with the most perfect composure, "I think, Mrs. Andrews, that you are on fire." "Can that be possible?" I asked, looking myself over with equal calmness. "Oh, I believe I am!" And there indeed, was the silk fringe gaily blazing, the flames eating it up inch by inch. I soon smacked the fire out and we continued our chat!

Mr. Taft rarely goes out in the evening, but in the afternoons he may be encountered occasionally at an official day at home, when he is always surrounded by an admiring group, his genial manner and contagious laughter creating a delightful atmosphere. Meeting him recently at the home of one of his Associate Justices, I told him that I had a silhouette portrait of him cut some time ago, with which I hoped to recuperate my rapidly failing fortunes—whereupon he pleaded with me not to hand him down to posterity in silhouette as he considered a profile view most unflattering and preferred to pose in some other position!

The ancient art of silhouette cutting, however, makes a profile imperative, the basis being "shadow pictures," once so fashionable. Etienne Silhouette,



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a friend of Madame de Pompadour was made by her influence Controller General of the Finances of France. His efforts to introduce economical measures met with such ridicule that these cheap portraits, cut out of black paper, were named after him in derision. A French silhouettist, Edouard, made some distinguished American portraits, one of which I have reproduced for the family of our old friend Augustus Alvey Adeë. The best ever done by an American were those of Henry Brown who in this fashion, before the days of photography, preserved a memory of the beetling brows and double chins of American statesmen and orators, to say nothing of their embonpoint—as well as the long necks and aquiline noses of the ladies of that day. His portrait of Daniel Webster emphasizes the rotundity of outline against which after a hundred years, Chief Justice Taft protests!

Owing to the fact that the Tafts do not go out often in the evenings Mrs. Taft is frequently seen alone at the matinées. I sat just back of her recently—it was an excellent play, but a very poor house—and I could but be struck with the truly democratic situation which placed the wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States beside a stolid young gentleman, broad-shouldered and bull-necked, who, quite unaware of the identity of his quiet neighbor, climbed over her during the intermissions without so much as an apology. Washington is greatly indebted to this

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quiet woman for the interest she has shown in civic matters, in the development of Potomac Park and the Speedway, and her intelligent encouragement of music, in which she is highly competent. During Mr. Taft's Presidency her thought for the pleasure of the people of Washington inaugurated the weekly concerts in Potomac Park; delightful afternoons in May and June saw all Washington turn out in gala array to enjoy the sky and river, the blossoming shrubs, the exquisite Japanese fruit trees, the fairy-like effect of the city's architecture in the sunlight, as distance gave enchantment to the view, and music and human companionship drew all classes together, the Marine Band from the Band-stand Mrs. Taft established, a splendid predominating note of sound and color.

This park for which Mrs. Roosevelt had also concerned herself most generously, has become a model playground for the world. I do not know another to compare with it. Its driveways, walks and bridle paths; its entrancing pathways along the river bank, under endless arches of blossoming fruit trees, a gift of the Japanese Government; its ball fields, tennis courts and golf courses where all may play; its bathing resorts and polo fields; its open air movies in hot weather, its civic dramas and pageants in the Sylvan Theatre, where thousands sit of sultry evenings upon the grass at the foot of the Washington Monument and rest from the drudgery of the day.

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From the days when under President Hayes the channel was deepened, and these "lands" were "made," through years of settling and of seepage, persistent draining, planting and engineering have redeemed these waste places. Truly democratic today, for while the equipages of Diplomats and Senators are parked along the Polo Field, as their distinguished occupants watch the games, there hang over the marble bridges and fine retaining walls of the river in full view, strange figures with fishing-rods, philosophical old men like Isaak Walton, and ragged little colored boys like nobody, eager for a bite, and poor derelicts of society, listlessly, drearily, playing with their rods and lines very much as Fate has played with themselves.

The blossoming Japanese fruit trees are now one of the wonders of America, for which people travel far. There is nothing to compare with the effect on a sunny April day, when the world and his wife enjoy them. The newspaper picture page delights in them, the ice man and the butcher boy comment upon them, and if you go even to a chiropodist's office for a little soothing surgery, the colored maid who peels off your silk stocking will ask, "Have you seen the blossoms today?" and the spotless Doctor as he dexterously shapes a tiny plaster, will say "have you seen the blossoms today? On Sunday they were not quite full; I hope by this Sunday they will be at their best"—then as he applies the patch to your suffering member, "I have found the

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best possible view is from the Fourteenth Street bridge, looking toward the Lincoln Memorial. Then one has only sky and water, the abundance of bloom, and the stately Memorial as the only suggestion of the hand of man." And as he murmurs "the hand of man" he softly dismisses the toe of woman.

The development of this fairy-like beauty must be a delight to Mrs. Taft, whose keen interest in Potomac Park during Mr. Taft's Presidency has largely been responsible for its growth, a joy to thousands with each recurring spring.

There has not been a Secretary of State during many Administrations, since 1882, to be exact, who has failed to recognize the value of Mr. A. A. Adee, for many years Assistant Secretary of State. His technical knowledge of International law and his phenomenal memory resulted in an unusual personality.

Mr. Adee was very deaf, and an impediment in his speech no doubt augmented his discretion, since his words were few, and hardly articulate.

He and my husband were warm friends, thoroughly congenial, often touring Europe together, on which occasions Mr. Adee always went by bicycle.

His brother, David Graham Adee, was a man of considerable literary talent, and they were devoted brothers. Mr. Augustus Alvey Adee shared his brother's home, and after David Graham Adee

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died, assumed a father's place to his brother's children.

I have always been warmly attached to this interesting family, and one had but to accompany them to a diplomatic reception at the White House to note the deference paid him—all faces beamed upon him and all doors were opened, and once, having him as my escort, for the only time in my life I found myself immediately among the chosen few who do not stand in line, but are at once shown into "the presence chamber"! The silhouette of his father, a surgeon in the United States Navy, is shown with his son David as a small boy. The original of this was cut by the famous Frenchman, Edouard in 1843. I made reproductions of it for the members of Mr. Adeë's family. This lovely old man died, much regretted and full of honors, in the summer of 1924.

A picturesque figure of the Taft Administration was Robert Love Taylor, Senator from Tennessee. Born in a spot called "Happy Valley" something of the quality which won for it its name must have tintured his own soul, for he radiated merriment and good will, was expansive and genial, full of anecdotes, a ready hand with the fiddle and the bow, with song and story, handsome too, in an exuberant way, wearing his clothes easily as if he and they had companioned many years and understood each other. His second wife is one of the sweet

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friends I have had in Washington, a Virginia girl whose name was Mamie St. John, still a very popular woman in residential and official society, and extremely pretty.

Among the political romances of the South is the story of the candidacy of the "Taylor Boys," Alfred and Robert, for Governor of Tennessee. It was as far back as 1886 that the younger brother, Bob, defeated the older, Alfred; Robert was a Democrat, Alfred a Republican.

The two boys had quarreled all their lives over politics, and in this fierce but friendly campaign the country people, with that poetry of the hills, called the controversy "The War of the Roses." The brothers stumped their native state together, on horseback, "cussing" each other's politics by day and sleeping serenely in the same bed at night. Robert won, with his genial smile, familiar manner and irresistible fiddling; the younger brother's political promotions were more rapid: but Alfred Taylor too was Governor of Tennessee, having been elected in 1920, eight years after Robert Taylor's death.

The fascinations of "Fiddlin' Bob" have become legendary among his mountaineers. His violin was louder even than his eloquence and his jigs more popular than his logic, as he fiddled his way into office via the hearts of his countrymen. The voters beat time with their heavily booted feet and chewed

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tobacco in rhythm with old time melodies as "Fiddlin' Bob" sawed away on his faithful violin from township to township.

I once heard him say that the wisdom of Marcus Aurelius was nothing to the wise sayings of his own mother, whose axioms he had written down in his early boyhood to be his guide through life. That she was a better preacher than her husband and a better politician than her sons, they freely admitted, and in addition to these talents, they averred that she was the greatest housekeeper that ever lived. She managed a large farm, worked at the looms, made the shirts and jeans for her half dozen sons and all the male slaves and white servants at that farm on the river banks; and fed them all on the fat of the land.

Senator Taylor was an orator of that type beloved in the South, through whose keen sense of humor his hearers got some delightful reactions, for often his forensic flights were followed by some anecdote, or bit of negro dialect. In one of his essays he refers to his oratory in this way: "I deluged the tall cliff under a flood of mountain eloquence which poured from my patriotic lips like molasses from the bung-hole of the universe."

Describing the final exercises at a girls' school, with the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Shadd as orator to whom he introduces us, "Fiddlin' Bob" informs us that the speaker's topic is "The Sweets of Life." "He gathered some of his sweets and many of his

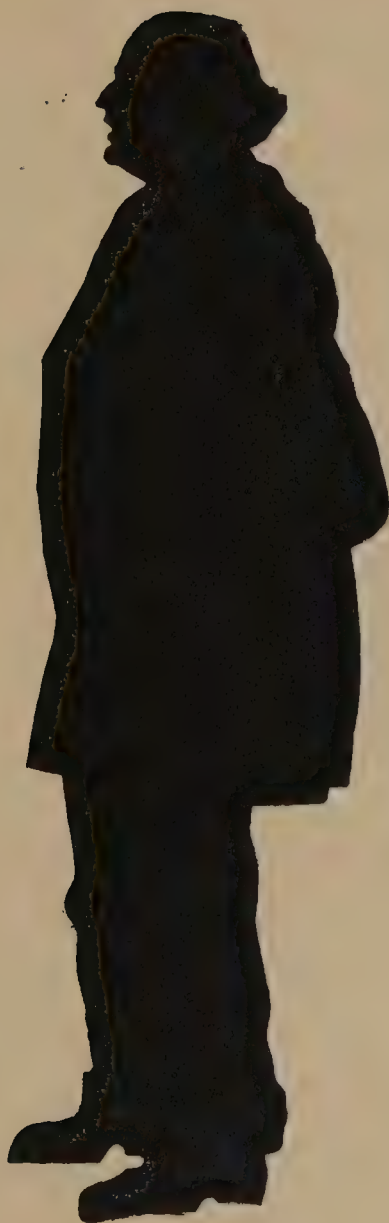
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bitters in the field of politics" says Senator Taylor, "has been defeated in every race for thirty years and his only badge of honor is a dislocated hip contributed by a brick-bat in a political row." One more characteristic expression of handsome "Fiddlin' Bob" Taylor, and we leave him—"The sweet musketry of kisses."

CHAPTER IX

THE WORLD WAR

IN the general cataclysm few persons could concentrate upon their own sorrows; and marked in her own dear hand in Mary Lord's copy of Browning, I found the words I have adopted as a mantram: "If I live yet it is for good; more love through me, to men." But, during the World War my own poor history turned some fateful pages, though my anxieties were no greater than those of others. We had planned to go as usual abroad in 1914. My dear old globe-trotter had not spent a summer in the United States since his boyhood, and considered it the equivalent of suicide; but we postponed our sailing in order to give our children a series of house-parties at the country home, it being Mary Lord's graduation year, and so June and July were hilarious with many girls and boys, tennis tournaments, dances, picnics and horse-back rides; Fort Myer is near, and young Cavalry men were available as charming escorts. One evening we would charter a big bus and go sixteen miles over the dirt roads and old corduroy roads of Fairfax County to "Ravensworth," taking our supper with us, and calling Bob Lee away from his books to share it on the lawn in front of the home of his



HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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ancestors, under the great paulownia trees and catalpas, which are the ancestors of trees at Arlington, Muckross and Vauxclease—possibly even across the seas at La Grange, fifty miles outside of Paris, where I was shown great oaks, in the park of Lafayette's château, his grandson Count de Lasteyrie, my host, telling me that these trees were scions of Virginia, planted by Lafayette from seed he brought back from his last visit to this country. Bob Lee, not to be outdone, bachelor that he was, would call out his man, Sam, to bring fresh milk and buttermilk and fruit, adding these contributions to our baskets, till our ample feast was spread. At other times we went on straw-rides to Munson's Hill and watched the sun go down and the moon rise, as Washington was lost in the twilight and found again as its million lights came out on bridges, in offices, and homes—the monument accentuated by the search light from the Powhatan Hotel, the dome of the Capitol shining— A happy, carefree party; plenty of work for mother, but of such dear responsibilities—who could complain? And one afternoon in as many motors as we could assemble we went to "Gunston Hall" on the Potomac, where the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hertle, make their friends more than welcome. They were absent, but Sylvester, in gloves as white as his friendly face was black, did the honors nobly, and that evening we had supper in the shadow of old Pohick church nearby. Happy days!

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Then came August, and the European calamity. Mr. Andrews could not accept it—could not believe it—our trip of course was given up. He ceased to read the papers. No one spoke of Germany in his presence. In September 1914 my sister, Lucy, sailed on the Mercy ship—we could not tell him she had gone. In October we opened the Washington house. Mr. Andrews was sad and dispirited and before the winter was over he had become an invalid.

That year my daughter also made her début. All of her "set" were due to come out; possibly having had little social experience myself as a young girl, I overestimated the value of this, but her father also wished her not to be denied reasonable participation in the fun of the young people; he was in no actual suffering and was amused by and interested in her program. Instead of engaging a nurse to take care of him, I secured a chaperone, a friend of mine, for Mary Lord—so that was that. Maud Davidge, of Washington's exclusive old circle, a young woman who understood the intricacies of the "science" as I never would have acquired it in a thousand years.

In addition to these conditions, an invalid husband and a débutante daughter—matters which might have become incongruous, almost indecent, had it not been for the lubricating effect of love and constant vigilant dove-tailing of situations—there came to us as guests a whole family of rela-

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tives from England, a mother, two young children and a maid, who made a timely escape from the German air raids, welcomed with all our hearts.

It was a wonderful winter. My dear Mr. Andrews said to me a thousand times that no hired hands could feel like mine—I took entire care of him. He died in 1915.

Then came the entrance of the United States into the World War. My boy at boarding school was already booked for the only service open to one so young, awaiting my consent. I gave it, and an ambulance along with it, and we saw him in uniform. I cannot recall a moment's hesitation on my own part. Only one night after he was gone my sweet, sweet Mary Lord got into my bed and wrapping her arms around me, sobbed as if her heart would break. They loved each other. She died while he was in France. Two of my brothers were also in France. Three years took them all. Utter desolation overcame me. But God was good, and people were good. My sister Lucy was good. Marie Davidson—my beautiful Marie—came with her five younger children that summer, to share them with me. She was with me when the telegram came announcing her Delozier's death, flying in France. When Marie saw the message in my hand, she dropped like a stone on the floor—we had nothing to *do* that could help her—no flowers, no funeral—no last words—months would pass before she could hear more. She was wonderful—we

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would go down every day on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley, and I would spread a blanket under the big black oak where Mary Lord had played as a child. She would lie on the flat of her back looking into the dense foliage above us and never wince as the airplanes passed over—while I read aloud “Sesame and Lilies,” “The Crown of Wild Olive,” John Fiske’s “Destiny of Man.” Three weeks later another of her sons crashed and was killed in Texas.

The next autumn, under the pressure of what I took to be patriotism, I divided the Sixteenth Street house into two apartments, renting one side to a Government expert and the studio to an artist who was to be instructor of the students of the Corcoran Art School—my husband’s successor. As profiteering was common then the housing question became so acute in Washington that I felt rather virtuous that my rentals were moderate. I could not live in a hotel on what I got. The country house was too big and lonely for me,—too expensive too—so I drifted around, a none too cheerful atom in a harassed and troubled world.

Then—the influx of girls to Washington being so great, to fill the vacancies for work in the Departments of the Government, and living conditions very expensive and hard, Virginia Corse and I agreed to open my country house as a home for war workers; we got single beds to replace the old four-posters, an old bus to take our girls to the

trains in the morning and bring them back in the evening, and we looked forward to real service; she, a most efficient person, to manage the house, I to ease a little the hurt in my own heart by mothering the children of others, both of us to apply our own incomes to the work, having our girls pay what would satisfy their self-respect but far less than the boarding-houses in the city expected.

Then came the Armistice, just as we were ready to begin—and the scheme fell through. The girls we counted on caught the excitement and did not want to live in the country—and I too, felt restless—it was only five months after Mary Lord's death—my son might soon be coming home—the town house was rented—I must have a home ready for him—and so I waited and waited, till the summer brought him back.

With the World War Washington changed its character forever. No longer the leisurely easy-going provincial town, socially pleasant, in which, incidentally, the seat of Government found itself. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it became the heart of the world, the world counting its every pulsation. All eyes turned to Washington, to the enigmatical idealist in the White House whose every syllable was momentous, whose name was on every tongue in every language and in every land. The population doubled and doubled again—strange uniforms were seen, strange speech was heard, strange flags were flying, in our streets. Each



HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS

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individual set his private affairs aside for the time; one emotion, one ambition, moved us all. Boys, boys, boys, on their way over-seas, taking the hearts of women with them. Girls, girls, girls, pouring into the Capital from every village, to do the work of men—and doing it. In all their free moments, hunting some decent place to lay their heads. Poor children, dying like flies in that influenza epidemic. I volunteered, in the improvised downtown hospital my sister Lucy directed—I knew nothing much about scientific nursing, but I was for the time being a pair of hands and a pair of feet, assigned to the most menial work in the place, thankful to do anything. I sat by many a bedside and watched other women's daughters make a good ending, though far away from home—clutching their little pocket-books until unconsciousness relieved their fears; accusing others while delirious, of drinking the grape juice their lovers had provided for them—washed and laid out by strange hands and left on the floor of the nurses' home—hundreds of them. I had one wild hour with a distracted mother who came to claim the body of her son. His death was on record, but in the confusion no one could locate the body. With my Red Cross veil on and not waiting for a wrap—I took hurried charge of this poor lady; first listing from the telephone book any people of the same name; and all the undertakers; then starting with her in a taxicab on a search of the city. We

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located the body; and weeks after the mother wrote me of the callousness of the boarding house people who had left the lad alone for days before sending for the health officer. She *bought* from them the pillow-case in his room on which he had scribbled a message to his father before he was taken, raving, to the hospital.

Government hotels were hurriedly built to accommodate the force of "war-workers," temporary office buildings were constructed in the parks to take care of the increased Departmental work, private homes were commandeered. Persons fit for special service to the country volunteered, coming to Washington as "Dollar-a-year men"; commissions from the allied countries were coming and going, discussing every phase of world welfare. The War and Navy Departments were issuing death-notices daily to stricken families, accompanied by thoughtfully expressed notes of sympathy——

We who under the older policies were to stand aloof from "entangling alliances" found ourselves not *drawn* into the vortex, but plunging in—clamoring for a share in the general sacrifice—like the prophet of old shouting aloud, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

It was a valiant time, only a few slackers, holding back and playing safe—and gobbling up the business of the fellows at the front. We found ourselves, willy-nilly, parts of the great complex

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human organism, and no one could say any more than the hand to the eye—"I have no need of you," or the foot to the head "Your inflammation is no affair of mine." That intricate network of common interest, commercial, social, racial, which half a century earlier had held the states of the Union together in spite of the Civil War, now bound the nations of the world together. For had the South been able to have established its independence, ten years would have proven the inter-dependence of North and South. We should have then "capitalized calamity" and become again, to all intents and purposes, a united people, bound in the invisible bonds of mutual interest—stronger than triple brass.

The world will soon know the egotist, the individualist no more. His home is in the valley—he will pass away. The nationalist is still a strong and an honest patriot—Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, Brigham Young, Theodore Roosevelt—a stable element. His house is half way up the hill, and he surveys intelligently his own immediate situation. The universalist has reached the summit, and his is the bird's-eye view. The larger relationships are revealed to him, tho' those below him cannot believe his report. Erasmus, Grotius, Thomas Jefferson, David Starr Jordan, Charles Fletcher Dole, Woodrow Wilson—have at least seen "humanity falling with its weight of cares upon the

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great world's altar stairs that lead through darkness up to God"——

Wonderful, from the day he was born in that uncompromising Manse in Staunton, Virginia, to the day he died, in that charming modern home equally sacred to his memory, where treasures given him by an admiring world are held in trust, 2340 S Street, Washington. Woodrow Wilson!

A dreary old house, his birthplace, stamped with old blue Presbyterianism—yet a proper birthplace for a gentleman.

The Presbyterian Church in the sixties had not been contaminated by Episcopalianism, and was holding staunchly to its honored, if none too pleasant, doctrines of infant damnation and the like; to austere virtue, and bare walls.

The old Manse in Staunton is about the same to-day—a plain brick house painted white; fronting on Coalter Street; with ample grounds grading abruptly down-hill at the back in a pleasant old-timey lawn that is half-way garden—grass-grown brick walks, arbors supporting ancient grape-vines, old sweet roses in need of pruning, the whole enclosed by a paling fence that was once painted green, but from which pigment many suns have drawn the chrome, leaving the decaying wood a soft old faded Prussian blue. The gates are closed; possibly locked against a too-admiring public; pos-

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sibly only equipped with a trick latch which I, interloper that I was, could not operate.

Standing on the street corner unable to enter I recalled a somewhat similar disappointment at "Windemere" one year when my children and I toured the Lake Country, studying Wordsworth and Coleridge; coached through the Trossachs to Abbotsford in the footsteps of Walter Scott; and then to Ayr, after Bobbie Burns.

On top the coach as we skirted lovely Lake Lomond sat directly in front of us a sick old man and his young wife, overhearing our comments upon the inhospitality and lack of public spirit on the part of persons who having such a landmark as the home of Wordsworth, closed it to the hero-worshipping public.

On alighting for the night this young lady gently addressed me, explaining that her husband's prolonged ill-health had forced them, the owners of "Windemere" to insist on privacy; but that if they could have known the great desire of my children to see the house an exception would have been made, and if we ever were there again—

As I stand ruminating, on the corner of Coalter and Frederick Streets, Staunton, Virginia, upon Woodrow Wilson—his great dreams, his compelling personality—a stalwart figure passes me briskly—the black cloth, the immaculate white shirt-bosom and lawn neck-tie bespeak the Presbyterian divine; he bears an umbrella bayonet-like,



Marietta Hiningsworth Andrews
1912

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON
ENGLISH SUFFRAGIST LEADER

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upon his shoulder, a sort of sword of the spirit—and by some magic unknown to me he opens that obstinate latch and vanishes within the house in which Woodrow Wilson was born.

I stand reading on a small dingy brass tablet this inscription, stressing the fact first that this house *is* the Manse—

MANSE
OF THE
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
BIRTHPLACE OF
WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson! What a train of thought the mere name sets in motion! In the most critical epoch of human history, that was the name oftenest upon the lips, in the minds, of the world. Whether one is in sympathy with his ideals or in direct opposition to his policies, his name alone brings to the imagination and to the memory the most stirring times and scenes. It was ours to give to the world the first Statesman who had the faith and the courage to incorporate the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount into international relations: That in itself was an act of unprecedented courage, a reversal of all theories of diplomacy, and a most intrepid disregard of personal profit. The man cannot be classified: he is solitary in his age, and time alone will accord him his rank and place. I would not presume to discuss him, lest I, like Job,

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should find myself speaking of things too great for me.

But Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, beautifully expressed himself as to the unique qualities of his great predecessor on the day of Woodrow Wilson's death, February 3rd 1924—

“He gave utterance to the aspiration of humanity with an eloquence which held the attention of all the earth and made America a new and enlarged influence in the destiny of mankind.”

With all my household, I was among that silent group who knelt in the street outside his door, praying in silence for peace on earth and goodwill among men, on that Sunday morning which marked his release from bondage.

It was a strange and moving spectacle to see the silent crowds assembling, pouring in from every street to pray before that door in Washington for the universal peace promised by the angelic hosts as they ushered in the Christian era, an ideal for which this man was laying down his life. There is opposite the Wilson home a tract of unimproved wooded land on an embankment some ten feet above the level of the street, for which reason there was not room for many persons to kneel directly opposite the house; but far as one could see, even up the cross streets, were reverent groups in silent witness of the power vested in that unconquerable spirit and broken body. In silent sympathy with the great dream of world-wide cooperation.

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At a signal from the leader, the men uncovered their heads and men and women knelt in the open street and prayed together, in silence and in tears regardless of religious or political creed, regardless of differences in race, age or condition. Foreign diplomats were present and government officials, unofficially; hundreds of the citizens of Washington, rich and poor, distinguished and obscure. Not a word was spoken to mar the solemnity of the occasion. There was exaltation on every face, as though each heart was saying, "It is good for us to be here."

The church bells were ringing as the hundreds gathered there rose to their feet and with bowed heads silently turned toward their homes or churches. The eleven o'clock services were due, and at that hour Woodrow Wilson died. It seemed as though his spirit was borne out on the wings of those many prayers beyond the things that are seen, and temporal, toward the things that are unseen and eternal.

I had the pleasure of attending a handsome breakfast in honor of the first Mrs. Wilson shortly after the Inauguration, and later the honor of receiving her in my house. Mr. Andrews was born in Steubenville, Ohio, as was the father of Woodrow Wilson, and when Mr. Andrews painted a portrait of Baron von Steuben for whom the city is named, he invited Mrs. Wilson to call at the studio and see it. She painted a little herself, in the gentle fashion

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2340 S STREET N W

WOODROW WILSON
WASHINGTON D C

6th April 1923

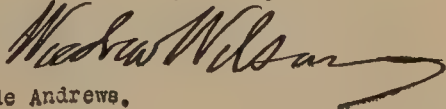
My dear Mrs. Andrews,

I wish that it were possible for Mrs. Wilson and me to attend the meeting at Charlottesville in the interest of the purchase of Monticello. And since it is not, I wish to give myself the pleasure of saying how much the project interests me, and I hope it will meet with complete success.

I think that the purchase and preservation of Monticello as a national memorial and place of rendezvous for those who cherish the ideals of Democracy with which Jefferson enriched the thought of this nation ought to meet with universal approval, and I hope and believe that the money will be forthcoming in abundance. The generosity and patriotic feeling of our people would be admirably expressed in such a gift to the nation.

Allow me again to express the hope that the plans of The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation will be realized, in full

Respectfully and Cordially Yours,



Mrs. Marietta Minnegerode Andrews.

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which gives much happiness to the painter, though it may not register very high in the larger world of art, and on the occasion of this call she made a pleasant impression upon me. A gentlewoman of the first order. She was graciously interested in the big portrait of the pompous old Prussian officer who had come over to us and instructed our untrained Continental Troops in Military Science; and she showed much interest in my sketches, so much in a little sunny pastel of corn-stacks and pumpkins, that I had it re-framed and sent it to her as a present. She was very sweet, and during her few months in Washington, made many friends.

Old residents of Steubenville have a traditional reverence for the memory of "Printer Wilson" who was printer, publisher and editor of that little town situated on the winding Ohio River; father of triplets; and grandfather of Woodrow Wilson.

For the second wife of Woodrow Wilson, the lovely Edith Bolling of Virginia, I have ever entertained the tenderest admiration. She was predestined to be loved, and being loved to remain unspoiled.

From the days when at Cousin John Henry Powell's school in Richmond committees of staid old gentlemen awarded her all the prizes, throughout her astonishing career she has been accorded precedence. Those old gentlemen sat in dignified pomposity on the front row listening judicially as

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one terrified little girl after another delivered an "essay," but at the first glance of little Edith Bolling's eye capitulated unconditionally, unanimously, and the prize was hers beyond dispute, even before she had read the first sentence of her paper! Her triumphs throughout have been due not only to her unusual charm and beauty, but to the sweet sincerity of her nature.

During her brilliant career as Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, she has avoided publicity and conducted herself with splendid poise as a private citizen, having fulfilled her high mission, and with all her wonderful wifely intuitions sought to safeguard her husband against self-seeking and treacherous associates. Day by day, in calm attention to her own affairs, contradicting in her life all aspersions born of envy, and winning for herself unconsciously a place among those few great women who have been arbiters of history, whose influence has been the unseen power which as the background of pre-eminent lives, shaped the destinies of men.

2340 S Street N W

July 12-1926

My dear Mrs. Andrews;

I am distressed to feel that in your keen anxiety regarding your son there was no word of sympathy from me—but your charming letter of July 3rd brought me the first tidings of all you have been through.

In face of your marvelous spirit and brave turning of the dark cloud inside out sympathy does not seem the

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word—but I must offer my warm congratulations at the outcome of threatened tragedy and deep admiration of you and your unconquerable spirit!

All you wrote interested me profoundly—and I am glad to feel you are again with old friends—and happy in former associations. You are good to ask about me and my plans for the summer—as you see I am still in my quiet corner on S Street, where I live in a land made rich with memories—my garden is restful and lovely—where the birds sing all day and the mocking birds way into the night.

However I plan to sail about August 1st for England for a stay of about six weeks including Geneva for the Assembly in Sept. One of my brothers will go with me, and we will be in Scotland for the grouse shooting at the same fascinating old castle where I spent last August. But I expect to be home by October and hope by that time you too will be thinking of turning your face toward Washington. I saw no one last winter, for after Mother's death my sister was ill, and there are so many things to be re-adjusted. But when you come home I will hope to see you and learn more of all the interesting things your life holds.

Your description of the Mormon maiden is delicious and I hope she will *stick* by the young couple. Please remember me to them, and keep for yourself the assurance that your name is high on the *right* side of the ledger.

Yours faithfully,

Edith Bolling Wilson.

Of the Wilson Cabinet, William Jennings Bryan has been more discussed than any one other man—the Secretary of State of the first Wilson administration, though John Bassett Moore served the



ISRAEL ZANGWILL

State Department at the time as special Counselor.

It is not for me to enter into any political discussion, I do not understand politics; but an amazing feature of Mr. Bryan's whole career was the hysterical infatuation of women for the silver-tongued orator. The women of the South raved over him from the first days of his public verbosity, as a Daniel come to judgment. The dear old Daughters of the Confederacy assembling at the Willard Hotel clung to his coat-tails as devotees to the hem of the High Priest. I have seen him surrounded by nice old ladies from every quarter of the South, every one of his ten fingers grasped by a separate admirer. Women fairly mobbed William Jennings Bryan during his years in Washington.

The wives of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet officers were an unusual group of women; the first Cabinet hostesses I have known who were not women of wealth. Mrs. Bryan, whose husband was Secretary of State, I have never had the pleasure of knowing well; but I have known Mrs. Robert Lansing, whose husband succeeded Mr. Bryan, and who, as the daughter of John W. Foster, himself former Secretary of State, was born into diplomatic circles; a woman not only well known in Washington all her life, but active in all philanthropies, and greatly valued. Mrs. Newton D. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, is a woman of tremendous energy equaled only by her good will; an accomplished

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musician and an expert gardener. It was she who gave the Washington Opera its first "boost." Since then Edouard Albion and his wife "Peggy" have been indefatigable in their efforts to establish an Opera in Washington. It was through Mrs. Baker that Mr. Albion was encouraged to remain in Washington, and to produce the first offering of "The Washington Opera." This was some ten years ago, and these brave young people have each season been able with the support of their guarantors, to give several operas, in which (a matter that interests me more than the fact that great singers are brought from elsewhere) our young, struggling and ambitious artists get a hearing. With the French Government dedicating the palace of Fontainebleau to the musical education of Americans and the Italian Government assigning the historic Villa D'Este so identified with the memory of Lizst, to the same purpose, it would be rather mortifying if the capital of our own country should lag behind! Mrs. Baker is also responsible for the cash-and-carry system inaugurated in Washington during the World War as an economy in time, service, and gasoline.

An attractive man is Newton D. Baker. He is what I take the word "spell-binder" to mean. Small, no taller than M. Jusserand, and in speaking, never raising his voice; yet his intonation is so pleasant and his personality so authoritative, that one cannot control the impulse to disregard all

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other conversation, and try not to lose a syllable that falls from his lips. His diction is fine, and there is in the thoughts he expresses something more inspirational than the usual small talk of even very great men. I once spoke of this to Mrs. Baker, admitting that I was unable to concentrate upon my dinner partner's remarks, because of the inclination to catch every accent of the host at the other end of the table; she promptly pleaded guilty to a similar weakness, insisting that through the fifteen or sixteen years of her married life, she had always felt defrauded if she had not heard everything her husband said! This connubial tribute made a profound impression upon me as I presume it must upon you!

It was on one December 28th, the birthday anniversary of Woodrow Wilson, when after some years, Mr. Baker and I met again. He made that night the delightful address expected of him. "Woodrow Wilson," he said, "was elected on the slogan *He Kept Us Out of War*. The honor of our country and circumstances over which we had no control forced us into the war a short time after. But all over the world today, through the functioning of that League of Nations, born of his brain, men and women, when they hear his name, are saying in gratitude, 'He kept us out of War.' Poor peasant women with shawls over their heads in far-away lands, farmer boys whose lives have not been sacrificed in bloody and futile conflict are

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saying, 'He kept us out of War!' And as the years go on, this chorus will swell and this story will spread—'He kept us out of War'."

In the midst of our Sunday luncheon one March day not long ago, the telephone announced "Newton D. Baker," and later in the afternoon, after a visit with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, he came to me, bringing Betty, his oldest daughter, a lovely blonde girl, to tell me of her engagement. Over a hickory log fire we sat in the studio, and in spite of the manifold changes of this mortal life, found our old friendship unimpaired. That evening I hastened to gather these reminiscences together while still under the spell of the personality of Newton D. Baker.

19200 South Woodland Road
Cleveland, Ohio

April 6, 1925

My Dear Mrs. Andrews,

Unhappily neither Mr. Baker nor I are free to attend the Monticello luncheon, much as we would both enjoy it.

How I would love to hear you as "Toast mistress." Betty was perfectly captivated by you when she visited you with her father, and when I had your note added to their account of the love-feast you all had together, I felt horribly out of it.

The family worried me by telling me you are not well, and I can imagine you sacrificing yourself for others as you were always doing when I was with you. You are too valuable a person, and add too much interest and

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joy to the lives of all who know you, to be sacrificed on any altar of any kind.

I have a reminder of you that you have probably forgotten, but I have used it until it is only a semblance of its early self, and every time I see it there arises a vision of you. It is a big basket you gave me once filled with the fruits of your garden, and I have used it constantly in all my garden operations, until now I couldn't garden without it. It is as indispensable as my trowel or cultivator.

Fondly yours,
Elizabeth Baker.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels, an intelligent woman and good housekeeper, merrily passed around cakes of her own baking at her buffet luncheons, bragging about them a little as the work of her own genius, and making her guests as envious as they were hungry—following these with a miraculous concoction which she called "Topsy Pudding," which, considering her liege lord's ultimatum as to liquor in the Navy (and this prior to Prohibition) amused her guests. The frankness, spontaneous hospitality, and entire lack of snobbishness on the part of these women created an atmosphere which people greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Daniels is a woman of ability, a born leader, something of an orator, and as good an auctioneer as I ever saw. At one big house loaned for a benefit, I witnessed, to my own impoverishment, her achievements in this line. She mounted a marble



*Marietta Miningerode
Andrews*

GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE
U. S. MARINE CORPS

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table with utmost grace (and she is not a light weight) and there played the auctioneer to perfection! Bank notes and checks poured in, as lamp shades, boudoir caps, marble statuettes, Japanese trays, Chinese tea-caddies, old bits of lace, unappreciated wedding presents, Christmas gifts from relatives we do not love, keepsakes from friends we have forgotten, all came under the hammer; while the beaming auctioneer, regardless of the fact that she was the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, carried everything before her with a whereas! The generous proceeds of that afternoon were tributes first to the charm of the auctioneer, and second to the cause in hand. Mrs. Daniels proved her power, on that occasion, to swing the world her way and control the "mob psychology."

After leaving Washington these good people returned to Raleigh, North Carolina, and built a large stone house upon a slight elevation outside the city. Over the doorway a great shield, graven in stone, bears an anchor on its face, by which token all men may know that the master is a friend of the sea-faring men and an ex-Secretary of the United States Navy!

Mrs. Newton D. Baker also made her own little wafers and cakes for her Wednesdays at home, made them in the most fascinating shapes and of every imaginable variety, some like butterflies, others like flowers; she decorated them with cherries and sprinkled them with cinnamon, and made

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them, poor child, by the million! For Washington pours its living tide into the official houses open on official at-home days, and people one never sees anywhere else are observed consuming such refreshments with gusto.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, whose husband was the Secretary of the Interior, felt keenly the responsibilities of her position, and used the privileges of it with admirable spirit. Securing a position in the Reclamation Service for a young friend of mine, six months later she sent me a report on his work, which she had got from his chief, thus showing that she had borne the case in mind, and kept herself informed. Another time, when unable to grant a request of a young couple for employment, instead of having her secretary write a stereotyped regret Mrs. Lane got into her carriage and looked the people up, visiting them in their own home, explaining in person the circumstances which made the thing impossible. A small thing, one would say, but when every day brings hundreds of such appeals to a person in high position, with official, social and domestic duties also demanding more attention than is necessary for others it tells the story of an earnest life. It calls for time, thought, heart, and vitality and deserves to be remembered and recorded—wonderful in its results, surely adding to the sum total of good-will in the world!

The first time I ever met Mrs. Lane was long ago, long before the Wilson régime, and in the sick-

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room of a friend, who looked like a Fifteenth Century painting of a saint, Hattie Burdette's frieze "Jerusalem the Golden" as her background! her romantic head and great soft eyes! Mrs. Lane wore a summer silk, black and white, white predominating, and touches of yellow in the trimming.

I always see her clothes as part of her. She wears them well. She wore to a buffet luncheon in my studio (in honor of Mrs. Josephus, I think) soon after the Wilson Cabinet arrived, an exquisite spring costume of lilac silk, a coat effect—she was very striking as she sat on the couch with the old tapestry back of her, the chaste Susannah and the naughty elders, the "peeping Toms" of the Apocrypha. The greenish tones of the tapestry harmonizing with her auburn hair and pale purple silk. A combination so enchanting that I almost anointed the woman next her with mayonnaise dressing. It is for such moments that one has a studio. And then, how lovely she was in her widow's dress years after, after all the bloodshed and all the revelation—after the war, after my husband was "dead," after her great good Franklin K. Lane was "dead"—after my darling Mary Lord was "dead," when she sat again in my studio talking to a group of women about the light that shines in darkness. For during the war, and following the death of the young son of a close friend, Mrs. Lane and the bereaved mother became joint recipients of communications which they published

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under the title "To Walk with God"—books which during that period of universal sorrow, helped many a stricken soul to a joyous faith in the continuity of life.

x x x

THE FUJIYA HOTEL

Natural Hot Springs

Miyanoshita,

Japan

May 7, 1926.

My Dear Mrs. Andrews:

And you will wonder what moves me to write to you from this far off place after such a long silence. Partly because yesterday I met here Mrs. Dulany and we talked a bit of you amongst many others and partly because I am longing to know what development the years are bringing to you.

I had hoped to see you in Washington last winter—but I was only there for a few days and sick with a dreadful cold the last days and left expecting to go back again for a longer stay. Then I found I had to go West sooner than I had intended and didn't get back to Washington at all which was a keen disappointment, for many of my friends I had not seen. But I had been invited to come on this wonderful trip to Japan and China and it was an opportunity that might never come my way again and so I decided to come and in order to do so had to curtail my visit East.

We have been over a month in Japan and are going on later to Korea and then into Peking if things quiet down so that we can get in safely—as I think they will from present indications. Then I shall sail back to America the beginning of July while the friends I am with now go on to Java, Siam and probably Australia.

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They want me to continue with them but I want to get back to see Nancy before she goes back to New York for the winter.

Nancy did very well in New York last winter. She was understudy to Ina Claire and took one of the other parts very successfully when Miss Ryan was ill. But she ended with a very nasty nervous breakdown due to getting up too soon from an attack of grippe and then while still ill herself, nursing little Lane and his governess through their grippe—doing the housework, as the cook got ill and left, and keeping up her theatre work. She is now in Santa Barbara where I hope she will grow strong enough to go on with this hard professional life that she has chosen.

And now I am longing to hear from you and where your "quest" is taking you. I am working all the time in my effort to gain more knowledge and a clearer contact with the spiritual world but I can't feel that I am going forward very fast. But the more I learn the more sure I am that it is the one thing in this world worth while—in which there is no disappointment—no disillusion.

Do write me what you are doing, seeing, receiving and your letter will greet me on my return in July.

My love to you always and my warm interest in all that touches you.—Beautiful, generous being that you are! The very thought of you quickens and vivifies!

Affectionately,

Anne W. Lane.

Mrs. Burleson, a petite brunette from Texas, wife of the Postmaster-General of the Wilson Cabinet, with her two pretty daughters as her constant companions was socially active and in all charitable and civic undertakings much in evi-

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dence. They were a gifted trio, as alike as peas in a pod. On one occasion when I was helping Helen Taft in a drive for Bryn Mawr, I gave a dinner for forty women at the then famous St. Mark's Café, acting as toast-mistress myself, and calling upon some women who were not college graduates and some who were, to speak. Among the college women were Madame Grouitch, the popular wife of the Serbian Minister, and Helen Taft herself and some of her associates at Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Burleson, a southern woman of my own generation who grew up shortly after the Civil War, spoke from the view-point of one who, having missed the advantage of higher education, saw to it that her daughters should have every opportunity; and then Lucy, her daughter, spoke as a university graduate, for the cause of advanced education for women. My sister Lucy Minnigerode, a great executive, told of the difficulties in the path of the untrained woman; Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, President of the Washington Club, and Leila Mechlin, Editor of the American Journal of Art, both emphasized the value of the mental discipline which they had missed, but without which, as was well known to all present, they had each by dint of their own energy, intelligence and courage, registered for valuable services in the world.

A cousin of mine, William Reid Williams, was Assistant Secretary of War in the latter part of Mr.

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Wilson's second administration, a modest business man from Richmond, and a very excellent official. His wife did not care to close her house in Richmond where her children were in school, so I took Willy under my wing and he enjoyed a home atmosphere here with me and my young people. We went to official functions together, he being sometimes addressed as Mr. Andrews and I sometimes as Mrs. Williams.

He left Washington on an April day—his successor Col. J. Mayhew Wainright of New York (now Member of Congress) not having assumed the duties of the office immediately upon Mr. Harding's inauguration; and that day saw as thrilling a scene staged at my door, as I have ever witnessed. Willy had decided to motor to Richmond, planning to leave this house at 2 P.M. I had phoned to Col. John A. T. Hull, Colonel Merwyn Buckey, and one or two other officers, of his purpose; so by half-past one the doorbell began to ring, and the ranking officers of the army, in full uniform, soon filled my studio—so many handsome men, faultlessly groomed, erect and splendid—their breasts ablaze with decorations—the cream of the United States Army. At exactly two o'clock they filed out, and formed a double line from the front door to the curbstone, where the official automobile waited. They looked so handsome massed there, that the public paused to see what it was all about. Willy had forgotten two pairs of shoes, and hopped

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up to the third floor for them, returning with them under his arm, carelessly wrapped in newspaper (Ole Virginny never tire!). Then he kissed me and another cousin or two, and beautiful Mary Rivers, shook hands first on the right, then on the left, with all those wonderful officers who had appreciated his intelligence, simplicity and fair play, a hundred men or more—then, with tears in his eyes—for the tribute was touching—and, the two pairs of shoes under his arm, he stepped into the car and was gone!

It is customary to bid farewell to Cabinet officers and their assistants in this way. The Union Station fills with well-wishers as an outgoing Secretary and his family pass from Washington's official life: their last memory is of this double or treble cordon through which they pass, as hundreds of their friends and countrymen are lined up to bid them God-speed.

CHAPTER X

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT

THE Senatorial and Congressional circles of Washington life are very large, and the hostesses find themselves due to do much visiting and entertaining which is official, as well as to bear in mind the courtesies incumbent upon them toward their husbands' constituencies. Their visiting lists are so cruelly long, that I, with charity toward all and malice toward none, have made it a rule not to make these calls unless the Senators and Congressmen and their wives were my personal friends of long standing, or some special circumstance seemed to justify my thrusting my small person upon their attention.

Thus it happened that never having had a calling acquaintance with Mrs. Warren G. Harding during her husband's term as Senator, my opportunities for knowing her as the wife of the President were limited to the formal call which it is everyone's duty and pleasure to make at the White House, which at her convenience she recognized by an invitation for a definite hour. Punctuality was specifically necessary on these occasions for it soon became known that Mrs. Harding received her callers one at a time. If the invitation was for a

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quarter of five o'clock, someone else was due at ten minutes of five and someone else at five minutes of five.

This was a variation from the customs of her predecessors who usually received a number of guests at a time, the social secretary or some friend pouring tea in the pleasant Red Room, where the Hostess stood under my husband's portrait of Martha Washington.


One of the White House Aides stands by the First Lady in the Land, and makes the introductions, as she greets each caller with a few moments' courtesy. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson smiled graciously into the faces of the dear old ladies from Virginia, her cousins, no doubt, or mine, who innocently held up the line of waiting admirers, to tell her of John's bronchitis or how well Sally's oldest girl was doing at College. Mrs. Coolidge also follows the custom of receiving by appointment at small teas, and never fails to find the right word for each guest in turn.

Calling on Mrs. Harding, the guest was ushered into the Blue Room, where perhaps a few other persons were waiting, and at the precise moment of her appointment was summoned into presence of Mrs. Harding, who was found seated upon a little gilded chair in the adjoining room, a similar little chair placed directly before her, on which she invited the caller to be seated. There two women looked into each other's eyes; labored to make con-

versation if they felt a little strained, or had a real heart-to-heart talk, if they recognized each other as kindred spirits. Mrs. Harding always wore a black velvet ribbon around her throat, and used the shade of blue known as "Harding Blue" conspicuously in her dress. She did most of the talking herself, speaking freely of "Warren's" tastes (such of them as were known to her) and repeating Warren's sayings, which were marked by an admirable normalcy. She questioned her caller kindly as to her own likes and dislikes, showing a friendly mind and desire to be interested. She explained that it was her wish to know each visitor personally, and by the time she reached this point, a silent functionary stood in the doorway, by which token, unless one were very obtuse, one perceived the audience to be at an end.

I think there have never been a President and a President's wife in Washington who have made so transient an impression upon the life of the Capital, as Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gamaliel Harding.

It has occurred several times within my memory that a President has promoted a personal friend to high rank in the army or navy over the heads of others, provoking considerable envy and resentment, gossip and criticism. By no means an unnatural action on the part of an executive, who takes advantage of his temporary power to reward merit, provide for a friend or bind to his service a physician upon whose care he has come to depend.



*marietta
miniatures
Andrew*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

[369]

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The man so advanced has found that for many years a tincture of unpopularity colors his days, but we of Washington who now have perspective on some such instances of favoritism, bear witness that in most cases, time has proven the choice a sound one and the honor deserved.

No case of this sort has been more the subject of comment than that of President Harding's personal physician, one of the numerous friends from his home town, a little Doctor Sawyer, whose brief career in Washington inspired the following lines, sung all over the Capital, current everywhere, as a sort of requiem during the months that followed the departure of this country doctor who had masqueraded in the uniform of a Brigadier General. He was especially striking when riding horseback, his mount a veritable Rosinante, the expression of his alert small figure astride this gigantic steed, more martial than that of William Hohenzollern in the hey-day of his pride. As this apparition stalked the parks of Washington in the morning, the department clerks on their way to office, the squad of gardeners busy among the cannas and gladiolas, the little, impudent newsboys, the "white wings" at their eternal sweeping of the avenues, the portly Senators and Congressmen walking, for exercise, to the Capitol, all recognized him, and greeted the White House favorite with the ostentatious respect which was a fitting tribute to his greatness.

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Oh, General, when I think on thee,
And on thy legs especially
And realize that they are gone
From out the gaze of Washington,
I scarcely can suppress a tear,
I sob and sigh, "My Brigadier!"

And when I sense I ne'er shall see
That indescribable goatee
Through which the White House breezes blew,
With not a single hair askew,
There's nothing left for me, I fear,
But Memories, "My Brigadier!"

And when I come to contemplate
The curious whirligig of fate
That relegates thee to the rear,
And spoils an eminent career,
I choke and gasp, to me 'tis clear,
There's nothing in this hemisphere
Exactly like "My Brigadier!"

Oh, General, canst thou not donate,
Since thou hast had to abdicate,
Some trophy of thy bravery
Thy Sam Browne belt or one puttee?
'Twould be a sacred souvenir
My homeopathic "Brigadier!"

There has never been a mistress of the White House more popular in Washington than Mrs. Coolidge. If in the makeup of the President there is something of austerity, suggesting the solemnity of his Puritan ancestors and the stability of the

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New England granite, there is in her a sunshine that breaks out even through the heavy clouds of personal sorrow which have overshadowed them both; she never fails to give the warm handshake, the cheering word, that stimulate all who meet her. And I have thought that in her nature there is that which adds a radiance to the blossom and a sweetness to the fruit of our Virginia orchards, a little *southern exposure*! We note that all the trees are fuller in their foliage on the side turned to the south; that the freight of winter snow and sleet falls first away from the side turned to the south. The south wind blows sad thoughts away, and meets the gales from the northeast with the all-conquering might of mildness. The jonquils push their golden noses up through the snow on the southern slopes long before their little brothers and sisters peep from under the blanket on the northerly fields at "Vauxcluse."

Mrs. Coolidge has won the love of the people of Washington.

Her girlish—one might almost say, her boyish figure—the buoyancy of her step, and the alertness of her mind, create happy impressions. She is beyond criticism.

During her husband's term as Vice-President, she was the honor guest almost daily, at some elaborate luncheon, for that is one of the duties of a Vice-President's lady, since the wife of the Presi-

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dent does not often accept invitations; never a sign of weariness, always the same delightful cordiality, marked Mrs. Coolidge, and she went as readily to a little studio and praised as warmly the home-cooked fare (to the unspeakable pride of the old colored cook from Virginia who prepared it) as she did to the marble palaces of those of her more affluent admirers.

The dear youthfulness of her won all hearts in those days, and the reader may hardly credit my tale, when I relate how, on calling one forenoon upon her at the Willard, I found a large doll occupying the sofa in the drawing room in solitary state. When Mrs. Coolidge entered the room, I exclaimed, "Why, do you know I did not know you had a little daughter!"

"I haven't," she answered, "only the two boys."

"Then to whom is the doll to be attributed?" I asked.

"Why, to me," answered the Vice-President's wife. "I never have outgrown my love for dolls!"

Most of our Presidents have had very capable wives, women who at one time or another have turned their hands to some practical part of their own housekeeping, but I doubt if we ever saw a more efficient woman than this one, filling this conspicuous position. I believe she will leave the White House, when the time comes, absolutely unspoiled—just a little weary, perhaps; for the

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continual drain upon her time and vitality places a real tax upon her strength. She has a generous soul.

On November 30, 1923, Mrs. Coolidge cordially received the Washington Committee of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation; one hundred men and women in Washington who had especially interested themselves in the preservation of Monticello as a Memorial to the author of the Declaration of Independence, assembled first at my studio for an informal discussion, and then went in a body to the White House; those who had automobiles filling them, in true Jeffersonian hospitality, with those who had none.

Upon our arrival, Mr. Hoover, the time-honored major domo of the White House, delivered to me a message from Mrs. Coolidge that she would like to have me receive with her; so he led me into the Red Room, where she stood right under my husband's portrait of Thomas Jefferson, and all our good Monticellians greeted us both. I had prepared a little souvenir for her—silhouette portraits of three great Virginians, and this I invited the Member of Congress from the Mount Vernon District, the Hon. R. Walton Moore, of Virginia, to present. In a well-turned short speech, Mr. Moore asked Mrs. Coolidge to accept these little reminders of Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, and John Randolph, cousins, he said, who in spite of blood relationship had often disagreed. (Why Walton

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Moore should have, by inference, suggested that blood relations do agree, I cannot understand; for he knows—no one better—that that amounts to a miracle!)

Mrs. Coolidge accepted the little gift with a quaint and entirely spontaneous gaiety.

"I am glad to have this little picture," she said, "as a piece of Mrs. Andrews' work done for me; and I welcome these three great Virginians to the White House. If, as Mr. Moore suggests, these distinguished cousins did not agree in this world, it is gratifying to see them *all in the same frame today*; I feel sure that after a hundred years in a better world, these gentlemen have come to a better understanding; and I think I shall hang them in the Abraham Lincoln Room!"

Mr. Coolidge has also been responsive toward the work of the Thomas Jefferson Foundation, and his letter accepting membership on the Board of Governors, opens with the fine expression:

"To do anything else, or anything other than accept your invitation to honorary membership on the Board of Governors of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, would be both ungracious, and it seems to me unpatriotic."

At the home of a mutual friend I have met young Mr. Wreaks, a deaf-mute in childhood, but by good training now able to speak and to read the lips. I have received the following letter from Mr. Wreaks in which he tells of the courtship of the

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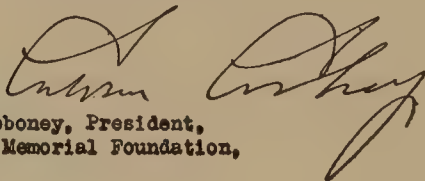
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 25, 1924.

My dear Mr. Gibboney:

To do anything else, or anything other than accept your invitation to honorary membership on the Board of Governors of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, would be both ungracious and, it seems to me, unpatriotic. I gladly accept, with some regret, of course, that I shall probably have less of the time and opportunity to give the sort of service that would be most helpful. But I cannot too earnestly assure you of my conviction that your organization is performing a useful service in encouraging the preservation of those shrines and monuments of American history, which must always bring inspiration to the American people. I wish you all success in your program of establishing the home of Jefferson as one of the perpetual monuments of patriots and patriotism.

Most sincerely yours,



Mr. Stuart G. Gibboney, President,
Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation,
115 Broadway,
New York City.

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President as he remembers it, and I shall give him as soon as this book is off the press, a copy of my very imperfect silhouette of his dear young teacher.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Oct. 31, 1926

My Dear Mrs. Andrews:

As you are preparing a book on Washington life and I have seen your silhouettes, I think it may interest you to know that I went to the Clark School for the Deaf at Northampton, Mass., when I was a little boy, and was there eleven years, during part of that time Miss Gracie Goodhue was one of the teachers. We thought she was very nice and the children tried to peep through the crack in the door whenever Mr. Coolidge came for we wanted to see her and her beau. The crack was not very big so we made excuses to pass the door very often. This was not so convenient and after they were engaged they used an up-stairs reception room. Mr. Coolidge laid his hat on the floor. We thought Miss Gracie Goodhue very pretty, and after they were married they came to see us at the school very often. I should like to see Mrs. Coolidge again. Maybe she would remember Fizzie Wreaks.

I should like to have it in your book that her pupils remember her and that she was a sweet girl. They taught us manual training there too, Sloyd System, and that is how I am able now to do good cabinet work and make the toy automobiles.

Sincerely yours,

Charles F. Wreaks, Jr.

It has made me very proud this summer to be the bearer of a message of congratulation from M.

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Gaston Doumergue, the President of the French Republic, to Mr. Coolidge, in which the French President says that our success in this movement to preserve Monticello rejoices all France, since Thomas Jefferson's memory is dear to them because of his great friendship for their country.

The letter, creating quite a sensation when delivered at my hotel by a mounted messenger, was actually written from that romantic retreat of the Presidents of France, Rambouillet, one of the historic châteaux given by the French public to their Presidents. Carnot, Tauro, Loubet, Tallieres, Poincaré, and Millerand used it as an autumn residence, for pheasants abounded by thousands in the forests and their guests found ample sport.

M. Doumergue struck me as a sincere, plain, friendly and very merry person, to whom extreme formality would be irksome. No doubt a man may be as informal in a royal château as in a Virginia farm house, and it was pleasant to receive his message to Mr. Coolidge, and to think of him enjoying a summer sunset and a good cigar, as he rested from his labors and looked out across the lovely landscape from historic Rambouillet.

Two portraits in the White House, Thomas Jefferson and Martha Washington, were painted here in this studio before I ever knew my husband; they are compositions, based on the Gilbert Stuart heads; dignified, and hold their own with portraits painted from life in the same academic manner.

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LE
PRÉSIDENT
DE LA
RÉPUBLIQUE

Rambouillet, le 24 Juillet 1925.

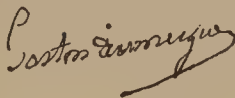
Madame,

J'ai été très heureux de vous recevoir à l'Elysée et de recevoir en même temps que vous la Délégation des Membres de la Fondation Jefferson. Je tiens à vous redire par écrit mes vives félicitations pour l'oeuvre entreprise par cette intéressante et patriotique Fondation et pour le succès qu'elle a obtenu.

Ce succès réjouit tous les Français, à qui la mémoire de Thomas Jefferson est chère, car il fut un grand ami de la France.

S'il vous est donné de voir, à votre retour aux Etats-Unis, M. le Président Coolidge, je vous serais reconnaissant de lui dire combien il m'a été agréable de recevoir la Délégation des Membres de la Fondation Thomas Jefferson et de le prier d'agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments de très haute estime et de sincère amitié.

Daignez, Madame, agréer mes respectueux hommages.



Madame Minnigerode Andrews.

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Mr. Andrews knew more than he ever could record: perhaps we all do: he let himself be hurried sometimes, and so fell into doing work that was by no means as good as he might have done. I would like to make a bonfire of some of his big canvasses, but the delightful little landscapes he painted on the Oise, in France, and on the Avon, in England, are inexpressibly dear to me,—so loving, so poetic, so full of charm and knowledge. He had no Senators and Congressmen nagging him to carry out their absurd ideas—no weeping relatives to plead with him to make their dear departed beautiful—no fat women demanding to be made thin, and thin women demanding to be made fat, and old ones demanding to be made young—poor dear! When these things happened, he was so polite; bowing, and smiling, and agreeing with his adversary quickly while he was in the way with him! Sometimes the worm turned; as when a finished portrait, often altered to please a lachrymose mother, received the final comment:

“Really, this is exactly like him, now. Only I think I would like to have the head turned just a wee bit more to the left.”

That encounter between Mr. Coolidge and Anton Lang, the Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play, must have been an interesting one, when the gentle old peasant who had pictured the

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supreme event of history so often before the reverent eyes of the world, tried his hand at a bit of diplomacy. On his visit to the President, he attempted a discussion of international relationships, it was reported, with the result that Mr. Coolidge ended the interview, as he so well knows how to do, rather abruptly. The Oberammergauers came to America exhibiting their wood-carving, and hoping to raise a large sum of money.

They had luncheon with me, and I found them very appealing. In the party were some shrewd fellows, who struck me as altogether incongruous, and gave me a feeling of anxiety for the simple Langs. I had expected them for lunch at noon, and asked a group of persons interested, as I am, in religious pageantry, to meet them—Marie Moore Forrest, Bess Schreiner, Caroline McKinley, and the people who do Washington's best work in that line—as well as a dozen other friends who I knew would be interested. The Washington guests arrived promptly, but no Oberammergauers. Half past one came, and I ordered lunch. Having lived a long time in Bavaria I had set up just such a meal as I knew these villagers would enjoy, and which, had they been present, would have passed off as I intended; but the home guests were rather taken aback at the sausage, sauerkraut and beer, the *Roehreier* and *Rogenbrot*, and other viands,

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echt deutsch, of course. They nibbled away, however, a little downcast, and then politely departed.

At half-past three o'clock, looking out of my studio window, I saw two automobiles stop in front of Mrs. Norman Williams' house opposite, and from them descended several strange-looking men with long hair, a motherly middle-aged woman, and four or five business-like men, more or less like the rest of the world we live in. After gazing up and down and across Sixteenth Street, they bore in my direction, and I bore in the direction of the lower regions, to scare up some sort of a repast.

Providence, as usual, had me under its special protection, for the Washington guests, with a local predilection for Chicken a la King, had not partaken freely of the sauerkraut and Wuerstles, and we soon were breathing freely, knowing there was food! The dear people poured in, famished, and voluble with explanations; the train from Baltimore had been late, etiquette required that before all else they must present themselves at the German Embassy to call upon Doctor Wiedefeldt, the Ambassador; they had a little difficulty finding the way; when they did find it, it was necessary to pay a formal call of respectful length; they were not refreshed with anything substantial which one can readily understand, knowing Frau Wiedefeldt's self-denying frugality; so here they were, tired,



Marista Minni of Coolidge

MRS. COOLIDGE

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worried, hungry, apologetic—every complex not suited to a party!

Soothing odors, however, were rising from below, as the sauerkraut began to steam again, and the strong black coffee, which I ordered in gallons; and in a few moments, all were in the dining-room, devoting themselves with healthy enthusiasm to a meal which they greatly enjoyed. It was precisely what they relished, a change from the ground-up, touched-up incomprehensible combinations of Heaven-knows-what, on which they had been nominally subsisting in hotels. Platter after platter was brought up, hot and odorous; the coffee was served in the blue and gold Minton tea-cups, the biggest I ever saw—heirlooms I greatly value—and the guests fell to like real men, without ceremony, and did the thing they came to do.

When lunch was over, at about half-past four, we adjourned to the studio for a smoke, and a *Plauderstund*; the strangers were no longer strange; a few other friends drifted in, and of the earlier lunchers some returned, on the chance of meeting the Langs; so another delightful hour passed.

Anton Lang is now too old for the great rôle he has played so long, so well; there is the impress upon him, beyond all doubt, of the personality he has faithfully striven to portray. Peter was with him, a stocky old fellow with a magnificent head, and Judas Iscariot, red-headed, a type very intelligent,

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an honest type, a man who might have gambled upon his master's power to protect himself, but a man who, had he believed the thing could possibly go through, would have died rather than do it. Well, he did die, didn't he? When he found he could not undo the thing he had done. I judge that it has been all well with him for a long, long time; he is not the only traitor of history. And the friend he sold was not one of the little souls that know not how to forgive.

Before leaving the Langs, whom I shall never see again, I wish to record the kindnesses of Frau Lang, in the home she presides over in the hill country of Bavaria. She is one of those dear comfortable mothers, embracing all in her expansive goodwill. This I know positively, from sorrowing ones who have been the beneficiaries of her big heart, and welcomed into her little home. She is the *Hausmutter*, not the artist. In fact, I cannot conceive of any of this group as artists; they seem to have no technique, but to actually be the thing they represent: to have so saturated themselves with the spirit of time, and the philosophy of the teaching of Christ, that there is no need for artificial training. If I got this impression, watching and hearing them eat, it must be true. If they are artists, they are artists par excellence; it is indeed the art that conceals art.

It was an honor to have had these people in my

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house. And Anton Lang, in his coarse clothes, with his perfect profile and long soft hair, is a figure never to be forgotten.*

Our President does not easily register emotion; but he is a deeply religious man, and I am sure he looked most kindly into the quiet eyes of the Christus of Oberammergau, even though it may have been necessary to make it clear that he did not discuss international matters with private persons.

Prior to the World War, we could not eat our luncheon without flowers on the table, or finger-bowls, or butter-balls or salted almonds. Then the War came, and we substituted fruit for decoration because we could eat it up before it got stale; we cut the butter and dispensed with salted almonds and finger-bowls. Why should we not share the universal suffering? Finger-bowls seemed frivolous and effete, though the bowls having been paid for long ago, and water inexpensive, this was a detail we might have enjoyed without strain to our consciences. Now we are returning to them, and to flowers, and to butter-balls—and soon we

* I found two years later that Anton had been in Washington. His card was at my studio; on the one side

ANTON LANG
STUD. PHIL.

Oberammergau

On the other side: "Very sorry I missed you. I am going back to Oberammergau next week and was here just for a day. Best regards,
Toni"

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shall have salted almonds, and be just where we were before! Prior to the World War, everybody saw everybody else gird up her loins and touch up her face and sally forth at 3 P. M. to do battle at the bridge table; nor was Horatio at the Bridge more valiant than they!

I never played. I had not sense enough. And having so many relatives, I naturally was cautious not to add to the numbers of my enemies, but I saw "the long procession still passing to and fro, the young heart hot and restless," and the old equally so—all intent on victory! War came; and there was an epidemic of knitting o. d. sweaters and cutting out Red Cross garments and making clothes for Belgian children out of old silk stockings, and rolling bandages, and washing dishes in canteens. And all the bridge-fiends became ministering angels. And now everyone is going to lectures; and everybody is lecturing; everybody intent upon improving everybody else's mind. Personally, I cannot permit information to be imparted to me. I am suffering now from intellectual indigestion. And I wonder at the people who call on me to expound to them my half-baked theories! I am willing to talk, if they insist; but I will not be talked to. And I will not have a radio in my house. This lecture-fever is nothing more than a preliminary to a return to the daily diversion of the card table. The procession of dames in automobiles, out Sixteenth Street—a few impecunious ones limping

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along on foot—from the White House neighborhood, past St. John's, past the new Lafayette Hotel, and the new apartment houses; past the old comfortable John Nicholas Norton house, in which Juliette still lives, Mrs. Paul Evarts Johnson, now a grandmother—past the new Russian Embassy—opposite, the wreck of the Hay house, and the Tuckerman house, closed; Justice Gray's house, occupied by Judge John Barton Payne; the old Gordon Hotel; the old brick dwellings remodelled into English basements, with stingy little doorways like large key holes! Past the new apartment houses, and the Gardner Hubbard Memorial, home of the National Geographic Association. On the east side again, there is the new Racquet Club, and more apartments, then the National Educational Association, in the colonial house built by Robert Bacon; the new Martinique Hotel—a new apartment house—Mrs. John O. Evans' fine brick house, about as old as mine—and Mrs. Norman Williams, who cleverly opened her windows on the beautiful grounds, never to be built up, of the Louise Home!

And here we are again at Scott Circle—bound to risk our lives, getting across the street!

The red light is on—wait! The yellow signal glows—walk! The green one glares—run! Mrs. Addison, Mrs. Parmalee, Mrs. Dimock, and the Misses Cullen, in their carriages, are wedged in among the trucks and Fords and Packards that

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jam the street. North and South—the horses are philosophical, the drivers stoical; the great ladies register aristocratic determination. So we pass Mrs. Dimock's, Mrs. Mackay-Smith's; across Sixteenth Street, we note that Mrs. James Carroll Frazer's house is for rent, the Cary Graysons and the Loren Johnsons have abandoned their handsome homes, driven out by the noise, to seek green fields and pastures new—The Carnegie Institute, the Scottish Rite Temple, the Swedenborgian Church and many new apartments and hotels on the right! Mrs. Blodgett (in the Foraker house), the Methodist Foundry Church and the La Follette house, on the left—and, of course, "Boundary Castle," embassies, apartment houses, hotels, churches.

As we glide through a long stretch up hill, along which the real estate fiends have felled the glorious trees, leveled the hills and filled in the valleys, I will catch my breath and tell you something of some of the places we have passed. The great value of the Geographic Association disseminating in popular form impressions of all lands is the work of several generations of the Hubbard and Bell families, and their gifted sons-in-law; Mr. Hubbard's daughters married Charles Bell and Alexander Graham Bell, and Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, President of the National Geographic Society married a daughter of Alexander Graham Bell, the great master of Acoustics. Professor Bell and his wife were a most unusual pair, he a man of massive

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make, tall, splendidly erect, with a snowy patriarchal beard and a cloud of white hair surrounding a massive forehead—a physiognomy somewhat resembling that of the astronomer, Sir John Herschel. Mrs. Bell was a deaf-mute, who had been her husband's pupil and learned his system of "visible speech" as it was called, an invention of his father's and developed by his family in Scotland and by himself first in Canada and later in Boston. That, even more than the telephone, or his experiments in aeronautics which were financed at first by his father-in-law should endear Professor Bell to all mankind—a miracle of intelligence! What a great sight it was when at the theatre, or a lecture, his lips followed the words of the speakers, and her eyes which never left his face, read them like print!

It was the custom of Professor and Mrs. Bell to entertain frequently in his delightful study on Connecticut Avenue, where one met all distinguished artists and scientists visiting Washington. A striking feature of these occasions was—the subserviency of all material things, especially of clothes and food! There was always refreshment, and it was always good; but instead of figuring as the important feature of the evening, the adjustment was so delicate, that the materialistic quality seemed happily not to exist.

Food often destroys the intellectual benefit and should not be served beyond just the point of refreshing—not as an interruption, not as an anti-

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climax—but as an incident. Greater simplicity on the part of the wealthy in this matter, might make it possible for persons of moderate means to entertain as everyone loves to do—more frequently! Another charming feature at the Bells was that while guests were in evening dress, and these were wealthy people, there was never a display of jewels or the extremes of fashion by which other guests equally interesting but less wealthy, might have felt themselves at a disadvantage.

During a certain time in my life I knew Mrs. Bell very well and always admired her greatly.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell is buried, as are Louis Stevenson in Samoa and Cecil Rhodes in Africa, upon a mountain-top. They loved their home in Nova Scotia, and after his death she did not linger long. Their strong qualities were a fine blend, they did good work together in this world, and rest together in a spot they loved. Some lines of mine not especially dedicated to them, seem to express the companionship on that sacred mountain top.

High, where the air is pure and fine
Crowning the land thou mad'st thine own,
Sun-kissed, wind-swept, on the hills alone,
Heart of my heart, that grave o' thine!
When I shall follow, comrade mine,
May others lay my tired head
In no far, unfamiliar bed—
But where my dust may mix with thine!
Where wayward, wild roots cling and twine,

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And with no script to tell my name,
Nor word of praise nor word of blame—
Only my dust, to mix with thine!

With the memory of the inventor of the telephone, the name of the inventor of the telegraph should be respectfully combined, and honored by all who love the history of Washington; surely by one whose daily butter, if not bread, is derived from little dividends known as American Tel. and Tel.! Edward Lind Morse, an artist, the son of Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was a resident of Washington for some years, and an addition to the social and artistic life of the Capital. Stimulating people, he and his wife, drawing to themselves delightful companionship.

His studio on New Hampshire Avenue was one of the places to go, and to know. He did not paint so well as his father, but he painted well, and his studio was a rendezvous for all cultured persons visiting Washington.

The invention of the telegraph so overshadowed the fame of Samuel Finley Breese Morse that he is scarcely remembered as a painter, though ranking as one of the best of the early Americans. He studied abroad, was recognized in England, and on his return to the United States became the first President of the National Academy of Design. His historic portraits had great vogue for a time, and he had use of a room in the Capitol for the painting of a gigantic canvass representing the whole Con-



Thomas Jefferson



John Randolph



John Marshall

THREE GREAT VIRGINIANS

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gressional body in session. It was in 1826, the year Thomas Jefferson died, that Morse was elected first president of the Academy—and the thought that his son was a friend and contemporary of mine, brings the eras close together.

"A patient waiter is no loser" has been a famous by-word in the Morse family, for on the transmission of those words hung the fate of the telegraph and the fortunes of the family. Old Judge Vail of Morristown, N. J., delivered this sentence to his son, collaborating with Morse in the development of the invention; and when the sentence reached the other end of the line and was acknowledged, proving the practicability of the invention, the financial backing of Mr. Vail was secured, and success insured for a device which did away with distance and connected the thoughts of the world.

Sooner or later, everyone comes to Washington, and the fact that the city is still not very large, and that there lingers on it a certain village quality, enables everybody to know everybody, and anybody to know anybody, at least anybody he really wants to know. Before the World War Washington was a southern town, with quite the provincial atmosphere, though the seat of a great government. Since the war it has become more cosmopolitan, but still is unlike New York, London, Paris, or other big capitals. No one is lost, no one need be snowed under, in Washington. Personality registers quickly, wit meets with prompt response, and

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the prevalent custom of the days at home allows the transient resident to know the life and the people of the city. Thus in increasing numbers winter residents flock to Washington, and Washington makes them welcome and shares with them those opportunities which make our life so full of interest.

No one, properly speaking, "in society" finds it difficult to meet some of the great visitors to Washington. Money does not rule our social intercourse entirely. The White House lists are very generous, as are the Cabinet, the Pan-American, and many of the Embassies. Just to greet personages of international fame is a privilege. Sarah Bernhardt, Balfour, Joffre, Foch, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, Lady Asquith, the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden, the Queen of Roumania, Lady Astor, Conan Doyle, a brilliant procession, which, in its passing, brings the human families in closer touch! Whatever Sixteenth Street may have been in the calm old days when it was exclusive and more aristocratic, it has in its new character even a greater charm. Sixteenth Street keeps pace with the *Zeitgeist*, and as the old negro shanties of thirty years ago gave place to handsome homes, so the homes are making way for institutions. No more private houses are built on Sixteenth Street. Wherever one can be bought, an institution, church, hotel or apartment house takes

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its place. And as it has become the thoroughfare, brilliance, action, by night and day have come to mark it, noise, motion, a whirl of gaiety and life and color. To me the rush of life is only the din of battle, the conflict of ideas, the hurry for experience (which is one manifestation of a thirst for knowledge) the desires of many men of many minds in their perpetual comings and goings. For all are going or coming. Nothing walks with aimless feet. Not one of the many walks idly by, even the harmless old maniac who often passes with his coat tails flying, nervously scuttles along murmuring feverish arguments to himself, as if the Devil were after him and some relentless necessity fast on his heels.

The flashing lights, the congested traffic, the crash of accident as some wild joy-rider in the middle of the night disputes with General Winfield Scott his exclusive right to the Circle, and engages in a controversy with the granite pedestal, an iron lamp-post or another motor car, with sounds of curses and broken glass; the chatter and laughter of people going home from theatres and balls, the wailing siren of an Emergency Ambulance, the wild shriek of the Fire Engines as they speed out this broad thoroughfare toward Fourteenth St. Extended, where on the side streets the flimsy frame houses are so many tinder-boxes—and then at dawn, just before the city lights go off, the old slow horses of the milk carts, the heavy pounding of

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their hoofs halting at every door, as the milk man gathers up the empty bottles of yesterday and deposits the full bottles for today. A little longer, and the place thereof shall know them no more. Some one, catching the idea from this page, will invent a chemically pure synthetic milk, and some one else will see that it is piped like gas and water into every house!

And always as a foil there is the serene landscape of the Louise Home grounds, across the way—the trees increasing slowly and silently in girth and height, casting their shadows on the smooth snow in winter, or the equally smooth grass in summer, by sunlight and by moonlight—by the great street lamps of blinding power, when the nights are innocent of any moon—a spot of peace in the heart of the world's commotion, a refuge for the red birds, the winter's glory, or for the migrating flocks of spring and autumn, little house-hunting home-makers in search of improved conditions. Here Spring calls out her crocuses and jonquils as calmly as in the rural flower gardens of Fairfax County, and here the historic wistaria drapes the old front wall in loveliness, while the big swamp magnolia trees make a grand display of their precocious blossoms, out in full before the foliage has begun to burst.

Across from the Louise Home, on the Massachusetts Avenue Terrace, are some fine old houses, the German Embassy, the Samuel Hay Kauffman

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house, well known to me for many years. Mr. Kauffman was a great friend, and I loved him. His library contained six hundred different editions of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and many other treasures. He was the President of the Corcoran Gallery of Art when I was a little student there, and he was also President of the Evening Star Newspaper, when my little illustrated articles, nursery rhymes and advertisements had a long run in that good old paper. That Mr. Kauffman was a true benefactor of the city of Washington is proven in many public services publicly recognized; but he was a greater benefactor in private kindnesses, of which no one knew but himself and the beneficiaries. As I happen to be one of the beneficiaries, I know!

It would be delightful as we go on our way to the Walter Reed Hospital to gossip a little in reminiscent mood of the old associations and the people familiar at my days "at home." Here at 1527 lived Mrs. Archibald Gracie, who figured for many years in Washington life with her pretty face and beautiful singing voice. Her husband, Col. Gracie went down in the "Titanic," but was shot to the surface again when the boiler exploded! Seizing on a collapsible boat and righting her, filling her with victims who owed their lives to him, and coming home in safety! I was in Europe at that time, but on the night of my return, finding an invitation to a reception at the Bishop Harding's house, then on

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the Terrace, before the building of "The Bishop's House" in the Cathedral Close, I went over for a while and ran into the Gracies at the door.

"Well," I greeted him, "you did not leave any of your good looks at the bottom of the sea, did you?"

But, poor fellow, he was unnerved, though he did not show it, for he died soon after.

In this old home of Bishops Satterlee and Harding, I once was present at the morning prayer in the little chapel and witnessed the very painful ceremony of "unfrocking" a priest—a man I had known, who fortunately was not required to be present.

In the little white house across from the Archibald Gracies, lived the authoress, Mollie Elliott Sewall, whose works, two novels of adventure every year, were widely read. A brave Virginia woman; directly after the Civil War, she took her fate in her hands and refusing to drag out an uneventful existence in the ruined family estate, came to the city to try journalism. She succeeded admirably, but after the death of the younger sister Henrietta, whom she adored, she slipped into indifference and died.

Her buccaneers and cavaliers, her ladies gay and grave, are at home in my book-shelves, for I was very fond of her, and often asked her how she, a virtuous spinster, knew of the things she wrote.

At 1607 lived for many years that delightful Mississippian Senator, John Sharp Williams, witty,

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astute, magnetic, a staunch supporter of his "poor dear old Democratic Party"—and all of these have passed. One of the best men in Washington now occupies that house: Dr. John B. Nichols—and across, in the old days, lived Mary Madison McGuire, a near collateral relative of President Madison; something of a Society woman then, but now devoting her life to constructive work in the National Girls' Friendly Society. I have visited her offices in New York—bee-hives!

Thus the women themselves are changing. The World War awakened them from their dreams, and a thousand activities have opened to former society women, in business, art, politics, philanthropy. Character has changed, interests have changed, as much as dress has changed! There was a time when the business of life was to shove visiting cards into the hands of servants on "days at home," and mother and daughter of Bishop or Senator each in a separate carriage, each armed with a formidable list, took their several ways, making calls from three o'clock to six every day except their own day. There was a time when luncheon and dinner invitations were issued so far in advance that your hostess might be dead and buried before the appointed date. It has happened to me several times that on looking at my calendar I have found myself dated for an engagement with some woman whose funeral I had attended several weeks earlier.

Along the line we pass the new Unitarian

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Church, not new in appearance—reproduction of dear “Saint-Martin-In-The-Fields,” still bearing its rural name though the tide of London life swirls and eddies round it there at Trafalgar Square; the Carnegie Institute; the new Hebrew Welfare Association Headquarters; the Scottish Rite Temple; the Foundry Methodist Church; the First Baptist Church; the Baptist Mothers’ Memorial; and apartment houses and more apartment houses. There never was an architecture, or any combination of styles, not known to Sixteenth Street. The “Mirrors of Washington” and the “Horrors of Washington” have been handled by skilful writers: the Terrors of Washington may be yet exploited.

Among them, the Queen Anne house with the Mary Ann back; the colonial mansion slapped right down on the street, without the encircling wooded acres which give it its proper setting; the German castles and Venetian palaces and French Villas interspersed with the square boxes so common to the average American, their blue fir trees and dark box bushes planted with no more originality than the plan of the house. This tendency of the American to standardize is much commented upon, very kindly, of course, by foreigners. That all the dowagers have white pompadours, and all sit in their drawing rooms on gold chairs upholstered in rose color, and all eat the same things at the same time and in the same way. And the fact that there is such a wealth of this food, and such a dearth of

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art and music, in home life, and so little time for culture, compared to the hours devoted to these same elaborate meals!

These aspects of our Washington life are gently referred to by the foreigners we meet, residents of this same Sixteenth Street which houses a great proportion of the Embassies and Legations. Never in a critical spirit, but a little regretfully, that we should deny ourselves the more charming opportunities for social contacts through finer agencies than food. Art and food are not harmonious. Music and food cannot be combined. Poetry is almost at enmity with food.

Government being the primary business of this city and many desirable connections formed and much business accomplished over a hospitable table, this tendency is accounted for; yet it is a little disconcerting to hear the food of Washington so often spoken of as if Washington's god was its belly.

But that is a digression. We are still rolling past the queer architectural jumble, red brick, yellow brick, brown stone, green stone, gray stone, marble, the feverish nightmares of real estate men—and combinations of these materials to suit the fancy of him who pays the money and takes his choice.

We pass, in one block, the palace offered by Mrs. Henderson as a home for the Vice President now the home of the Spanish Embassy, and the Mexican Embassy, formerly the Franklin McVeagh house, and George Oakley Totten's restoration of the



ANTON LANG
CHRISTUS OF OBERAMMERGAU

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Warder house. The Mexican Embassy is furnished with great magnificence, contradicting the rumor of financial difficulties in the romantic Republic to the south. The present Ambassador, and his wife, Senor and Senora Manuel Tellez, are a youthful couple much entertained in Washington, often met at dinners, and very popular. I recently congratulated the Ambassador on his Embassy, to be told that all the history of the house belonged to the McVeagh period. A new Chapter is now being written by him, not only social and political, but cultural, for a collection of modern Mexican paintings are on view in the fine entrance hall, one of the handsomest in the city. These paintings are characteristic of the temperament of the land, glow with its sunshine, suggest the customs and courtesies of the race, and bear the impress of the ancient great art of the Mother country, Spain. It is the practice of the Latin American countries to emphasize in all their Embassies and Legations the art, science, literature and music of their country, more emphatically, I feel, than other representatives do. This is a personal impression. The library of the Mexican Embassy is a handsome, though rather conventional room, tapestried with the tapestries of the McVeaghs bought with the house as were many articles and furnishings. Adjoining the library is a gay little Mexican lounge, bright with the wooden painted furniture and cool pig-skin arm chairs, gaily decorated with caricatures

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of the Embassy staff, even the Ambassador himself, and many personal touches of an intimate nature. These draperies, mats and furnishings indicate the taste and craftsmanship of the Mexican peasantry, as the paintings in the halls show the advanced high art of the country.

The dining-room is a fine room opening on a tiled sun-parlor where Mexican plants are cultivated, giving an exotic character to the otherwise low-toned room. For the room is unusual, and has been much discussed in Washington since the mural paintings were done; there is one great panel, the apotheosis of the corn, in which a symbolic crouching male figure, nude, with bowed head, holds in the muscular arms the figure of a new-born child. The man's knees rise above the child, his hands uphold it, his body is its background, his face is bent in solicitude toward it, every line of his colossal figure expresses protection of the new life; while beside the child lie ears of corn, one on each side, and from the third, or central ear, the child itself, YOUNG LIFE, has sprung. On either side of the central monstrous group, which as I recall it, has unspeakable dignity, stand stately stalks of corn, conventionalized in design, and of a fine pattern, recalling to my mind the attempt of Thomas Jefferson to utilize the motif of the corn for the capitals of columns, rather than the acanthus leaf of the Greeks. Visitors pass varied comments upon this symbolic work. "Good gracious! What is it?"

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one lady asks another, "It looks to me like somebody having a baby."

On another side of the room a large mural shows the beginnings of art—the whole scheme deals with things in their incipency—little children drawn as stiff and quaint as on old cross-stitch sampler, one building with crude blocks, "architecture"—one listening to the birds on the boughs overhead, "music"—one drawing as little children and primitive peoples attempt to draw—all in a lovely tone of subdued blue, not unlike an old Arras. Opposite this, a gracious thought expressed. The section of some vast structure, possibly of the era of the ancient Mayas, taken about midway (there is no indication of the top or base) and on this many men at work, with hammers and chisels, carving out a mighty symbolism. There is in these figures a suggestion of the Egyptian or the Aztec—and this panel memorializes "The Unknown Artists." Think of the thousands of them—they who builded the Pyramids and carved the Sphinx; they who "groined the aisles of Christian Rome;" they who worked out the last detail of the Alhambra; they who carved saint and virgin for the highest pinnacles of old cathedrals, and they who worked out all the carving of the choir-stalls, who embroidered the vestments, who chased the intricate pattern on the armor of the knights, and in a thousand ways went down unthanked into oblivion. The Mexicans have acknowledged in this poetic painting the

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work of the nameless artists and artisans of the world.

But always one turns to the first of these panels, that of the NEW LIFE; it is too over-powering a thing for daily companionship, and speaks for an ancient poetic people whom we would do well to understand. A culture older than anything we have record of, breathes from these walls, and the spirit of mellowed philosophy, that has been able to take a big perspective on human life. I should like to go quietly now and then to this room, and renew the lessons it has to teach—but I could not eat three meals a day under the tremendous silence of that tragic tenderness, as Man crouches over the FUTURE, the New Life given by the corn. And oh! the incongruity of teas and dinners in this PRESENT—the hub-bub of trivial conversation—the rattling of tea-cups and passing of ices—and oh! the dread of hearing the explanation—"It looks to me like somebody having a baby!"

In this Franklin McVeagh house one of the romances of Washington finds itself incorporated in solid brick and mortar. Mr. and Mrs. McVeagh were traditional lovers, in a day when traditional lovers are not fashionable in high life. And this magnificent house was Mrs. McVeagh's affectionate thought for her husband's pleasure designed as a birthday gift and a complete surprise. Had this good wife belonged to an earlier day and been an F.F.V. she would have voiced her appreciation of

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her lord as did the wife of one of our Virginian worthies, in such quaint phrases as delight the modern ear. The wife of today voices her regard in another way, and omits any special recognition of the honors and virtues of her husband's antecedents. But that could never escape a Virginian. Genealogy being as the breath of life unto our nostrils.

Mrs. McVeagh superintended the details of this building herself and swept two continents for treasures with which to furnish it, importing the carpets from the orient, the objects of art from Greece and Italy, with no thought but of beauty, and then opened it with a grand ball on her husband's birthday.

An instance of Mr. Taft's unfailing agreeability marked this occasion. It appears that in the midst of the festivities something went wrong with the lights, and the company was left in utter darkness. But instead of weeping and gnashing of teeth was heard the pleasant voice of Mr. Taft, recalling the jolly old dances by candle light, and soon the stately rooms were illuminated with that mellow radiance which, to quote Bret Harte "shed its soft lustre and tallow on head-dress and shawl."

And this casual reference to the "Lily of Poverty Flat" reminds me of biographies which will never be written, parallel to hers. The difference being that while we, the newly rich, smother down the brave old memories of our pioneer days, of the wash-tub on the frontier, of the kitchen in the

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Hic virtus—hic honos erat.

IN MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM BYRD PAGE,

(Second Son of Mann Page, of North River,)

WHO, DESCENDED FROM TWO EMINENT FAMILIES, SUSTAINED AND ILLUSTRATED, IN HIS OWN PERSON, THEIR HONORS AND VIRTUES AS HE DID THEIR NAMES,

This Plate is inscribed by his affectionate Wife,

ANN,

(Third daughter of the late HENRY LEE, of Leesylvania.)

WHOSE CHIEF CONSOLATION AND EMPLOYMENT UNDER THE UNTIMELY AND AFFLICTING LOSS OF A HUSBAND, SO HIGHLY VALUED, IS IN TRAINING UP HER SEVEN SONS AND THREE DAUGHTERS TO IMITATE THEIR FATHER'S VIRTUES ;

For, of him it may with truth be said,

He was affectionate, kind and just in the domestic circle; sincere, generous and steady, to his friends; candid, social, and free with his neighbors, and hospitable to all his visitants; with a heart and hand ever open to the necessitous. He performed every public duty to which he was called with propriety, dignity and firmness; and managed his private affairs with such judgement and ease as greatly to have increased his small patrimony with the well merited reputation of being just and liberal in his dealings.

In his person he was somewhat above the middle stature, and of a stout frame; his eyes were hazel, large, and full; his hair red; his complexion florid; and his countenance fair and open—denoting the qualities of sound judgment, candor and benevolence.

He was born at North River, in the county of Gloucester, Virginia, on the 28th of January, 1773, and married at Alexandria, on the 10th of August, 1797, and died at Fairfield, the last place of his residence, on the 24th of February, 1812.

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mining-camp, and bury our over-fed bodies in ermine, growing more gorgeous and less great than in those gallant old days, the Lily of Poverty Flat tenderly remembered them! She was in Paris, the Western miner's daughter grown suddenly rich, spending Pa's money, and struggling to assume the trappings of wealth, but she remembered "Joe" and the old life she had left behind, the country dance with its tallow candles, and how she "once went down the middle with the man who shot Sandy McGee." Those of us who wish to forget need a Little Sister of the Rich. Holding *her* hand we may avoid the pit-falls, until having learned our way we step less and less gingerly, into the lime-light.

The last time I saw Mrs. McVeagh was at a reception at the White House. She was looking very ill, her face of a deathly pallor, and her entire breast encrusted with magnificent emeralds, a fortune in themselves, resplendent in their imperishable beauty, a striking contrast to their dying wearer.

CHAPTER XI

ONE SITS BY THE FIRE AND SURVEYS THE WORLD

IN these days the birds-eye view is vouchsafed to me, and I sit by my fire and survey the world. Often I am called upon as a gray headed veteran to address some organization of women on woman's work—having failed, according to my own reckoning in four professions, art, matrimony, literature and philanthropy, and turned in my old age to pageantry in which all fragmentary knowledge and general experience can be utilized! An art which in the very transitory quality of its expression spares one the humiliation of seeing failures indefinitely perpetuated!

When I attend a meeting of a Business Women's Club I feel most strongly that which lies back of it all—the invisible main-spring—that solidarity toward which women are progressing. An American Federation of Women, A World Federation of Women.

Sitting as guest of honor through a program rendered by Club talent, a rather Main Street affair at its best, a sense of the bigness of this thing which underlies it moves me to the very spot where I live. Not the frightened young lady pie-anist making a desperate stab at difficult operatic selections, nor

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the gentleman in the sack suit playing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" upon the trombone, nor the lady librarian whose strong point is Irish, German and negro dialect, nor the male Sunday-School Superintendent whose baritone quavers round the room and sets the spinsters all a-sighing; no, nor the patriotic ardor with which all rise to sing the National Anthem, opening full-voiced and enthusiastic with the adjuration ridiculed throughout the world as a crass Americanism—"Oh, Say"—No, the thing that moves me is the final acknowledgment of the Chairman, who says she knows she speaks for all in expressing thanks to the artists of the evening, especially to the gifted gentlemen, who not members of the Club, are with us on the invitation of members: she wishes all the artists to know that the evening has been "soul-satisfying." These brave old girls, thinking of their souls, making acknowledgment in the name of their souls, which cannot live on bread alone!

Some years ago somebody wrote a book "If London Should Wake Up and Find Itself Naked." How in an instant, stripped of all accessories Society would take its own measure anew. I wonder what would happen if London, Paris, New York, San Francisco, woke up one morning to find that every woman in business or the professions, in whatever capacity she might have been employed, had walked out.

Nurses, teachers, secretaries, file clerks, account-



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DR. WILLIAM HENRY HOLMES, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL ART GALLERY

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ants, stenographers, journalists, salesgirls, telephone operators, elevator girls, the unnumbered hosts of women filling confidential positions for leading men who would be in the utmost consternation without them—unobtrusive presences, all-knowing, never-forgetful brains and hands that have become their own—What confusion! Senators and Bishops, Bank Presidents and Railway Kings, each one has some competent woman at a salary less than a man would expect, who has his secrets in her keeping. Go into the office of a big Insurance Company. Three or four flappers know it all. Ask a great surgeon about an X-ray—some little girl must be referred to as the expert. They are everywhere, these well-trained, quiet women, though how universally everywhere the dear men do not yet realize. They are still heard to murmur that woman's place is in the home. Indeed, it is. If they can keep her there. It is up to them. But she will not stay there under the old conditions.

One of the immanent changes in our social scheme will be in the relation of man and wife. Changes are disconcerting, but not always for the worse. There have been many modifications of the old feudal system of marriage customs, but more are coming. For still the average wife is economically dependent upon her husband, a condition which becomes increasingly irksome. And still he has his "conjugal rights," which may not be denied him. A delicate adjustment.

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No man can afford today to be uxorious and penurious; his house may tumble down around his ears. In fact, he can hardly afford to be poor, and hope to hold out. He cannot continue to be a lover when he has ceased to be a wooer; and he cannot long be a wooer, a suppliant, when the body he desired is already in his possession, and the soul he covets, or should covet, more, is already sick with humiliation and disgust.

A lifetime is a long time. To love, honor and obey is a tall order, based upon a medieval idea. It is quite obvious and reasonable that if he is lovable he will be loved; if he is honorable he will be honored; and if he has more sense than his wife—which usually he hasn't—he may be obeyed.

No one who had ever known that epoch-making Jewish immigrant, Samuel Gompers, one-time cigar-maker in Whitechapel, the Ghetto of London, could forget him. Certainly no portrait painter; for his was a physiognomy to register upon the memory with indelible distinctness, even as his personality has registered with authoritative force in the industrial and political life of his adopted country. It will not be necessary to visit the memorial room in the International Labor Building at Geneva, the outcome of a thought of Samuel Gompers which has drawn the labor interests of fifty-eight nations into one—with an International headquarters at Geneva. The most memorable

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occasion on which I have come in contact with him was a dinner on Lafayette's birthday, a Lafayette-Marne dinner, at the Chevy Chase Club, at which both of us were on the program, as I had been invited to write an ode, and sit at the table of honor! At that table of honor both of us experienced ignominious defeat!

I had found myself as usual without suitable habiliments for an occasion, and had borrowed a gown from a friend. I dress quietly; *this* gown was of rather a hectic combination and calling for considerable dash and beauty on the part of the wearer. It was not only a creation of silver lace and green brocade, but it was much too tight for me; my shoulders fairly rippled over in the back; but it had to do. And anyhow, I would be seated against the wall at the long guest table, and not be seen from the rear. That was the slender reed on which I leaned.

Thus at the honor table indeed sat I; Admiral Coontz on one side, a young Belgian Diplomat, Silvercruys, on the other; they making occasional polite remarks, I calmly devouring my food, with the wretched ode propped up against my wine glass. Further down the table sat General Pershing, guest of honor, the handsome Mrs. Logan Feland, and my dear friend, Mary Rivers. Next to her, the Prince de Bearn; several seats beyond myself, Samuel Gompers; also many French visitors, and officers of our own Army and Navy.

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Mr. Gompers was not in conventional evening dress, but wore a white Palm Beach suit, if I remember correctly. He had a great square head, like a Rodin sculpture, ragged and ugly, tremendous and elemental. His hair was coming out in patches, increasing his homeliness by a suggestion of ill health; his neck very short; again a Rodin effect, as a head chiselled out of a shapeless block of granite. He was a symbol, in his physical appearance, as Benjamin Franklin was—of his convictions; an old man with a high blood pressure; his ill-proportioned, squat body made me think of a grotesque frog, and still he fascinated me by some quality far above the physical. Though an honor guest, it was obvious that to many his presence was unwelcome. It was whispered that the Attorney General left the house, on seeing that the President of the American Federation of Labor was present.

From the moment that Gompers arose to speak, the atmosphere was tense and antagonistic. The guests, seated at small tables all over the large room, listened with close attention for thirty minutes, but they were not of his class or of his creed. His argument was that the Federation of Labor had been in favor of war long before war was declared, and labor had done its share toward the winning of the war. He did not touch upon the immense wages, or the profiteering, or enter into any discussion as to the justice of it, had men been drafted for economic service, as for military; he eulogized

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his own army of toilers, but he never did say once that *Labor won the War*.

When General Pershing arose one could hardly breathe. The air was electrical. I never saw Pershing so beautiful, so aristocratic, in all the prestige of uniform and rank. His was the adulation of all, and the personal friendship of most persons present. Rage fairly consumed him, his words fell burning and blistering, as with authoritative eloquence on the assumption that Gompers had laid claim to victory he gave the lie to the old man, who, representing American Labor, was also a leader of men and a toiler for humanity. General Pershing denied that organized labor had been loyal to the country in its hour of need and claimed for the soldiery the honor of having won the war in spite of all the handicaps imposed upon the country by enemies within itself. There were persons, he said, whose activities were so pernicious to the National welfare, that they thought only to turn the woe of the world to their personal advantage—vituperative, vitriolic, he poured upon the head of the old man a torrent of passionate contradiction which fairly swept his audience off their feet. Calmly Mr. Gompers sat through this, as he has through public insult and private insult; in this case they were both invited guests and this was a social occasion upon which such controversy was ill-timed.

I was filled with pain for the situation. Every-



Mar. 1878. The Illustrated London News

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE

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one entirely forgot my ode—the audience was wild with excitement—the walls shook with applause, there was a hub-bub of agitated comment—and the toastmaster failed to call me and the ode. Mary Rivers then reminded the Prince de Bearn, who acted as Toastmaster, that it was expected, and many persons present were there to hear me read it. He immediately hurried to me.

“Mrs. Andrews,” he said, “I believe you would like to read a little ode?”

“Prince,” I answered, “I was officially asked to prepare an ode.”

With apologetic courtesy he announced me, and with determination worthy of a better cause, I arose, but in a general hum of conversation, could make no impression whatever on the company, still discussing the encounter between the leader of the Federation of Labor and the leader of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Standing in my place at the table, I stated as clearly as I could that when Lafayette was but nineteen, he had decided to cast in his lot with the colonists; and that our soldiers of America averaged but nineteen years when they decided to cast in their lot with France; that nineteen is the age of unpremeditated courage and of unselfish impulse. (I was thinking of my grandfather, marched off from the university to prison; of my father, left for dead upon the field of Appomattox; of my son,

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with the Croix de Guerre twice, all of them lads of nineteen.)

Here Mr. Gompers called loudly to me to go into the middle of the room where I could be more clearly heard. And here I became a victim to the emanations from my borrowed apparel. Squeezing between the wall and the chairs of the honor guests, of whom naturally all the men arose and stood until I passed, I struggled into the center of the ballroom, uncomfortably conscious that there was no hiding my friend's narrow skirt and extreme décolletage, and indeed too angry to care if adipose tissue was rising in globular exuberance over the tight bodice; then I saw Colonel Rivers leave his seat across the room and move toward me. He took his stand beside me, thus commanding silence and attention, and after stamping my foot violently as a relief to my feelings (another emanation of the arbitrary little friend whose frock I wore), I proceeded with considerable fire to get that ode out of my system. It had been asked for, I had prepared it, and I would read it, at any cost!

I suddenly realized that the thing I had written was trite and ordinary, but I was determined to read it through, good or bad. Neither the United States Army nor the Federation of Labor could have forced me to sit down and hold my tongue. The ode opened with an invocation to Democracy, and then:

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When young Lafayette arose and spoke
In Freedom's name, a mighty stroke
Was struck for Liberty.

Inspired, that boy of but nineteen
Saw what his elders had not seen—
Rare visions of what yet might be,
Through crumbling crown and dynasty
World-wide fraternity.

Thus spoke the boy at Metz that day:
"Oh World! Give youth the right of way—

I speak with youth's own tongue.
The battle is not to the strong
Regardless of the right or wrong—
Wisdom itself may be unwise—
Honor may lie in sacrifice—
America is young!

"The cold world watched with careless eyes
Her bitterest birth-agonies.

Shall no fraternal hand
Be stretched across the sea from France,
In her just cause to break a lance?
I—Lafayette—I am but one—
But Lafayette will go alone
With her to fall or stand!"

Lo! Though a century has fled,
Those sacred fires, by heroes fed,
Burn on eternally.

And on the Marne sad France has seen
One million boys of but nineteen,
Make answer to her Lafayette's word
With life and limb and blood and sword—
Fraternal loyalty!

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Thus, Liberty, thy will we meet,
Bring all our powers to thy feet,
And every energy!
Reading the future in thine eyes,
Till all the selfish in us dies—
Till each crushed nation lifts its head,
Reborn, in its undying dead!

Oh, holy, hard-won Liberty—
Oh, all-embracing Liberty—
In Catholic Equality,
In Christ's own True Fraternity,
We pledge ourselves to thee!
In name of all our great ones gone,
Of Lafayette and Washington,
Of those who died along the Marne,
We pledge ourselves to thee!

There is no doubt but that I fell down on it; yet a conscientious biographer should record failure too; failures build up character. And were not the emanations from the green and silver brocade partly responsible?

Unfortunate as had been the clash between two great leaders and the agitation it occasioned: inconsequential as my own contribution, it remained for Mrs. Feland, wife of General Logan Feland of the Marine Corps to relieve the tensivity of the situation. Immediately after me she rose, stately, Juno-esque, exquisitely gowned; stood calmly surveying the company (and being surveyed!) then in a powerful, well-schooled voice, without accompaniment, sang the National Anthem. All were

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instantly on their feet—soon hundreds of voices took up the strain. A common sympathy spread throughout the company; the reaction had come. Happy faces, cordial greetings, polite congratulations, general good-humor, marked the occasion. The dancing set betook themselves to the ball-room.

I had a little chat with Samuel Gompers, who promised to pose for me, but never did.

One of the best beloved and most beautiful of the "bald heads" of the Capital is Dr. William Henry Holmes, Director of the National Gallery of Art, now housed in the new Smithsonian. Before his accession to this high post, Dr. Holmes had distinguished himself as a geologist, having spent many years as special artist for the Geological Survey in the territorial lands of the United States. His work in this field, touched with rare imagination, combined scientific accuracy with artistic preception, and a technique not found outside the ranks of professional painters. Dr. Holmes is the "dean" of the art colony of Washington, and easily our leading painter, as well. His reports in the form of landscape paintings on the wonders of the west, the Yellowstone, the scenic grandeur of Colorado, begun as early as 1872, and he was known far and wide as an intrepid mountain climber, and was the first known explorer to reach the top of many a Rocky Mountain peak.

Dr. Harvey Wiley



*Marietta Himmigrode
Andrews*

DR. HARVEY WILEY, APOSTLE OF HYGIENE

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Some years were spent as an art student in various art centers of Europe, whence Dr. Holmes brought back to the United States a broad knowledge of art, of zoölogy, of ethnology and anthropology, serving his country with distinction in these varied branches as the curator of one department after another in the Smithsonian, and a recognized authority throughout the civilized world.

He is a man of much personal beauty, tolerant, philosophical, wise; and one memorable visit from him to my stuido remains a treasured memory of the most delightful sort.

After my husband's death I gave to the Smithsonian Institute certain of his studio properties as a permanent memorial. There is a fine tapestry, representing Cyrus turning the Euphrates out of its course and entering Babylon—the richest and most valuable of the four tapestries I inherited from him. There is the old brass-trimmed bureau from the Archeopiscopal Palace in Cologne, more elaborate than the one very similar to it in the Kensington Museum, the only one we ever saw that approaches it in interest; there is a complete suit of fifteenth century armor, very fine, in a case to itself, with odd pieces of armor, and some weapons, of the Thirty Years War period; things Mr. Andrews collected with the greatest care. There are chasubles and copes of great rarity, and ecclesiastical lanterns and censers, with some hand-made

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missals and a carved Prie Dieu which Bishop Satterlee greatly admired; and several old carved chairs and odd pieces of Bohemian glass and pewter, one being a loving cup of one of the old guilds of Nuremberg, with the shields of each master-craftsman attached. These relics, with a collection of small studies made by Mr. Andrews in Germany, France and England, make a notable installation, worth many thousands of dollars, which in his name I gave to his country, for the interest of the public and the instruction of the art students. They fill three cases, and are the first group toward the "biographical exhibits" which Dr. Holmes hopes in time to establish as permanent memorials to American artists.

There is in Washington a famous auction house, Sloan's, which is the final destination of many far-famed collections, whence the treasures of the departed come under the hammer and are scattered to the winds. My children will inherit more in the way of heirlooms than they ever can take care of, and the last state of these curios would have been disintegration and sacrifice. They were the background of a picturesque and spirited life, and it has been my pleasure to place them where they will remain a permanent, dignified reminder of him. Our friends and acquaintances may one day assemble smiling at Sloan's to bid on what I leave behind me, but the things that he loved best among his Lares and Penates are safe from the auctioneer.

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It was Dr. Holmes who received these gifts from me; and so I was not surprised when one early summer day he called at my house at two o'clock.

"My dear," he said, "today I have dictated a chapter in my Autobiography, the story of my first meeting with Andrews. You know I was born in Ohio too, and as a raw country lad, I was fired with the ambition to visit his studio in Steubenville. It was quite a journey for me. I had little experience and little money, but the event registered indelibly upon my memory. I went home bursting with new impressions. That day, in my early boyhood, in a small town in Ohio, I first saw the treasures which spoke of the art and culture of the old world—the tapestries, carvings, embroideries, pictures, some of which are here in this room, where you and I sit together, and many delivered by you into my keeping as additions to the collection of the National Gallery of Art. He had recently returned from Paris, and was at work on canvases which thrilled me. His surroundings were impressive, his manner so cordial, the sketches and studies he showed me were such inspirations that my brain was teeming on the homeward way. He had laid down his palette and brushes and devoted himself to my enlightenment with a charm never to be forgotten.

"As I went over this old experience, my dear, today, and then took a look at the antiques which you have given to the nation in his name, I could

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but think of his far-reaching influence, and the strange game of fate, by which I, the green country lad who felt to indebted to him that day, should be today custodian of the venerable and honored furnishings of his studio, the environment of his vivid and indefatigable personality."

I was deeply touched by Dr. Holmes' remarks, and hurried to tell him of Mr. Andrews' admiration for himself, and the credit he was to the old state of Ohio, and to his early friends. They were a great pair, these two sons of Ohio, good friends and staunch admirers one of the other.

COSMOS CLUB
Washington, D. C.

January 17th, 1927

My Dear Mrs. Andrews:—

I have been waiting to get back to the gallery to answer your letter of January 10th. A very bad cold in the head has kept me in my room for nearly a week.

So you are in a hospital in Salt Lake and busy philosophizing on questions of death and the future. I am done with that job and am satisfied with the result and happy in the idea that when this "coil" is shuffled I shall not have to experiment with any other coil.

You say you are abed but not very sick. You need not tell me that you are not sick, I know it by your masterpiece in portraiture. How you did that pen drawing of yourself in bed without being out of bed and quite yourself in every way I can't see. Your genius has not had half a chance or you would be hung up today with the old masters.

Fifty-five years ago I was a guest of Bishop Snow in

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your adopted city of Salt Lake, and went directly from there to the Yellowstone, so you have been on my old trail—and are yet for that matter, but I have no drawings of the Yellowstone published aside from my reports. Moran had published by Prang in 1876 a wonderful portfolio of his water colors, and he presented me with a copy which I am giving to the library of the National Gallery. Miss Ruth Moran has just closed an exhibit of her father's paintings in New York. I wanted them here but there was no available money to make the transfer. Mr. Mather, chief of the park service, bought a dozen of the field sketches made by Moran in 1871 but they are to go to the Yellowstone Park Museum. They are mere sketches, however.

As to the privilege of copying the great Yellowstone painting—it is a task of immense difficulty. You are free to dream of it, but pray do not undertake it, even if permission can be obtained. It belongs to Miss Moran. She is now I believe at her home in California.

The Bartsches are well and as good as gold. They gave me my 50th anniversary dinner and we had a wonderfully good time. Everybody has been good to me and as our old "Tucky," colored queen of the kitchen, used to say when a favor was done her, "They are killen me up wid spilin'." I inclose a copy of the introduction to my bound book of letters.

I have not seen the Bartsches or Miss Rosenbusch since receiving your letter, but I know that they will be delighted to know that I have returned your greetings to them with strong emphasis.

Very truly yours,

W. H. Holmes

Director of the National Gallery of Art,
Smithsonian Institute,
Washington, D.C.

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Delightful glimpses of the great and the near-great are obtained in the parks of Washington where the children foregather with their nurses, or those willing substitutes, their grandmothers. Romping on the grass, playing in the sand piles, feeding the pigeons and squirrels, they make friends with the nabobs for whose slightest nod the society climbers struggle valiantly.

Many a little one, had it been known who touched him, had been whisked home to make an entry in his "Baby Book"—

Chief Justice White patted Johnnie on the head this morning, and said "My little man, you may become the President of the United States." No doubt he saw, what Papa and Mamma have often noticed, the remarkable shape of Johnnie's head.

Little Nellie did look lovely in her pink coat with the white swansdown border, and Nurse says that when she stumped her toe and fell down in Dupont Circle this morning the loveliest gentleman picked her up and told her it didn't hurt. Nurse thought he was so handsome with his blond beard parted in the middle, and such a handsome long overcoat on, and she asked the policeman who he was. The Policeman said he was the Secretary of State, the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes.

Such items, to be handed down for the edification and envy of future generations!

King among the kiddies was "Uncle Joe" Cannon, whose Lincoln-like figure was so widely

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known that every nurse-maid whispered to her children, "Make your curtsey now to Uncle Joe," or, if her charge were of the Speaker's own sex, "Salute Mr. Cannon."

Even after his retirement Mr. Cannon was sometimes seen in Lafayette Square. His grand-daughter lived on Sixteenth Street, not far away—and here one morning, his long figure sprawling on one of the green iron benches and a spoiled squirrel perched upon his shoulder, he was interviewed by two small girls.

"And what do you put your hat on the ground for?"

"Because it might muss my hair."

"Why is all your hair on your chin?"

"So it won't get in the way of my hat, as yours does."

"Oh."

This monosyllable uttered rather doubtfully seemed to have brought the dialogue to an end, but Mr. Cannon put a leading question:

"Are you good girls?"

"No. Are you good?"

"Not very. What do they do to you when you are bad?"

"Spank."

"*Spank*? Why, this is terrible! What do you do, to get spanked?"

"Just what you used to do."

Mr. Cannon was a story come true. A story-book



HELEN KELLER

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pioneer in real life. An infant in his mother's arms, he crossed the mountains in a covered wagon, as his people abandoned their North Carolina home rather than continue to live in a Slave State, pressing westward to Illinois. His public life bore many traces of early character-making hardship, and small trace of the Quaker faith of his ancestors. He was ever a fighter, though named for Joseph Gurney, leader of the Quaker settlement near Guilford, North Carolina. There was nothing of the pacifist in his make-up. He antagonized the Army and Navy by his caustic comments upon the swivel-chair heroes of the World War. He was in fact a violent man, until age tempered his fiery spirit. Often quite uncontrollable in speech and manner, in his public utterances his excitability and acrobatic gesticulations sacrificed for the moment even his natural dignity, and won for him the derisive nickname "The Dancing Dervish of Danville." Nothing daunted him. The most caricatured and mis-quoted man of his day, he stood his ground grim, resolute, intense and tolerant through good repute and evil repute, and after nearly fifty years of public service, found himself a beloved and revered personality throughout his country.

His daughter Helen Cannon was a handsome young girl who became a leading hostess of the Capital: his grand-daughter, Helen Cannon Le-Seure, marrying Dorsey Richardson of the Diplomatic service, identified herself with a large and

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aristocratic connection in Maryland. Mr. Richardson's mother is the beautiful Hester Dorsey Richardson, an authoress of note and an authority on genealogy and heraldry. Her work "Sidelights on Maryland History" has become a standard, full of delightful surprises and quaint bits of information arrived at first-hand, which the ordinary historian fails to note.

In a characteristic attitude as he thunders of Hygiene, and the evolution of superior humanity, Dr. Harvey Wiley, well-known philanthropist and specialist of Washington, is the apostle of wholesome living, of sanitary, temperate, active well-being, and his influence is far-flung. If all who had listened to his teachings during half a century had but heeded his advice, we would see a race of supermen rising about us!

Certainly he is a witness of the wisdom of his theories. His wife was the lovely Nan Kelton, daughter of General Kelton, long Commandant of the U. S. Soldiers' Home. General Kelton's house, in its charming surroundings at the Home, with the bevy of beautiful daughters who made it famous, was a favorite resort of the fashionable younger set, open house, tennis parties, masquerades, as long as the General lived; when he died, and the officer succeeding him took possession of the Commandant's Quarters, his family came into the city, and his girls showed what self-reliant young women they really were. I had given

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private drawing lessons to Etta, and enjoyed a pleasant friendship with them in the old days at the Soldier's Home, and I was interested with everybody else, when Nan's engagement was announced. I had done the same thing, married a man old enough to be my father, and we were devoting all our energies to bridging the gap. I knew that it was no easy adjustment for man or woman, and that much forbearance was mutually necessary, and the exercise of a generous imagination, if the difference in age was to be securely bridged, and happiness, light-shod and smiling, pass that way. It can be done.

For this reason, Mrs. Grover Cleveland was a person of absorbing interest in my eyes—a sort of worshipful curiosity enveloped her—though I never knew her personally. The attention of the world focused upon her, she ran the gauntlet every woman runs, who varies from the general rule or forsakes the beaten track. Yet the proof of sincerity is given in cases such as these, in the children borne, the years of patient service, till we realize, whatever the outside world may think, that we have acquitted ourselves with honor. Thirty can sit down cheerfully before the fire with sixty, two pair of ill-matched boots resting snugly on the fender; neither man nor wife an absolute sacrifice; it is merely a matter of adjustment, as are all things mundane.

Star of this order, star of the first magnitude, is

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Mrs. Harvey Wiley. She is still young, pretty, even girlishly pretty, though her robust sons are growing into manhood, and her fine old gentleman, active as ever, holds out bravely, having passed his eightieth milestone. She also is a scientist, an economist and dietitian in theory and practice—very practical practice, for she is a tip-top cook. The last time I was at her house happened to be on a Monday morning, and she told me she was in the midst of her laundry; so convenient, she said, with the electric machine—such an improvement on the colored washwoman, the clothes trundled in the broken-down baby carriage to the crowded hovel, exposed to all nameable and unnameable contaminations, washed for all we ever know, along with other garments from strange places—she enjoyed so much doing for her three men herself. By one o'clock of that day she was probably attending some charming luncheon, at four o'clock delivering an address at any of the many Clubs, then after arranging the family dinner and seeing her boys settled to their study hour, getting her husband's war paint out for him, costuming herself in soft and dainty chiffon, and marching her old Roman off to a dinner party!

Mrs. Harvey Wiley can always be counted on to lend her strong hand, clear head and winsome personality to any good cause. For a gentlewoman, she is combative. You see that. She was one of the most militant of militant suffragists. Not the

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sort who wore becoming clothes and made eloquent addresses while others went to jail. She went to jail herself! She has done her part splendidly in matters of civic improvement, in the Consumer's League (for betterment of factory conditions), in the vocational training for disabled soldiers, loving to say "Yes" and hating to say "No" to any request made of her. Her husband supports her in whatever she finds right to do. And therein one gets his measure. Mrs. Wiley is a one hundred per cent American mother, whom Washington delights to honor, as she delights to honor her distinguished husband. Many amusing stories are told of Dr. Wiley and his enunciations are becoming the folklore of food. Once when asked by an intellectual disciple to recommend a "brain food" he answered "Any food that is adequate to nourish the big toe will be adequate to nourish the brain."

Dr. Marcus Benjamin, another distinguished scientist of Washington and long associated with the Smithsonian Institute, recently showed me in his unusual collection of autographs, one from Dr. Wiley illustrating the genial humor of the writer, and utilizing the new verb borrowed from the French—introduced into the mother-tongue by the artillery of the United States Expeditionary Forces in France—"to park."

"The time is not far distant when
The Good Saint Peter has to park us;

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And I shall humbly urge him then
To *park me somewhere close to Marcus.*"

Dr. Benjamin, among many other services to the Episcopal Church, has spent years collecting portraits and autographs of all American Bishops, which valuable collection goes to the National Cathedral to which I have had the pleasure of contributing a small oil portrait of our first Bishop Seabury of Connecticut, and a silhouette portrait of Bishop James Madison, first Episcopal Bishop of Virginia, copied from a rare and early original in the Library of Congress Collection. He was also the beloved President of William and Mary College, also holding the Chairs of International Law, Mathematics, Natural and Moral Philosophy, etc.! It was due to his efforts that the College lived through the Revolution. He is said to have possessed a fiery eloquence, his sermons hours in length; he refused to speak of Heaven as a Kingdom, but always referred to "that great Republic where there is no distinction of class and where all men are free and equal."

The story of one day in Washington, filled with the contacts which may be anybody's, the impressions that are free to all, would furnish material for a book. Nowhere, I believe, can an ordinary individual make so many unusual affiliations.

For in a day it may be one's fortune to meet that miracle of our age, Helen Keller—a person-

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ality so vivid, wielding such power for good, from her own darkness radiating light, out of her unbroken silence producing harmony, so full of health of mind and body, that those asked to meet her feel an actual shame in the thought that they had ever pitied her. They pity themselves, for they are the handicapped, the blind, the stunted, the starved, the limited, and see that this girl, blind and deaf, is enriched with spiritual graces and intellectual power far beyond their own range. Possessed of all ample compensations for the loss of sight and sound.

In the morning while walking to the Bank (this sounds prosperous), one may see, or even receive a genial greeting from Mr. Taft, have a brief chat on the street corner with Mary Roberts Rinehart; a few moments later with General Adolphus Greely, hero of many adventures, a man who grows more beautiful as the years pass on; for in the Spring days folks chat in the parks and outside of shops and banks very pleasantly. At a luncheon later, arriving a little early before the hostess appears, one may amuse oneself looking out of the leaded casement into the garden where General Greely's daughter, Rose, directs four husky gardeners in the work which she has chosen, landscape gardening, in which she not only operates successfully for a very select clientele, but on which she writes ably for the daily papers.

Should one drift that same afternoon into the



MADAME LOUISE HOMER

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Mayflower for a cup of tea at five o'clock, and to see the world, as likely as not one would run right into William Gibbs McAdoo and find him younger by ten years than he was ten years ago, get a warm hand-shake, and talk him over with the next woman that passed by, commenting that his marriage with Eleanor Wilson had been really a happy one; and observing two men of unusual type, learn that the one was the Minister from the Irish Free State, the Honorable Timothy A. Smiddy, and the other no less a literary light than the scholarly John St. Loe Strachey, editor of the London Spectator, successor of Addison himself, and no unworthy one.

It happened that during one season the composer, Sidney Homer and his wife, the great contralto, Louise Homer, had rented our country house in Virginia, and so my contacts with the great singer were frequent and informal. Magnificent as her voice is, traveling from low notes to high, soaring, thrilling, in its unbroken flow, sweeter by far than any contralto I ever heard, to me she is even more irresistible when talking by the fire of common things—common things of which she knows little and with which she should not be bothered! She fixes her eyes on one so appealingly, discussing the unholy price of eggs in midwinter; asking with the innocence of a child how much milk the old white cow will give?

And merely to stand by and see her fitted for a

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few new gowns! Louise Homer is three times a grandmother, and yet has the vigor and buoyancy of a young girl. Erect, athletic, her flesh white and smooth and firm; she is indescribably lovely from the mere physical standpoint; while in her private character as a woman the American public honors her as unreservedly as it honors the great artist. A gifted husband, six children and three grandchildren make up her immediate family, a family very affectionate among themselves, and entirely united in their intense admiration of her!

One passage from a recent letter from Madame Homer, written from Florida, shows that happy artistic spirit, drinking in the best inspirations from all that surrounds her. After a few explanations as to dreary details of household matters, to which she is utterly unsuited, and from which an overruling Providence should shield her, she writes:

“My husband is calling me this minute to come out and sit on the grass in the glorious moonlight! I’m sure you would write some exquisite poems down here! So much beauty and glory! and so much wasted—well—what? Power and life!”

EPILOGUE

THE BLAZING LOG

I sing a song as I gaily die—
 Heigh ho! for the blazing log!
A song o' branches that touch the sky,
 Heigh ho! for the blazing log!
I sing a song o' many nests,
Of an old, old tree and its timid guests,
Of a cool, cool shade where the traveler rests,
 Heigh ho! for the blazing log!

Come, little children, toast your feet—
 Heigh ho! for the blazing log!
I'll sing you a song that's true and sweet—
 Heigh ho! for the blazing log!
I'll sing a song of a ship at sea—
Its mighty ribs were taken from me—
I'll sing o' the thing I used to be—
 Heigh ho! for the blazing log!

AND so it is I sit alone, but not alone, and watch the pleasant fire, my companion. In the depths of its ruddy glow a panorama passes before me, the architecture of old cathedrals and fortresses, the outlines of majestic mountains, while the bridges of the world span its miniature abysses. Bridges on which Mr. Andrews and I have stood and studied and sketched together; bridges of the Thames and

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the Rhine and the Seine and the Tiber. I see them as I sit and stare into my fire. And little bridges, such as that at Via Mala where rises the Rhine, a passionate, tempestuous thread that beats its way between appalling walls of granite, in its downward rush to the sea. And rickety little old bridges in Virginia, painted red, but weather-beaten and rich with touches of rust or moss, or other colorful indications of decay; over Goose Creek, for instance, in Loudoun County, Virginia, where my father used to go fishing; over Cameron Run in Fairfax County, where I and my children used to go on picnics. These things I see. And the faces of many people, coming back across long years to smile into my eyes.

My husband was sitting napping in this selfsame chair when I made the pastel sketch on the mantel which remains the most satisfactory of all likenesses of that handsome man. Beside him a little profile photograph of our sweet daughter, Mary Lord, for twenty-two years my companion, and still the guardian angel of this house in which she was born. This old room is peopled with memories.

The same old Flemish tapestries: the chaste Susannah, rather plump, and in Venetian costume, holds up her hand in deprecation at the two bearded elders who peep at her from behind trees conveniently slim, with stiff blue foliage, conveniently high; a Renaissance fountain, a fat little sculptured boy, just back of her.

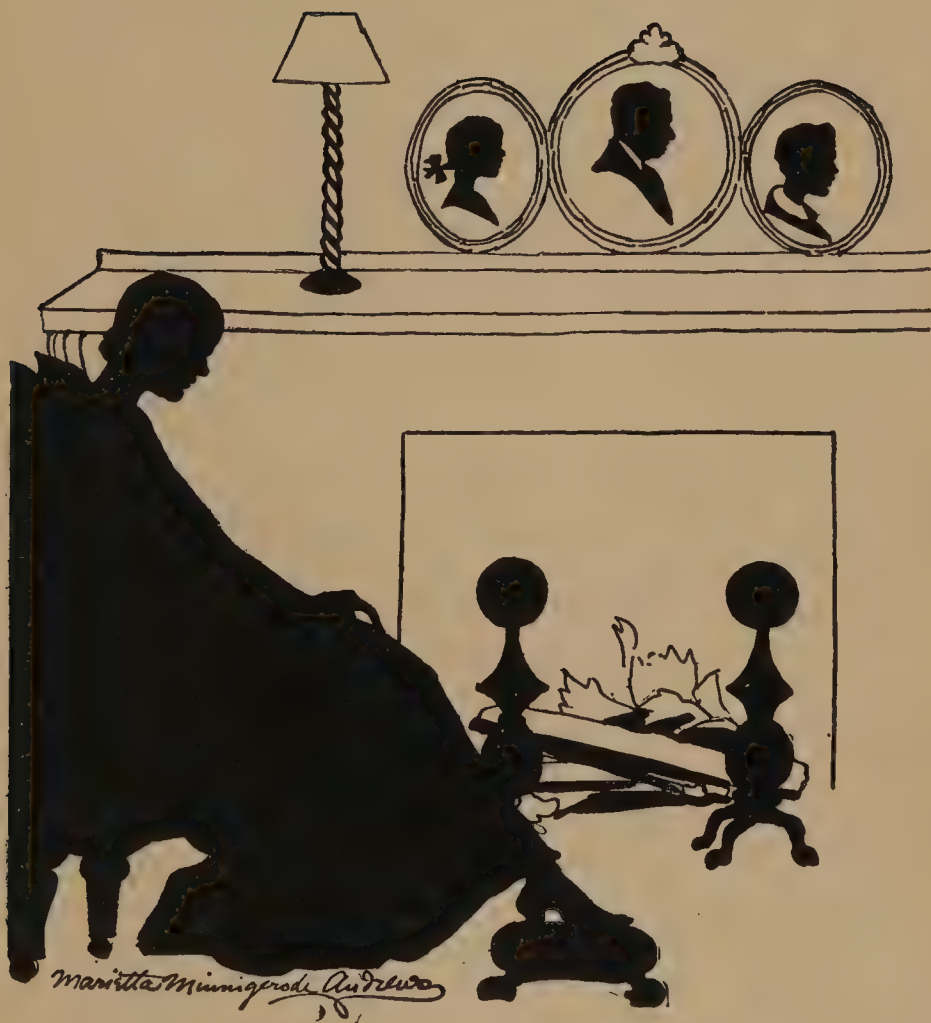
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The Rape of Europa: an undersized bull bearing off a well-developed young lady who holds on to the garland of flowers round his neck, with no manifestation of reluctance, while the rather moth-eaten maidens who were her playmates in the flowery meadow witness the abduction without concern: blue foliage of various shades, and slim trees, here also. Stretches of dirty yellowish sky, a delicious color, affording fine contrasting tones of sober light. My dear old rags.

The room has the quality of long-established comfort.

That was a lovely summer long ago when the two children and I toured the Lake country. My Imperial Potentate looking after his stomach at Carlsbad. We followed in the footsteps of Coleridge and Wordsworth, coaching later through the Trossachs, along Lake Lomond and Lake Katrine, crossing the heather-carpeted country of Sir Walter Scott; prowling around Abbotsford; spending days in the haunts of Bobbie Burns. The children laughing themselves crooked over "Tam o' Shanter" and the "Twa Dogs," and much intrigued, as was I, with the wit and wisdom of the aged shepherd who was our guide. This old man's knowledge of the Bible was so phenomenal that on his own admission, should the Bible have been lost to the world, "Oi, and anither mon as guid as mi'sel'" could re-write it from memory.

That was a happy year of our cruise in the Nor-



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wegian waters, making frequent landings, driving in funny little carts drawn by cream-colored ponies, crossing the mountains by miraculous roads to meet the ship in the next fiord. Little ponies with long tails and short legs, never breaking their steady trot, as we glimpsed the rural life of the lonely mountain heights, queer little turf-roofed homes under monstrous rolling clouds of summer splendor. This was in 1913; and there lay at anchor, apparently quite innocent, but *there*, a long gray German warship in every harbor, scarcely distinguishable against the gray background of the rocks and sea.

The outstanding event of this trip was the presentation to the Norwegian people, by the Kaiser of Germany, of a great bronze statue of the legendary hero of Norway, Frithiof.

It was a fine July afternoon; the great monument, swathed in drapery, silhouetted against the rolling sky, overlooking from its lofty bluff both land and sea. A few tourists like ourselves, a number of peasants of the vicinity in their vivid national costumes; officers of the German and Norwegian Army and Navy; and the entourages of two Kings, made up the company. We struggled and straggled to the top of the hill through a freshly plowed and blossoming potato field, and awaited the coming of Royalties. Royal cousins, William of Germany and Haakon of Norway, climbed as we had climbed, none too gracefully,

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through the newly turned soil. From the base of the statue the Kaiser made a polished address in German, immediately translated by the King of Norway into Norwegian, referring affectionately to the hereditary friendship between the two peoples, and to the ties of blood by which the royal dynasties were united; then the unveiling, acceptance and dedication of the statue, the reverent salutations of the little cosmopolitan group of on-lookers, citizens of the world, and the two Kings walking arm in arm down the hill between a cordon of soldiers and sailors of both nations. A little American girl got a snap shot of the dreaded Kaiser, who that day forgot his war-like pose and was but a smiling, friendly, elderly gentleman. Would that the world had so remembered him!

Thus in the firelight old haunts are re-visited, old loves re-born, old animosities consumed; the soul starts out upon new adventures into unknown realms, and vistas ever widening lead it on.

The familiar room is peopled with well-known faces and gracious memories—friendly and mellow and tranquil and warm, as the day dies and the rush of the outside world in this old street is as though it were not.

Happy? I should rather say so! To have drawn from life, in gratitude, all one is capable of using, at every stage of the game: to pour back into life sincerely all that one has had to offer: to have and to hold forever, all that was ever dear: to throw off

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and forget all that has been unprofitable: so to sit content in my little kingdom, the house my husband builded, in which he loved and labored and lived and died: in which our children and our grandchildren were born— Is it not enough?

Very much

My dear

P.

